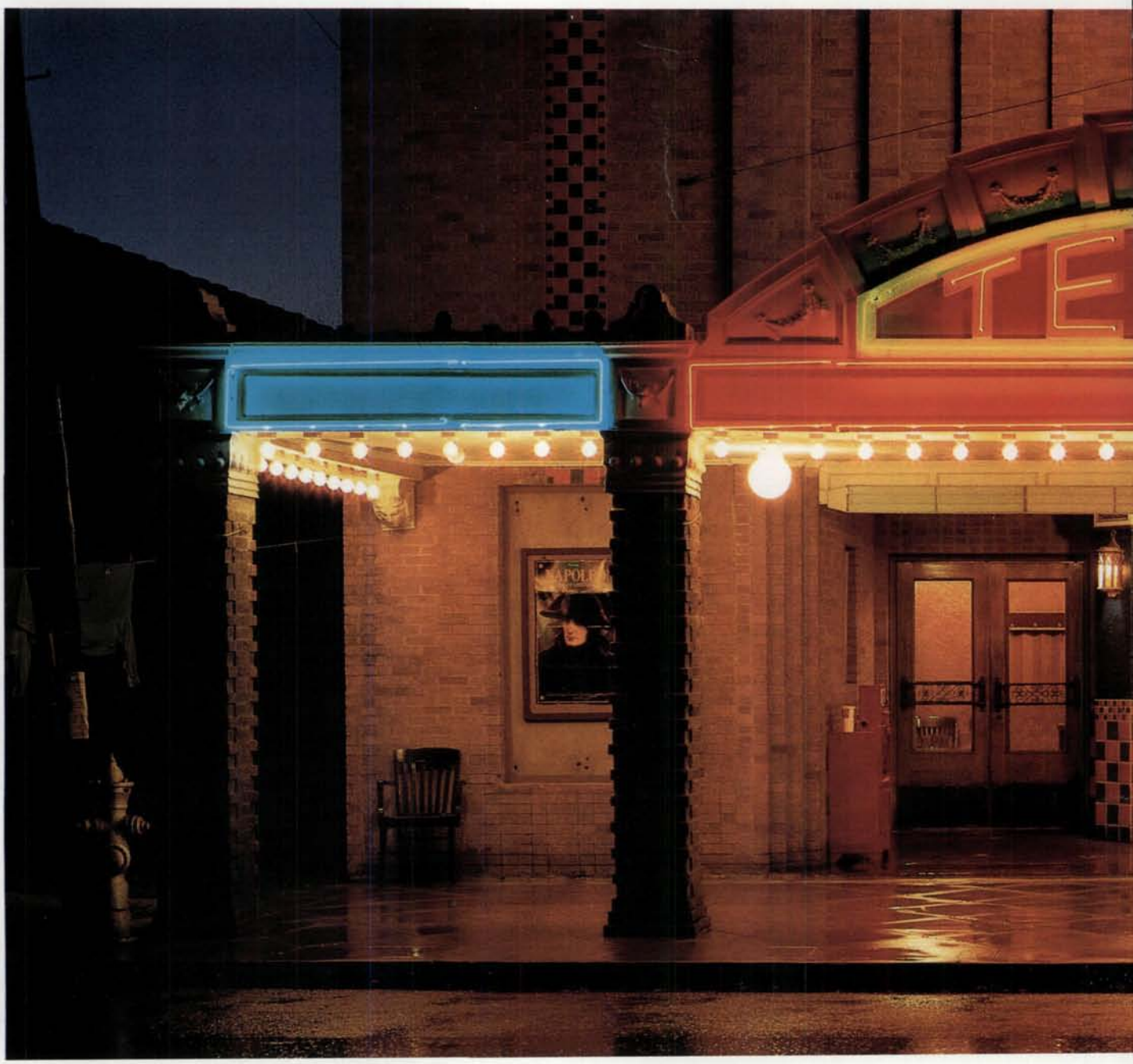
Nov. 28, 1988

THE NEW YORKER

Price $1.75

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

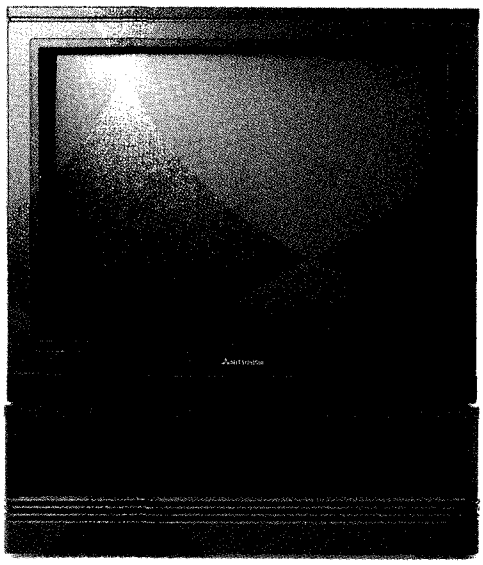


The Best Way To Watch A Movie Has Alwa

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

© Zoetrope Studios. All Rights Reserved.

een On The Big Screen.

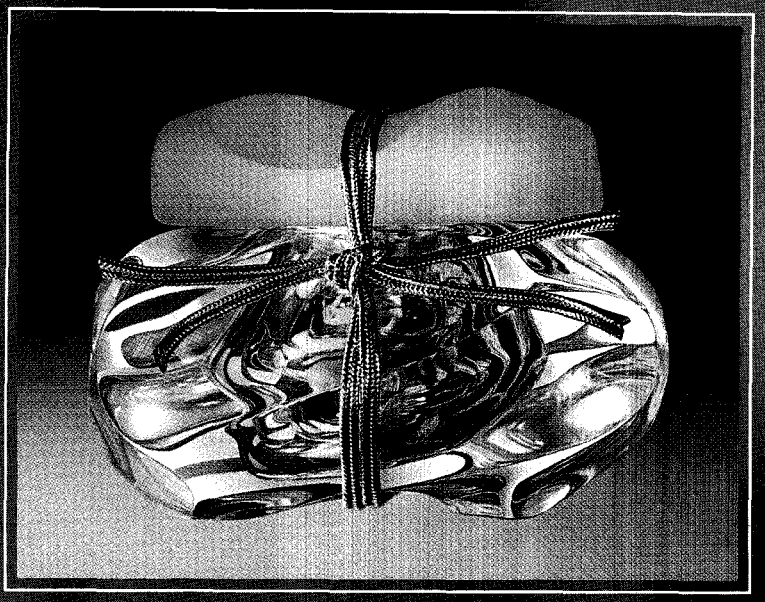


With a screen that's 86% larger than conventional 26-inch sets, our 35-inch direct-view TV will even make bad movies look good. For the dealer nearest you, call (800) 556-1234, ext. 245. In California, (800) 441-2345, ext. 245. © 1988 Mitsubishi Electric Sales America, Inc.

MITSUBISHI®

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

KNOWING IS ALL.



KNOWING

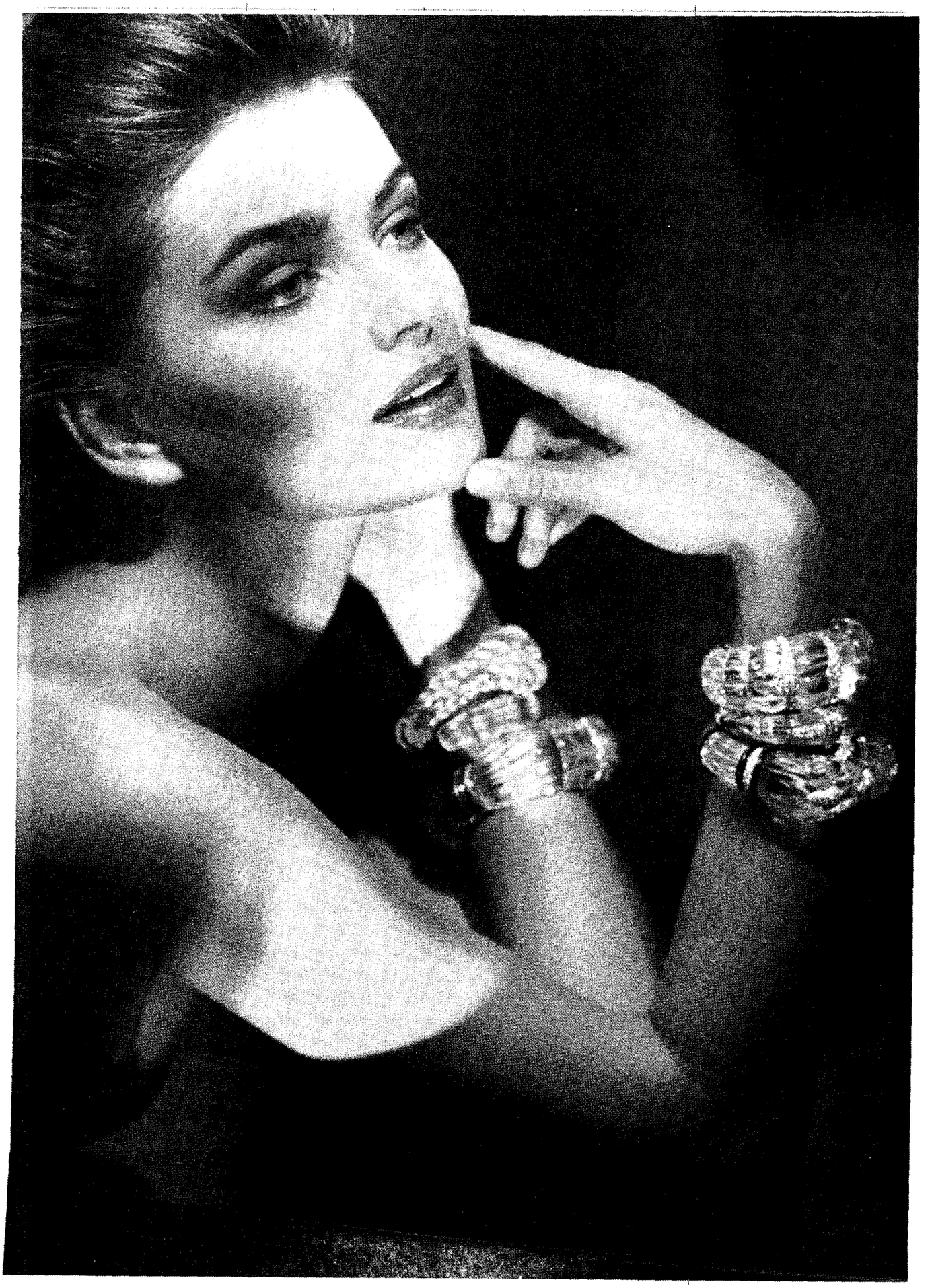
THE FRAGRANCE FROM

ESTĒE LAUDER

NEW YORK • LONDON • PARIS

© 1988 Estée Lauder, Inc. Photograph: Skrebneski Dress: Avenue Montaigne Jewelry: David Webb

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Property of
AMBASSADOR COLLEGE LIBRARY
Big Sandy, Texas

RECEIVED
NOV 28 1988

The Pierpont Family of Funds

The Pierpont Funds are designed for discerning individual and institutional investors whose priorities are quality and personal service. The Funds offer the advantages of the investment expertise and exceptional personal attention which distinguish the services of Morgan Stanley as Sponsor and Morgan Guaranty as Investment Advisor.

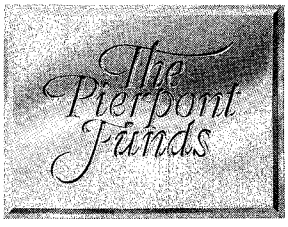
There are no sales charges or exchange or redemption fees.

There are six Pierpont Funds, offering a broad range of diversified investment portfolios, including money market and tax-exempt money market instruments, bonds and tax-exempt bonds, and equity securities.

The minimum initial investment for any of The Pierpont Funds is $25,000, except for shareholders of another Pierpont Fund for whom it is $10,000.

More complete information about The Funds, including expenses, is included in the prospectuses, which should be read carefully before investing. To obtain copies write The Pierpont Funds, Morgan Stanley & Co. Incorporated, 1221 Avenue of the Americas, New York, NY 10020, or call a Pierpont Account Executive at (212) 398-2900 or toll-free:

(800) 521-5412



THE PIERPONT FUNDS

THE NEW YORKER

TABLE OF CONTENTS

NOVEMBER 28, 1988

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN 6

THE TALK OF THE TOWN 29

"FLOWERS" . . . . . *Judy Troy* 34

"THE SECRETARY" . . . . . *Debby Mayer* 36

"LOCAL JOURNAL" (POEM) . . . . . *Charles Wright* 38

PROFILES (EDWARD VILLELLA—PART II) . . . . . *Arlene Croce* 42

"CONDO MOON" (POEM) . . . . . *John Updike* 44

LETTER FROM EUROPE . . . . . *Jane Kramer* 67

THE CURRENT CINEMA . . . . . *Pauline Kael* 103

THE THEATRE . . . . . *Edith Oliver* 110

MUSICAL EVENTS . . . . . *Andrew Porter* 115

BOOKS (BRIEFLY NOTED) 121

COVER: *William Steig*

DRAWINGS: *Bernard Schoenbaum, Robert Weber, Henry Martin, Jack Ziegler, William Hamilton, Roz Chast, Donald Reilly, J. B. Handelsman, Edward Frascino, Daniel Maffia, Danny Shanahan, Warren Miller, Stan Hunt, William Steig, Sidney Harris, Charles Barsotti*

THE NEW YORKER

25 WEST 43RD STREET, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10036

(212) 840-3800

SUBSCRIPTION SERVICE

To inquire about a subscription or to change an address, please write to The New Yorker, Box 56447, Boulder, Colorado 80322, or telephone 1-800 525-0643 (in Colorado 303 447-9330). For a change of address, subscribers should give four weeks' notice. If possible, please send the address label from a recent issue.

THE NEW YORKER (ISSN 0028-792X), published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 25 W. 43rd St., N.Y., N.Y. 10036; Steven T. Florio, president and chief executive officer; Rebecca Wesson Darwin, vice-president and publisher; Sam R. Spoto, vice-president; Stuart H. Jason, vice-president and treasurer; Ruth A. Diem, vice-president and human resources director; Frank Mustacato, vice-president and circulation director; Virginia L. Jespersen, vice-president and business manager; Lynn Guthrie Heiler, advertising director. Branch advertising offices: 111 East Wacker Drive, Chicago, Ill. 60601; 41 Osgood Place, San Francisco, Calif. 94133; Suite 1460, 5900 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif. 90036; 67½ Chestnut St., Boston, Mass. 02108; 19 South Audley St., London, W1Y 5DN. Metropolitan Publishers Representatives: 3017 Piedmont Road, NE, Atlanta, Ga. 30305; 2500 So. Dixie Highway, Miami, Fla. 33133; 3016 Mason Place, Tampa, Fla. 33629; 3 Church St., Suite 503, Toronto, Canada. M5E 1M2. Vol. LXIV, No. 41, November 28, 1988. Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y., and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, and for payment of postage in cash.

© 1988 by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. The magazine's name, logo, and various titles and headings herein have been registered with the U.S. Patent and Trademark Office.
Printed in U.S.A. Subscription rates: In U.S. and possessions, one year, $32.00; two years, $52.00. In Canada, one year, $50.00. Other foreign, one year, $56.00, payable in advance.
POSTMASTER: Send address changes to The New Yorker, Box 56447, Boulder, Colorado 80322.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BARNEYS NEW YORK THE HUDSON RIVER AU BON PAIN THE ESPLANADE LOIS LANE TRAVEL FOOT AUTHORITY OPTOMETRIC ARTS DONALD SACKS COBBLER EXPRESS ST. MORITZ CHOCOLATIER UNITS PAPER BOUTIQUE EASTERN LOBBY SHOPS BREE LEGS BEAUTIFUL PLUS ONE FITNESS CLINIC TWIGS CASWELL-MASSEY THE STATUE OF LIBERTY KODO DRUMMERS RECTOR PLACE IT'S MORE NEW YORK NEW YORK AT BATTERY PARK CITY LIBERTY STREET THE WINTER GARDEN PERL PHOTO ELECTRONICS GALLERY OF HISTORY MANUFACTURERS HANOVER TRUST STATE OF THE ART MINTERS IMMAGA VESEY STREET ANN TAYLOR SIXTEEN PALM TREES MARK CROSS RIZZOLI

City Tales :
DESTINATIONS

Arrivals & Departures

by DANA GIOIA

photograph by Elizabeth Zeschin

Today most travel feels like commuting. Distant airline journeys begin and end by waiting in line. Cars find the traffic in exotic cities drearily familiar. The same bored faces look up from bus station benches from Antwerp to Alabama. There is no poetry in reaching a public garage, a bus stop or luggage carrousel. Just the flat, minimal prose of baggage claims and parking meters. But there is one commute that actually feels like travel –coming into Grand Central Terminal. Entering its vast main lobby either by descending from the noisy street or by rising from the steamy train platforms underground, one walks into Manhattan's greatest indoor public space, an area all the more exciting because unlike its closest contenders– Carnegie Hall, the Stock Exchange, the Palm Court at the Plaza – Grand Central is neither elitist nor exclusionary. In its democratic precincts investment bankers in snug italian suits line up for coffee behind Hawaiian-shirted street vendors and elderly nuns on a shopping spree share waiting room benches with honeymooners from Osaka. Stepping onto Grand Central's smooth marble floor is always like walking onstage but whether into a stark social drama or screwball screen comedy one can never quite tell in advance. Hundreds of lives hurry by, each one starring in its own compelling story. Charged by their sheer energy, one feels that particular rush of excitement that only great cities give. This almost delirious feeling that anything is possible represents the unacknowledged triumph of Grand Central's architecture. Utterly functional, this station is also truly grand. Its one vast central chamber stands impressively surrounded by teeming platforms, passageways, tunnels, balustrades, and antechambers, the air above crisscrossed by huge shafts of filtered sunlight rising to the high arched ceiling decorated astonishingly –as if to say that this one room is indeed its own universe– by the stars and constellations of the zodiac. Yet even to a gaping first-time visitor, a lone pedestrian clutching a battered suitcase on the swirling concourse below, all this grandeur seems not only unintimidating but inviting. This is a place which recognizes the importance of each arrival. Nervous, giddy, even inspired, one steps into the crowd ready to begin.

Over 30 thousand people come to work or play at The World Financial Center every day. They come by cars, boats, trains and planes. Once they come, they stay till all hours. Come and see what all the fuss is about.

The World Financial Center

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(This week, some theatres, as indicated below, will rearrange their schedules because of Thanksgiving Day, Nov. 24. There may be further changes, so it would be wise to check with the newspapers before making plans.)

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

Ain't Misbehavin'—A revival, after ten years, of this celebration of the music and the comic spirit of Fats Waller, in all its beauty and variety, as conceived and directed by Richard Maltby, Jr. The members of the original company are present and just as dynamic as they were the first time around. They are Nell Carter, Andre De Shields, Armelia McQueen, Ken Page, and Charlaine Woodard. The invaluable (and protean) Luther Henderson, conductor and arranger, again presides at the piano. (Reviewed in our issue of 9/5/88.) (Ambassador, 215 W. 49th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 3.)

Cafe Crown—A revival of the late Hy Kraft's mash note to the Café Royal, a onetime Mecca for Yiddish actors, writers, and intellectuals on the Lower East Side. The play, first produced in 1942, is filled with jokes, most of which pay off. Eli Wallach, as a former star, and Bob Dishy, as a busy, bossy waiter, play the leading roles in this agreeable production. Santo Loquasto designed the gorgeous setting. (11/14/88) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Thanksgiving, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 3. Special performance Sunday evening, Nov. 27. Closes Sunday, Dec. 11.)

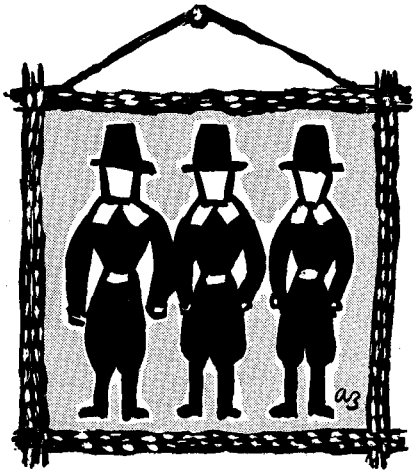
Checkmates—Ron Milner's "domestic comedy," about an older couple who lease the apartment above them to a recently married young couple, should be more entertaining than it is. There are some funny moments, though, and the performances are distinguished. The actors are Ruby Dee and Paul Winfield (downstairs) and Denzel Washington and Marsha Jackson (upstairs). Woodie King, Jr., directed. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-0102. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Nov. 23, and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Friday, Nov. 25, at 2.)

The Cocktail Hour—A dramatist returns to his native city in upstate New York to break the news to his prosperous family that he has written a play about them and to ask their permission to have it produced. More easily said than done. A. R. Gurney's humor has never been more sparkling, his characters never more convincing or engaging. The play is as sensitive as it is funny, and the actors do it full justice, under Jack O'Brien's direction. Nancy Marchand gives a marvellous performance as the hero's mother, and Holland Taylor, Bruce Davison, and Keene Curtis are fine, too. (11/7/88) (Promenade, Broadway at 76th St. 580-1313. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3; special matinée Friday, Nov. 25, at 2:30.)

Coriolanus—The sixth entry in the Public's Shakespeare Marathon, with Christopher Walken in the title role. Directed by Steven Berkoff. Opens Tuesday, Nov. 22. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Thanksgiving, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Special performance Sunday evening, Nov. 27.)

The Devil's Disciple—A tame production of Shaw's dashing melodrama. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Circle in the Square, 50th St. west of Broadway. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Thanksgiving, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Friday, Nov. 25, at 3.)

Eastern Standard—An imitation comedy that is as tedious as it is trendy. (11/14/88) (Manhattan Theatre Club, at City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Thanksgiving, at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Special performances Monday, Nov. 21, at 8, and Wednesday, Nov. 30, at 2. Closes Sunday, Dec. 4.)



S	M	T	W	T	F	S
	21	22	23	24	25	26
27	28	29	30			

Forbidden Broadway 1988—A source of continual merriment, this revue is a cluster of parodies of shows along the Great White Way. Gerard Alessandrini conceived and directed it and wrote the witty, barbed lyrics. The performers are Toni DiBuono, Roxie Lucas, David B. McDonald, and Michael McGrath—inspired mimics all. (9/26/88) (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. 838-9090. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3:30.)

Ghosts—Fionnula Flanagan and David McCallum in Ibsen's play. (Roundabout, 100 E. 17th St. 420-1883. Tuesday, Wednesday, Friday, and Saturday at 8, and Sunday at 7:30. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 2. Closes Sunday, Nov. 27.)

Godspell—A revival of the 1971 musical by Stephen Schwartz and John-Michael Tebelak. (Lambs, 130 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Wednesday, Nov. 23, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Friday, Nov. 25, at 2.)

Italian American Reconciliation—The latest offbeat comedy about love and loneliness in Little Italy from John Patrick Shanley, the author of "Moonstruck." The play, which marks Shanley's directorial début, is not as wise or as psychologically complex as some of his earlier plays have been—or as charmingly ingenious as its set, designed by Santo Loquasto—but it is full of eloquent laughs and provides the occasion for a masterly performance by John Turturro as the girl-shy young man who tries to do good by seducing his best friend's fierce ex-wife. (11/14/88) (Manhattan Theatre Club, at City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Nightly, except Mondays and Thanksgiving, at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Dec. 4.)

Light Opera of Manhattan—Presenting Victor Herbert's **Babes in Toyland.** (Playhouse 91, at 316 E. 91st St. 831-2000. Wednesdays through Saturdays, except Thanksgiving, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 3:30; special matinée Friday, Nov. 25, at 2.)

M. Butterfly—David Henry Hwang's funny, mysterious, and often beautiful play is based on an actual case. A French diplomat takes as his mistress a star of the Beijing Opera, and some twenty years later—when they are both charged with being spies—discovers that "she" is a he. David Dukes is the diplomat; B. D. Wong is exceptional as his lover. Lori Tan Chinn and George N. Martin give them sound support. (4/4/88) (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Middle of Nowhere—A musical featuring the songs of Randy Newman. Tracy Friedman wrote the book and directed. (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

New York Gilbert and Sullivan Players—Presenting **H.M.S. Pinafore.** (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. Tuesday and Wednesday, Nov. 22-23, and Wednesday, Nov. 30, at 8; Friday and Saturday, Nov. 25-26, at 3 and 8; and Sunday, Nov. 27, at 3. Closes Sunday, Dec. 11.)

Reckless—This new play by Craig Lucas, about a woman whose husband has taken a contract out on her life, has slightly absurdist tendencies and pretensions but nothing to say. Only the sprightly performances, from a cast led by Robin Bartlett, keep it from being unwatchable. (10/10/88) (Circle Repertory Company, 99 Seventh Ave. S. 924-7100. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Thanksgiving, at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3; special matinée Friday, Nov. 25, at 3.)

Romance/Romance—A pair of charming one-act musicals, with Barry Williams and Alison Fraser in the leading roles. Barry Harman wrote the clever books and lyrics, and Keith Herrmann wrote the engaging scores. Mr. Harman directed. (5/16/88) (Helen Hayes, 240 W. 44th St. 944-9450. Mondays through Wednesdays—except Tuesday, Nov. 22—and Fridays and Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Friday, Nov. 25, at 3.)

Rumors—This farce about a party to celebrate a couple's tenth anniversary (the host and hostess are mysteriously missing) may well be the funniest play that Neil Simon has ever written. It is acted to perfection by Christine Baranski, André Gregory, Mark Nelson, Ron Leibman, Ken Howard, Lisa Banes, Joyce Van Patten, Charles Brown, and Cynthia Darlow, under the impeccable direction of Gene Saks. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays and Thanksgiving, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Friday, Nov. 25, at 3.)

Saved from Obscurity—A play written by and starring Tom Mardirosian. (Playwrights Horizons, 416 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Monday through Saturday, except Thanksgiving, at 8, and Sunday at 7. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Nov. 27.)

Speed-the-Plow—David Mamet's satire on Hollywood is just as scathing, just as acute as his "Glengarry Glen Ross," and even funnier, if that can be imagined. With David Rasche, Bob Balaban, and Felicity Huffman; directed by Gregory Mosher. (5/16/88) (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 239-6277. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Nov. 23, and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Friday, Nov. 25, at 3.)

Spoils of War—Michael Weller's play about the efforts of a prep-school boy to reunite his divorced parents has been much revised since last season, but it is still scattered and boring. Kate Nelligan and Jeffrey De Munn, two strong actors, appear in the leading roles. (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Nov. 23, and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Friday, Nov. 25, at 3.)

Suds—This uninspired musical, set in a laundromat, uses the pop music of the early sixties to cash in on the nostalgia boom. (10/10/88) (Stage Left at Criterion Center, Broadway at 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Fridays, except Thanksgiving, at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Finally! Foreign-Language Cassettes For People Who Smile A Lot.

You're in Europe . . . at a restaurant, in a shop, on a train. Someone says something to you (at a speed exceeding 90 miles an hour) and you don't understand a word. Even though you've studied the language, all you can do is smile.

Now there's a way to avoid "language shock." With European-produced audio-magazines from Champs-Elysées Inc., you can dramatically improve your language comprehension and, in the process, fine-tune your accent and enlarge your vocabulary.

Unlike other language cassettes, our audio-magazines are sold by subscription. In lively monthly editions produced by some of Europe's most popular broadcasters, you'll hear the language as it's *really* spoken. Each hour-long program brings you interviews with celebrities and newsmakers, selections of popular music, and conversation about politics, sports, books, movies, art exhibits, places to go, and things to do.

To help you learn as you listen, every edition comes with a word-for-word transcription, including a vocabulary section of difficult words and phrases.

Listen at home, while jogging, or on the way to work. You'll be amazed how quickly your language skills improve.

Champs-Elysées

La France en cassettes! Whether it's counting the returns in France's legislative elections or counting calories with pastry chef Gaston Lenôtre, top-rated French radio and television personality Georges Lang serves up programs that are upbeat and endlessly fascinating.

—I've subscribed as a means of brushing up on my French prior to travel, and I've found Champs-Elysées *to be absolutely invaluable. I only wish I'd had something like this while I was in school!*

A.M., Reno, Nevada

Schau ins Land

Aktuelles, Kultur und Schlager. Postcard scenery and high-tech industry. Music festivals and anti-nuclear demonstrations. Not to mention countless dialects! Axel Fitzke heads a team of correspondents in Germany, Austria, and Switzerland who examine the vivid contrasts of German-speaking Europe.

—[Schau ins Land] is proving to be the perfect way to maintain and improve my German skills. The way you choose different contributors is excellent. Some of the dialect is really challenging but that's great.

R.L., Evergreen, Colorado

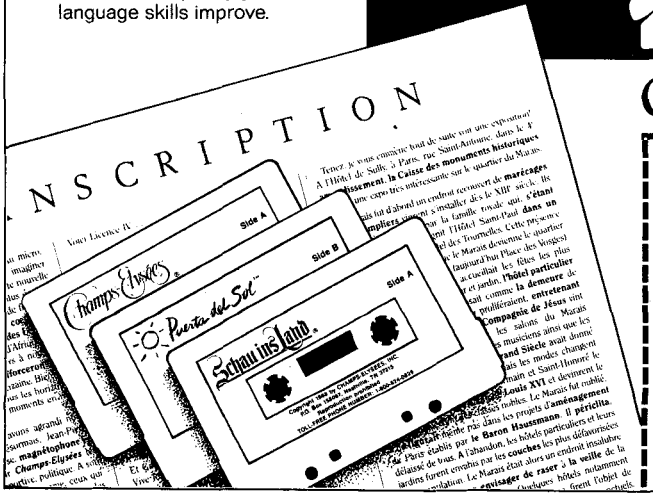
Puerta del Sol™

Su puerta al mundo hispánico. Host Iñaki Gabilondo is undoubtedly Spain's most popular radio and television journalist. In programs that feature numerous interviews with policymakers and trendsetters, he explores the rich traditions and new directions in Spain and Latin America.

—I expected [Puerta del Sol] *to be good; it is far better than I had hoped. Your materials, both tape-recorded and written, are a magnificent accomplishment. . . They combine entertainment with instruction on a world-class level of quality. Iñaki Gabilondo is the epitome of perfect pronunciation and style.*

K.P., Albuquerque, New Mexico

FOR FASTER SERVICE, ORDER BY CREDIT CARD
1-800-824-0829
(VISA AND MASTERCARD ACCEPTED)



CHAMPS-ELYSEES, *Incorporated*

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

Subscribe now and receive 11 monthly editions, including a combined June–July issue, for just $109. Or, try 5 editions for $63. If you're not completely satisfied with your first program, call for a full refund.

Send check or money order to:
Champs-Elysées, Inc.
Dept. Y20
P.O. Box 158067
Nashville, TN 37215-8067

Please rush me my first edition of
☐ *Champs-Elysées* (French)
☐ *Schau ins Land* (German)
☐ *Puerta del Sol* (Spanish)

☐ 5 editions ($63) ☐ 11 editions ($109)
☐ Study supplement ($20) ☐ Study supplement ($44)

Tennessee residents add 7.75% sales tax

Name _____
Address _____
City/State/Zip _____

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE—Cont'd

Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3; special matinée Friday, Nov. 25, at 3.)

The Taffetas—Four talented young women, impersonating a group of singing sisters, perform hits from the fifties. The show, conceived by Rick Lewis as a live broadcast from the early days of television, represents yet another trip down memory lane. Still, for what it is, it's very well done. With Jody Abrahams, Karen Curlee, Melanie Mitchell, and Tia Speros. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays, except Thanksgiving, at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3; special matinée Friday, Nov. 25.)

The Three Sisters—The Chekhov play, in a translation by Randall Jarrell. Presented by the Pan Asian Repertory Theatre. Opens Tuesday, Nov. 22. (St. Clement's, 423 W. 46th St. 245-2660. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Thanksgiving, at 8; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2.)

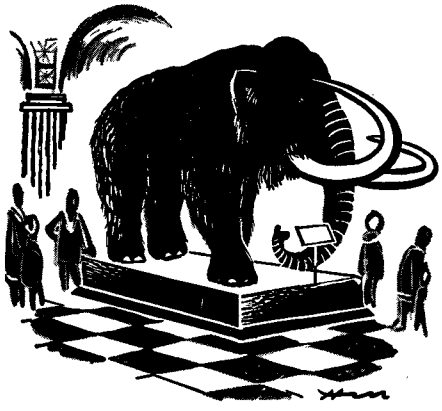
Waiting for Godot—Mike Nichols' overhyped, oversold all-star production—with Steve Martin, Robin Williams, Bill Irwin, and F. Murray Abraham—turns out to be a big nothing. Tennis, anyone? (11/21/88) (Mitzi E. Newhouse, Lincoln Center. 239-6200. Monday through Saturday, except Thanksgiving, at 8, and Sunday at 7:30. Matinées Saturday at 2 and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Nov. 27.)

What Did He See?—A new play written and directed by Richard Foreman. With Will Patton, Rocco Sisto, and Lili Taylor. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Tuesdays through Thursdays, except Thanksgiving, and Sundays at 8, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10. Closes Sunday, Dec. 4.)

Long Runs—**anything goes:** This exuberant revival is primarily a tribute to Cole Porter himself. The company, which includes Bill McCutcheon, Howard McGillin, and Patti LuPone, does more than justice to the words and score. (Vivian Beaumont, Lincoln Center. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Thanksgiving, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Friday, Nov. 25, at 2.) . . . **cats:** A musical version of T. S. Eliot's "Old Possum's Book of Practical Cats." Score by Andrew Lloyd Webber, choreography by Gillian Lynne, and direction (and some lyrics) by Trevor Nunn. A superb spectacle, which may run for many more years and give cats the right to vote and hold office. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Nov. 23, and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Friday, Nov. 25, at 3.) . . . **a chorus line:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Mondays through Wednesdays—except Tuesday, Nov. 22—Fridays, and Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Friday, Nov. 25, at 3.) . . . **driving miss daisy:** Frances Sternhagen and Earle Hyman star in Alfred Uhry's play, which tells of the growing attachment of a cranky old woman in Atlanta to her black chauffeur. Directed by Ron Lagomarsino. (John Houseman, 450 W. 42nd St. 564-8038. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Thanksgiving, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Friday, Nov. 25, at 2.) . . . **the fantasticks:** This longest of long runs turned twenty-eight last May. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **42nd street:** Pleasantly old-fashioned choreography by the late Gower Champion and a few classic songs enliven an otherwise inert pastiche of the Warner Brothers movie that made Ruby Keeler a star. (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 398-0280. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:15. Matinées Wednesdays, except Nov. 23, and Saturdays at 2:15, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Friday, Nov. 25, at 2.) . . . **frankie and johnny in the clair de lune:** Bonnie Franklin and Tony Musante in Terrence McNally's enchanting comedy

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
	21	22	23	24	25	26
27	28	29	30			

about sex and the sudden onset of love in an apartment on Tenth Avenue. (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays, except Thanksgiving, at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3; special matinée Friday, Nov. 25, at 2:30.) . . . **into the woods:** This musical by Stephen Sondheim and James Lapine is an attempt to show what lurks beneath the surface of conventional fairy tales. The songs are beautiful or funny—sometimes both. Directed by Mr. Lapine. (Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 246-6363. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Nov. 23, and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Friday, Nov. 25, at 2.) . . . **jackie mason's "the world according to me!":** The comedian's one-man show. (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 719-4099. Wednesdays, except Nov. 23, through Saturdays, and Tuesday, Nov. 29, at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.) . . . **me and my girl:** A silly chestnut of a British musical dating back to the thirties. With Jim Dale. (Marquis, Broadway at 45th St. 246-0102. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Nov. 23, and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Friday, Nov. 25, at 2.) . . . **les misérables:** Tim Shew and Norman Large star in the musical adaptation of the Victor Hugo novel, but the real standouts of the production are the settings, by John Napier, and the lighting, by David Hersey. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2; special matinée Thanksgiving Day at 2:30.) . . . **nunsense:** A musical comedy by Dan Goggin. (Douglas Fairbanks, 432 W. 42nd St. 239-4321. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Nov. 23, and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Friday, Nov. 25, at 2.) . . . **oil city symphony:** Mike Craver, Mark Hardwick, Michelle Horman, and Mary Murfitt, gifted and sophisticated singers and instrumentalists, appear as a quartet of dedicated hicks reuniting at their small-town high school in this very funny musical. (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays, except Thanksgiving, at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3; special matinée Friday, Nov. 25.) . . . **the phantom of the opera:** The much ballyhooed Andrew Lloyd Webber musical is fun—if you're not bothered by theatre that cares not a whit for words and contains not one ghost of an idea. Except for the sets (by Maria Björnson), everything about the show is negligible. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **sarafina!:** This South African musical, an explosion of talent, was conceived, written, and directed by Mbongeni Ngema, who also, with Hugh Masekela, composed and arranged the score. The acting, dancing, and singing, to a local form of popular music called Mbaqanga,



are a wonder. (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Thanksgiving, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Friday, Nov. 25, at 2.) . . . **a shayna maidel:** A well-wrought and deeply moving play by Barbara Lebow about a Polish-Jewish family torn apart by the events of the Hitler era. The production is beautifully directed by Mary B. Robinson. Bring lots of Kleenex to this one, but expect to leave uplifted. (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Nov. 23, and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Friday, Nov. 25, at 3.) . . . **starlight express:** A bore on roller skates. (Gershwin, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Nov. 23, and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Friday, Nov. 25, at 3.) . . . **steel magnolias:** This first play by Robert Harling is set in a beauty shop in a small town in Louisiana, and consists mainly of the often amusing, wisecracking chatter of the proprietress, her assistant, and four steady customers. (Lucille Lortel, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 6 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

MISCELLANY

Next Wave Festival—**eiko & koma** in "Thirst" and "Tree." Tuesday, Nov. 29, at 7, and Wednesday, Nov. 30, at 8. Through Sunday, Dec. 4. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 1-718 636-4100. The festival continues through Sunday, Dec. 18.)

Big Apple Circus—A one-ring tent circus. (Damrosch Park, Lincoln Center. Through Monday, Jan. 2. For information about show times and tickets, call 874-6770.)

Radio City Music Hall—Performances of the "Christmas Spectacular," with the Rockettes, of course. (Sixth Ave. at 50th St. Through Wednesday, Jan. 4. For information about show times and tickets, call 757-3100.)

DANCE

New York City Ballet—Opening performances of the season, which will run through Sunday, Feb. 26. Tuesday, Nov. 22, at 7:30: "Concerto Barocco," "Orpheus," and "Symphony in C" (a benefit performance; for tickets, call 870-5585). . . . ¶ Wednesday, Nov. 23, at 8: "Ballo della Regina," "Episodes," and "Stars and Stripes." . . . ¶ Friday, Nov. 25, at 8: "Bugaku," "Rhapsody in Blue," and "Brahms-Schoenberg Quartet." . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 26, at 2: "Bugaku," "Rhapsody in Blue," and "Symphony in C." . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 26, at 8: "Ballo della Regina," "Orpheus," and "Stars and Stripes." . . . ¶ Sunday, Nov. 27, at 1: "Concerto Barocco," "Rhapsody in Blue," and "Brahms-Schoenberg Quartet." . . . ¶ Sunday, Nov. 27, at 7: "Ballo della Regina," "Episodes," and "Brahms-Schoenberg Quartet." (New York State Theatre. 870-5570.)

Joffrey Ballet—Presenting "The Nutcracker." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Tuesday, Nov. 22, at 7; Wednesday, Nov. 23, and Friday, Nov. 25, at 1 and 7; Saturday, Nov. 26, at 2 and 7:30; Sunday, Nov. 27, at 2; Tuesday, Nov. 29, at 7; and Wednesday, Nov. 30, at 1 and 7. Through Sunday, Dec. 4.)

Victoria Marks Performance Company—In a program of contemporary dance. (Dance Theatre Workshop, 219 W. 19th St. 924-0077. Wednesday, Nov. 23, and Friday and Saturday, Nov. 25-26, at 8, and Sunday, Nov. 27, at 3.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

Algonquin Hotel, 59 W. 44th St. (840-6800)—In the lobby, people come and go talking of the Forty-fourth Street Marching and Chowder Club, which used to meet here, and of

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Lerner and Loewe, who knocked out "My Fair Lady" here, and of **MONTGOMERY, PLANT & STRITCH,** a one-man, two-woman vocal group from Texas who are singing in close harmony in the woody nook known as the Oak Room. Shows at nine-fifteen and eleven-fifteen Tuesdays through Saturdays. Dining.

BALLROOM, 253 W. 28th St. (244-3005)—A big, soigné cabaret on the edge of Chelsea, in the heart of the fur and fashion-student districts. **BLOSSOM DEARIE** and her repertoire change little from year to year, but here she was the other evening with a new hairdo (the blond pageboy had given way to a perm) and a couple of new songs. One of them, a kind of love letter from an admirer in New Zealand, is called "Blossom," and asks how such a delicate thing survives in "that city of chaos and crime." (It's easy, she suggested, striking a kittenish pose and playing a little one-handed piano.) She also sang Rodgers and Hart's "Ev'rything I've Got," her usual batch of Dave Frishberg songs (plus his less well-known "Wheelers and Dealers," on which she played some percussive, loud-pedal piano), two funny-grotesque Sheldon Harnick songs, and her own "Bye-Bye, Country Boy." She starts at six-thirty Wednesdays through Saturdays. **BARBARA COOK** sings at nine Tuesdays and Wednesdays, and at nine and eleven Thursdays through Saturdays.

BIRDLAND, 2745 Broadway, at 105th St. (749-2228)—The long-gone midtown pleasure dome (1949-65) after which this airy two-tiered operation is named had a midget m.c. named Pee Wee Marquette, caged finches, and Bird himself; the new room has waiters and waitresses in Reeboks and bow ties, a rainbow-colored Wurlitzer jukebox, neon wading birds, and jazz people of various modern schools. The schedule: Tuesday, Nov. 22, a trio led by drummer **JO JONES, JR.;** Thursday, Nov. 24, pianist **ANDY LAVERNE'S** threesome; Friday and Saturday, Nov. 25-26, tenor saxophonist **BIG NICK NICHOLAS** and his quartet; and Monday, Nov. 28, percussionist **EDISON MACHADO'S** quartet. Music from nine Sundays through Thursdays and from nine-thirty Fridays and Saturdays. Dining.

BLUE NOTE, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—On the back wall of this jazz club, there's a neon version of the Manhattan skyline, with a crescent moon and two stars attendant upon it—one of the best examples of inert-gas folk art we know of. Big bands are making all the noise now. **MC COY TYNER,** a pianist who makes thunderous sounds on his own, leads a thirteen-piece ensemble Tuesday through Sunday, Nov. 22-27. Saxophonist **JOE ROCCISANO'S** orchestra does a one-night stand on Monday, Nov. 28. Music from nine. Dining.

BOTTOM LINE, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—Music for many kinds of people, including unreconstructed folkies, rock-and-roll fundamentalists, Village bopcats, and followers of **TAJ MAHAL,** who made it his mission long ago to bring backwoods blues to urban sophisticates. He has the floor on Monday and Tuesday, Nov. 28-29. Guitarist **JOHN SCOFIELD'S** jazz-funk band holds forth Friday and Saturday, Nov. 25-26. Shows Sundays through Thursdays at eight and eleven, and Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty. Dining.

BRADLEY'S, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—A crowded, duskily lit neighborhood bar, where pianists, bassists, and (a new wrinkle) drummers compete for your ear with professional conversationalists. Truth and beauty usually prevail. Pianist **RICHIE BEIRACH,** bassist **RON MC CLURE,** and drummer **ADAM NUSSBAUM** will be on the premises through Saturday, Nov. 26. First set at nine-forty-five. Dining.

CARLOS I, 432 Sixth Ave., at 10th St. (982-3260)—Pretty much everything about this jazz room is nice: the long rows of tables covered with pink linen, the bijou bandstand, the view from the bar of the bandstand, and the view out the window of Vaux & Withers' gabled Victorian courthouse. **LOUIE BELLSON,** one of the best of the postwar big-band drummers, leads a quintet Tuesday through Sunday, Nov. 22-27. **DOROTHY DONEGAN** commences a week-long visit on Tuesday, Nov. 29. A Donegan performance features bravura, crazy-legs piano and a fair amount of mugging and clowning around. She accompanies her playing with humming and low, satisfied "aw"s; she hobnobs with the customers; she plays standing up and one-handed; she abandons a long digression into Rachmaninoff, hitches up her skirt in a getting-down-to-business gesture, cocks an eyebrow, and heads into some rocking boogie-woogie. Music from nine-thirty.

CARLYLE HOTEL, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—**BOBBY SHORT,** a prince among café singers, is in the little principality known as the Café Carlyle, singing Cole Porter and other gilt-edged material. Sets at ten and midnight Tuesdays through Saturdays. . . . ¶ Across the hall, in the Bemelmans Bar, **BARBARA CARROLL** presides at the piano from nine-forty-five Tuesdays through Saturdays.

CAT CLUB, 76 E. 13th St. (505-0090)—This room, which caters to thrash-metal buffs and cooler heads on weeknights, opens its doors on Sundays to swing-music fans, most of whom come to Lindy. Feet jitter, skirts twirl, and smiles break out everywhere. An eight-piece band led by drummer Ronnie Cole and featuring ex-Ellington trombonist **BRITT WOODMAN** plays on Nov. 27. Music from eight.

EAGLE TAVERN, 355 W. 14th St., at Ninth Ave. (924-0275)—An Irish bar in the meat-packing district, not too far from the boondocks. There's music in the back room on Fridays (bluegrass and contemporary "newgrass" hybrids) and Saturdays (traditional Irish sounds). Bob Paisley & Southern Grass perform on Friday, Nov. 25. Music from nine.

FAT TUESDAY'S, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—Through a heavy-duty steel door, through a green Plexiglas door, down a long, narrow, fun-house passageway (mirrors in which you can watch yourself multiply; corrugated-metal siding you can riffle), and down a flight of stairs, you'll find this velvet-and-mirror-walled *boîte.* Bassist **EDDIE GOMEZ** leads a quartet Tuesday through Sunday, Nov. 22-27; pianist **TOSHIKO AKIYOSHI** brings in her big band for a week starting Tuesday, Nov. 29. Mondays are reserved for guitarist **LES PAUL.** Music from eight. Dining.

FORTUNE GARDEN PAVILION, 209 E. 49th St. (753-0101)—Two things not known to be available in the next world—Chinese food and American jazz—can be found here, under a greenhouse roof giving onto a patch of midtown sky. The piano, a Steinway that sits grandly in the middle of the room, will be in the fleet, cool hands of **KENNY BARRON** through Sunday, Nov. 27. **ART HODES,** a stellar blues pianist now in his ninth decade, takes over for four nights starting Tuesday, Nov. 29. First set at nine-thirty Mondays through Fridays, at eight on Saturdays, and at seven on Sundays. No music on Thanksgiving.

J'S, 2581 Broadway, at 97th St. (666-3600)—A room where the tenth letter of the alphabet (uncapped and disguised as a quarter note) turns up often: on doors, window shades, matchbooks. It's also a room with a view (of Broadway) and with jazz (mostly of the mainstream type). On Mondays, Nov. 21 and 28, **DICK HYMAN** lays expert hands on the piano. Vibist **HARRY SHEPPARD** brings in a quartet on Friday, Nov. 25. Music from eight Mondays through Thursdays, and from nine Fridays and Saturdays. Dining. Closed Thanksgiving.

JAN WALLMAN'S, 49 W. 44th St. (764-8930)—A cozy room for singers and their followers, cheek by jowl with the Iroquois Hotel. The singers: **ARTHUR SIEGEL** on Mondays, Nov. 21 and 28; **BARBARA LEA** and **BOB DOROUGH** on Friday, Nov. 25; and **JUDY KRESTON** (with pianist and songwriter **DAVID LAHM**) on Saturday, Nov. 26. Shows at nine and eleven. Dining. Closed Sundays and Thanksgiving.

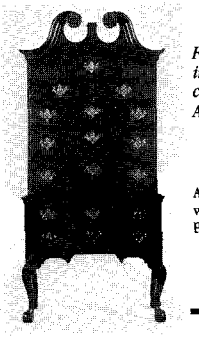
KNITTING FACTORY, 47 E. Houston St., near Mulberry St. (219-3055)—A second-floor retreat (attained by passing through a recently annexed downstairs restaurant) that features avant-garde jazz, advanced and unadvanced rock, and miscellaneous weird sounds. It has a slapped-together, homemade look, and, judging by the S.R.O. crowds, it is a thriving enterprise. Members of the Association for the Advancement of Creative Musicians, a black-music collective founded in Chicago in the mid-sixties by pianist Muhal Richard Abrams, will be around for the next several nights. The schedule: Tuesday, Nov. 22, **JOSEPH JARMAN'S** group; Wednesday, Nov. 23, the **MUHAL RICHARD ABRAMS** quartet; Thursday, Nov. 24, trumpeter **LEO SMITH'S** group; and Saturday, Nov. 26, violinist **LEROY JENKINS'** band, Sting. Music after nine.

LONE STAR CAFÉ, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—Texas-like in significant respects,

William Doyle® GALLERIES

FORTHCOMING AUCTIONS

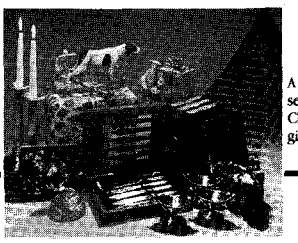
Wednesday, November 30 at 10 a.m.
Americana



For further information, contact Arthur F Maier

American Chippendale walnut highboy, Philadelphia, 1760.

Wednesday, December 7 at 7 p.m.
Annual Christmas Gifts Auction



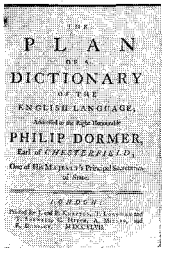
A fine selection of Christmas gifts.

Thursday, December 8 at 10 a.m.
Old Master and Modern Prints

For further information, contact Abigail Furey

ANDERS ZORN "Effer de Nuit" Etching 11½ x 7¾ inches

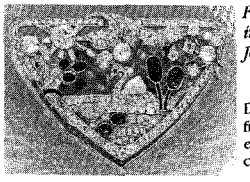
Thursday, December 8 at 2 p.m.
Books and Autographs



For further information, contact Arthur F Maier

SAMUEL JOHNSON "The Plan of a Dictionary of the English Language" London, 1747 First Edition, Second Issue

Friday, December 9 at 10 a.m.
Important Estate Jewelry



For further information, contact Joanna Bobrowicz

Diamond, emerald, freshwater pearl and enamel picture brooch, circa 1920.

All sales may be previewed Saturday–Tuesday prior to auction date.

175 East 87th Street • New York 10128
Telephone (212) 427-2730

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

NIGHT LIFE—Cont'd

though not in the open-spaces-and-clear-sight-lines department, in which it is New York-like. Blues people from here and there (but mostly from Chicago) are on the bill. **PINETOP PERKINS,** a Mississippi-born pianist who came north in the fifties and eventually took over Otis Spann's chair in the Muddy Waters band, performs on Monday, Nov. 21. **A. C. REED,** a Chicago saxophonist, brings in his band, the Spark Plugs, on Tuesday, Nov. 22. Veteran harmonica player **JAMES COTTON** ministers to the faithful on Wednesday and Thursday, Nov. 23-24. Friday and Saturday, Nov. 25-26, belong to **ROOMFUL OF BLUES,** an adept jump-style band from Providence, R.I. Music after nine. Dining.

LONE STAR CAFÉ ROADHOUSE, 240 W. 52nd St. (245-2950)—The midtown branch of the aforementioned honky-tonk. It has more space than the parent joint; it also has more mirrors, more Miller-beer banners, more fireplaces (two, on the second floor), more carpeting, more Gibson electric guitars serving as wall ornaments, more letters of commendation (posted in the entryway) from Texas dignitaries (Agriculture Commissioner Jim Hightower, ex-Governor Mark White), and at least as many souvenir T-shirts and ball caps. The **DEL-LORDS,** four Gotham tough guys who stand up for three-chord rock and roll and other old-fashioned values, perform Wednesday and Thursday, Nov. 23-24. Music after nine. Dining.

MICHAEL'S PUB, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—Unicorns and lions on the walls, well-heeled cats on the banquettes, and **MARIA MULDAUR** on the bandstand. Muldaur, a New Yorker who started out singing in Village jug bands and then (after striking it rich with a 1973 LP that included songs by Dolly Parton, Dan Hicks, and Kate McGarrigle) branched out into jazz and gospel, is accompanied by a trio led by New Orleans piano thumper **DR. JOHN.** Shows at nine and eleven Tuesdays through Saturdays. Dining. Closed Sundays and Thanksgiving.

RITZ, 119 E. 11th St. (254-2800)—Up-to-the-minute rock in a half-century-old ballroom. It's a place for people who don't mind taking their rock standing up; the few seats that exist—in the balcony—are reserved for the usual suspects. The **NEVILLE BROTHERS,** the New Orleans funk fraternity, hold forth on Wednesday, Nov. 23, at eight and eleven. The **FEELIES,** a coed quintet from New Jersey whose chiming guitars and insistent rhythms and blank, droning vocals work like incantations on many people, perform on Friday, Nov. 25, at eleven. **SHINEHEAD,** the handle taken by a Jamaican rapper and sweet-talking balladeer otherwise known as Edmund Carl Aiken, will be here on Saturday, Nov. 26, at eleven.

SOUNDS OF BRAZIL, 204 Varick St., at W. Houston St. (243-4940)—A musical melting pot: samba bands, African pop bands, reggae people, soca singers, and salsa ensembles all pass through this former luncheonette. The lineup: Tuesday and Wednesday, Nov. 22-23, Nigerian pop singer **SONNY OKUSUN;** Friday and Saturday, Nov. 25-26, **LOREMIL MACHADO & SARAVA;** and Tuesday and Wednesday, Nov. 29-30, Jamaican singer **SUGAR MINOTT.** Music from nine Tuesdays through Thursdays, and from ten Fridays and Saturdays. Dining. Closed Sundays, Mondays, and Thanksgiving.

SPEAKEASY, 107 Macdougal St. (598-9670)—Outside, on the boulevards of Greenwich Village, heedless local youths and tourists from New Jersey make mad music; inside, dulcimers are hammered, fiddles are fiddled, folk songs are sung, and Professor Irwin Corey sometimes pops his head in to explain what a light bulb is (a thing that sucks up darkness until it goes out). Peter Tork, who worked the Village coffeehouse circuit before signing on with the Monkees and becoming a teenybop idol, performs here Friday through Sunday, Nov. 25-27. Music from about eight-thirty. Dining. Closed Thanksgiving.

SWEET BASIL, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—A convivial and crowded jazz club—but not so crowded, as Yogi Berra said of another night spot, that nobody comes here anymore. The **LEADERS,** six all-star modernists

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
	21	22	23	24	25	26
27	28	29	30			

(**LESTER BOWIE, ARTHUR BLYTHE,** and **CHICO FREEMAN** make up the front line) who sometimes leaven their sets with a Fats Domino or Sam Cooke number, will be around Tuesday through Sunday, Nov. 22-27. **TOMMY FLANAGAN,** a paragon of bebop piano, comes in with bassist **GEORGE MRAZ** and drummer **KENNY WASHINGTON** on Tuesday, Nov. 29. Mondays belong to the orchestra that wizard arranger Gil Evans brought here for many years; it's now run by his son, trumpeter Miles Evans. Shows from ten. Dining.

VILLAGE GATE, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—Downstairs, in the gym-size room where hepcat d.j. Symphony Sid used to spend his Monday evenings hosting Latin-jazz shows, Latin music is still the rule on Mondays. On Nov. 28, **RUBÉN BLADES** and his band share the stage with **MONGO SANTAMARIA'S** group. Music from nine-thirty. **LES MC CANN,** the soul-jazz pianist and singer who had a fluke hit in the early seventies with a protest number called "Compared to What?," will be here Friday and Saturday, Nov. 25-26, with a combo that features saxophonist **EDDIE HARRIS.** . . . ¶ One flight up, in the Terrace Bar, where business and conversation are often at boom level, pianist **BILL MAYS** and bassist **HARVIE SWARTZ** collaborate nightly, except Mondays. On Tuesdays, they trade sets with **DAPHNE HELLMAN'S** trio. Music from ten.

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—One of the few places below the surface of New York that deserve landmark status. It's also one of the few places anywhere that have a notable (if that's the right word) light fixture—one that Charles Mingus K.O.'d while trying to reason with the proprietor, and that the proprietor, a preservationist as well as a businessman, decided to leave in Mingus-ized condition. **EDDIE DANIELS,** a Juilliard-trained clarinettist who used to spend his Monday nights here as a member of the Thad Jones–Mel Lewis big band, leads a quartet Tuesday through Sunday, Nov. 22-27. The aforementioned orchestra, which has been run by drummer **MEL LEWIS** alone since the late seventies, continues to make big sounds on Mondays. An orchestra of another order, the one that is guided by the pianist and veteran mystic **SUN RA,** begins a week-long visit on Tuesday, Nov. 29. Music after ten.

ZINNO, 126 W. 13th St. (924-5182)—Capellini finanziera, sepia-toned photos of old Firenze, and jazz. The last emanates from a passageway between a front-room bar and a back room reserved for trenchermen. Pianist **HILTON RUIZ** and bassist **JIMMY ROWSER** are on duty through Saturday, Nov. 26. Sundays belong to the guitar-bass team of **GENE BERTONCINI** and **MICHAEL MOORE.** Music weeknights from eight and Sundays from seven. Closed Thanksgiving.

JAZZ / ROCK / PERSONAL APPEARANCES / PERFORMANCE ART, ETC.

SHELLEY HIRSCH—Dance Theatre Workshop, 219 W. 19th St. 924-0077. Monday and Tuesday, Nov. 21-22, at 8.

ETHYL EICHELBERGER—With Black-Eyed Susan. (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800. Tuesday, Nov. 22, at 7; Wednesday, Nov. 23, at 8; Friday and Saturday, Nov. 25-26, at 8 and 11; and Sunday, Nov. 27, at 2 and 7:30.)

RED RODNEY—With two big bands. (Borden Auditorium, Manhattan School of Music, Broadway at 122nd St. Tuesday, Nov. 22, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

THE ROCHES—Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 840-2824. Friday, Nov. 25, at 7:30 and 10:30.

THOMAS DOLBY & THE LOST TOY PEOPLE—Roseland, 239 W. 52nd St. Friday, Nov. 25, at 9. For information about tickets, call 757-3100.

ARLO GUTHRIE—Carnegie Hall. 247-7800. Saturday, Nov. 26, at 8.

GRUPO AYMARA—Music of the Andes. (Triplex, 199 Chambers St. 618-1980. Saturday, Nov. 26, at 8.)

TRACY CHAPMAN—With John Hammond. (Carnegie Hall. Monday, Nov. 28, at 7 and 9:45.)

PATTI AUSTIN AND DAVID BENOIT—Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Nov. 30, at 8.

KAREN FINLEY—The Kitchen, 512 W. 19th St. 255-5793. Wednesday through Saturday, Nov. 30-Dec. 3, at 8:30.

P. S. 122—Monday, Nov. 21, at 9: David Leslie. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Nov. 23, at 8:30: Exquisite Corpse. . . . ¶ Friday through Sunday, Nov. 25-27, at 9: Ellen Fisher. . . . ¶ Friday, Nov. 25, at 10, and Saturday and Sunday, Nov. 26-27, at 8: Marty Pottenger. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, Nov. 25-26, at 11: Frank Maya. . . . ¶ Monday, Nov. 28, at 7 and 9:30: Eiko & Koma, Bebe Miller and Company, Ohad Naharin, the Urban Bush Women, and others, in a benefit program. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Nov. 30, at 8:30: Don Byron, Mark Helias, Gerry Hemingway, and Brandon Ross. (150 First Ave., at 9th St. 477-5288.)

BENEFIT PERFORMANCES—Laurie Anderson, David Crosby, Graham Nash, Mickey Hart, Baba Olatunji, and others. (Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. 662-2133. Saturday, Nov. 26, at 8.). . . ¶ Bill Cosby. (Carnegie Hall. 247-7800. Tuesday, Nov. 29, at 9.)

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6. They will be closed Thanksgiving Day.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

PETER AGOSTINI—Unpainted plaster sculptures by an artist who casts from bottles, balloons, and other found objects. Through Dec. 17. (Vanderwoude Tananbaum, 24 E. 81st St.)

EDDIE ARNING—Oil-pastel and wax-crayon drawings by this naïf. Through Jan. 7. (Hirschl & Adler Folk, 851 Madison Ave., at 70th St.)

JEAN-MICHEL BASQUIAT (1960-88)—Paintings done between 1981 and 1984. Through Wednesday, Nov. 30. (Schlesinger, 822 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

JOSEPH BEUYS (1921-86)—Objects, drawings, and multiples—more than seventy works in all. Through Dec. 10. (Hirschl & Adler Modern, 851 Madison Ave., at 70th St. Open Mondays.)

CAMILLE BOMBOIS (1883-1970)—Circus figures, rural folk, and narrow streets by a French primitive. Through Dec. 24. (Soufer, 1015 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

STUART DAVIS (1892-1964)—Eggbeaters and all, in more than fifty paintings that span the artist's career. Through Dec. 23. (Salander-O'Reilly, 22 E. 80th St. Open Mondays.)

ROBERT SCOTT DUNCANSON (1821-72)—Landscapes by a black artist of the Hudson River School. Through Saturday, Nov. 26. (Babcock, 20 E. 67th St. Closes at 4 on Saturdays.)

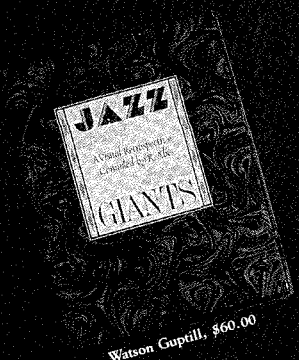
JACKSON POLLOCK (1912-56)—Paintings and works on paper. Through Dec. 17. (McCoy, 19 E. 71st St.)

ROBERT RAUSCHENBERG—Large paintings on enamelled aluminum. Through Dec. 8. (Knoedler, 19 E. 70th St.)

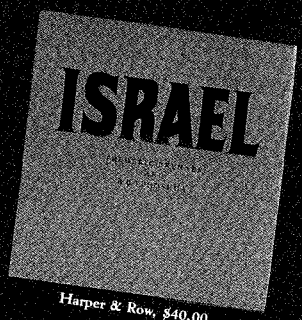
JONATHAN SANTLOFER—Paintings on shaped can-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

HOLIDAYS IN PROGRESS

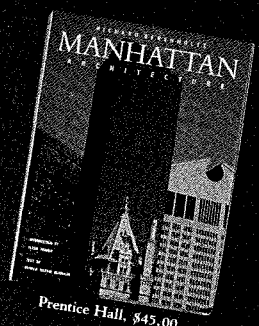


Watson Guptill, $60.00

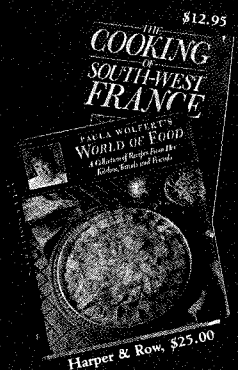


Harper & Row, $40.00

Abrams, $95.00

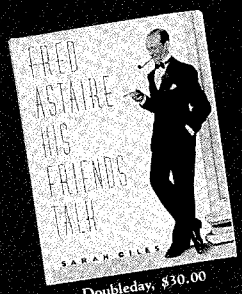


Prentice Hall, $45.00

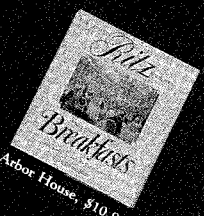


Harper & Row, $25.00

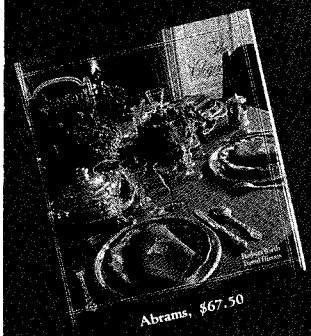
Knopf, $100.00

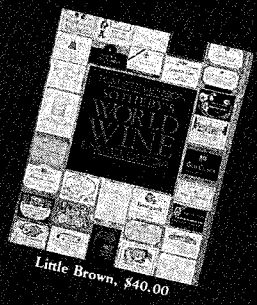


Doubleday, $30.00



Arbor House, $10.95


Abrams, $67.50



Little Brown, $40.00

BOOKS OF ALL PUBLISHERS SINCE 1910

We're filling in the details to offer you the complete picture in holiday shopping—great books, free gift wrapping, worldwide delivery, gift certificates and holiday hours. It's all part of the Doubleday Book Shops' tradition of expert service, as the holidays progress . . . *and they're not far away!*

DBS Xpress™

To Order Books: (800)635-0045
9AM–Midnight, Monday–Saturday & 11AM–7PM Sunday ET.

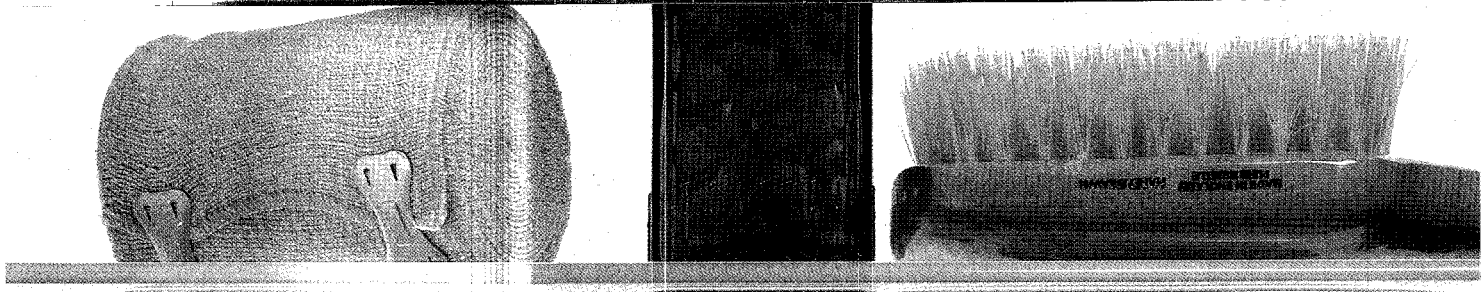
AT DOUBLEDAY BOOK SHOPS

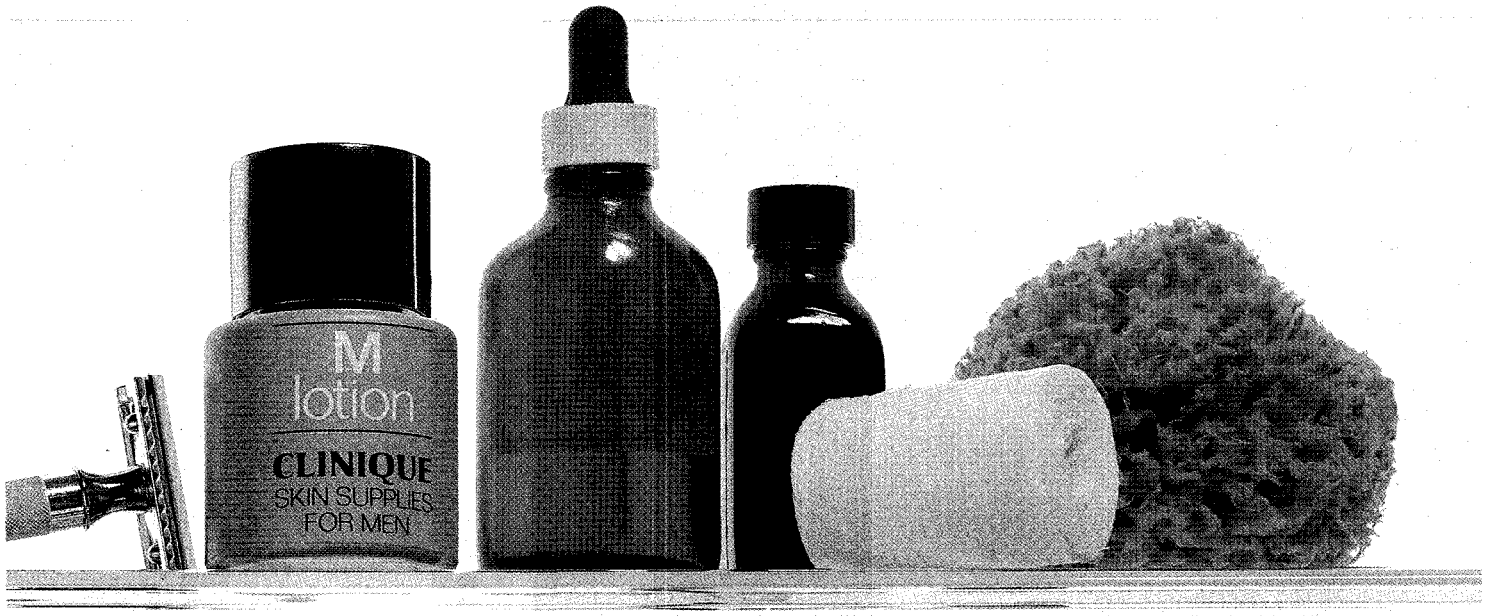
724 Fifth Avenue at 57th St., NY, NY, **Open to Midnight** (212)397-0550 ★ 673 Fifth Ave. at 53rd St. ★ Third Ave. at 49th St. ★ Citicorp Center at 53rd & Lex.
BOSTON ★ STAMFORD ★ SHORT HILLS ★ CHARLESTON ★ TAMPA ★ PALM BEACH ★ BAL HARBOUR ★ SAN DIEGO ★ LOS ANGELES ★ SAN FRANCISCO

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

© 1980 Clinique Laboratories, Inc.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED





Clinique Skin Supplies for Men is a complete skin care system. Allergy Tested. 100% Fragrance Free.
You'll find it in selective medicine cabinets—and at Clinique counters across the country.
Photographed by Irving Penn for Clinique.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Gore-Tex®
fabric

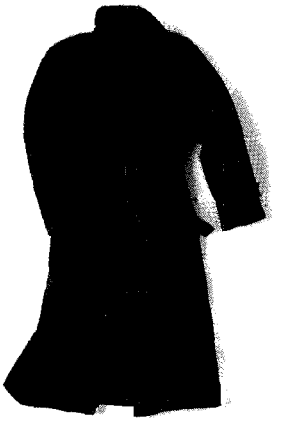
Keeps you warm and dry regardless of what falls out of the sky

Protection. Comfort to a degree never known before. This is the promise of Gore-Tex fabrics, a fusion of modern magic that shields you from rains, winds and snow... yet breathes to help you find comfort from your own honest sweat.

When you wear Gore-Tex™ garments, you're assured warmth and dryness without bulk or weight. Garments in colors and styles for the hills, the athletic circuit—even the rush of modern times.

Gore-Tex fabrics have proven themselves on most every extreme environment on earth—and beyond, from the heights of Mt. Everest to the edge of outer space. Gore-Tex products are as fashionable as they are functional.

Send for our new Gore-Tex Fabric Annual. Discover the latest developments in Gore-Tex products with the new Gore-Tex Fabric Annual—76 dynamic pages of the newest colors, styles and products, interesting articles, and a complete listing of area retailers of Gore-Tex products. And you can take advantage of the exclusive offer in the catalog for a free colorful Gore-Tex™ headband, a $30 retail value.

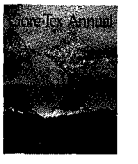


Women's fashionable insulated Gore-Tex™ raincoat

Keeps you warm and dry from wind and rain

Men's Gore-Tex™ footwear and gloves

Waterproof, fashionable protection for your hands and feet



To order, send $5 to: Gore-Tex Fabric Annual, P.O. Box 302, Department NY1128, Nashville, TN 37203. Or charge by calling **1-800-999-8286.**

GORE
Creative Technologies Worldwide

Gore-Tex is a Trademark of W.L. Gore & Associates, Inc. ©1988 W.L. Gore & Associates, Inc., 3 Blue Ball Rd., Elkton, MD 21921

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

ART–Cont'd

vases which incorporate branches, mirrors, and rocks. Through Dec. 3. (Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

Leonard Stokes—Collages. Through Dec. 17. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 417 E. 75th St.)

Wayne Thiebaud—Recent paintings and works on paper. Through Dec. 21. (Stone, 48 E. 86th St.)

Jamie Wyeth—Paintings from the past three years. Through Dec. 22. (Coe Kerr, 49 E. 82nd St. Open Mondays.)

Group Shows—At the **acquavella**, 18 E. 79th St.: Paintings and sculptures by Delacroix, Ernst, Seurat, de Kooning, and others. Through Dec. 1. (Open Mondays.) . . . **cds gallery**, 13 E. 75th St.: Paintings by Latin-American artists, among them Frida Kahlo, Matta, Luis Benedit, and Jacobo Borges. Through Dec. 3. (Open Mondays.) . . . **forum**, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Drawings from 1908 to the present by Hockney, Miró, Nevelson, Modigliani, and others. Through Dec. 3. . . . **lafayette parke**, 58 E. 79th St.: Works by early-twentieth-century German artists, including Nolde, Jawlensky, and Beckmann. Through Dec. 17. . . . **mathes**, 851 Madison Ave., at 70th St.: Works in various mediums by Susan Rothenberg, Neil Jenney, Cy Twombly, and others. Through Dec. 1. . . . **sculpture center**, 167 E. 69th St.: Drawings by sculptors, including Louise Bourgeois, DeWitt Godfrey, and Jody Pinto. Through Tuesday, Nov. 29.

GALLERIES—57th STREET AREA

Lothar Baumgarten—An installation. Through Dec. 3. (Marian Goodman, 24 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Tom Bills—New lead-and-steel sculptures. Through Saturday, Nov. 26. (Zabriskie, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Alberto Burri—Sixteen primarily black paintings by a seventy-three-year-old member of the Italian avant-garde. Through Jan. 7. (Rayburn Foundation, 41 E. 57th St.)

Clarence Carter—Paintings and drawings from 1960 to the present. Through Saturday, Nov. 26. (Gimpel, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Vija Celmins—New paintings. Through Dec. 3. (McKee, 41 E. 57th St.)

Peter Charles / David Hannah—New steel sculptures. / Drawings. Through Wednesday, Nov. 30. (Ruth Siegel, 24 W. 57th St.)

Enzo Cucchi—Two- and three-dimensional works. Through Dec. 3. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Elaine de Kooning—Recent paintings and drawings inspired by Lascaux cave paintings. Through Wednesday, Nov. 30. (Fischbach, 24 W. 57th St.)

Laddie John Dill—Monoprints. Through Dec. 10. (Prats, 24 W. 57th St.)

Maurice Golubov (1905-87)—A retrospective of miniatures. Through Dec. 13. (De Nagy, 41 W. 57th St.)

George Harkins—New watercolors. Through Wednesday, Nov. 30. (Tatistcheff, 50 W. 57th St.)

Menashe Kadishman—Two monumental sculptures and five paintings. Through Dec. 23. (Haime, 41 E. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Ellsworth Kelly—New paintings. Through Dec. 3. (Blum Helman, 20 W. 57th St.)

William King—Two shows. Figurative wood and ceramic sculptures from the past three decades or so. Through Dec. 28. (Dintenfass, 50 W. 57th St.) . . . ¶ New figures in sand-and-plaster, along with bronzes from various periods. Through Dec. 8. (Pearl, 420 West Broadway.)

Leon Kossoff / William Henry Fox Talbot (1800-1877)—Numerous portraits and a London church rendered in thick strokes and muted colors. / Photographs. Through Saturday, Nov. 26. (Robert Miller, 41 E. 57th St.)

Robert M. Kulicke—Oils and monotypes, plus jewelry designed by Mr. Kulicke and Bessie Jamieson. Through Dec. 23. (Davis & Langdale, 231 E. 60th St.)

Wolfgang Laib—Miniature houses made with such materials as beeswax and marble.

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
	21	22	23	24	25	26
27	28	29	30			

Through Dec. 3. (Galerie Lelong, 20 W. 57th St.)

Kenzo Okada—Abstract paintings dating from 1960 to 1982. Through Dec. 10. (Marisa del Re, 41 E. 57th St.)

Beverly Pepper / John McLaughlin (1898-1976)—Large totemlike bronzes. Through Saturday, Nov. 26. / Minimalist paintings from the seventies. Through Dec. 3. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

Judy Pfaff—New wall sculptures and collages. Through Dec. 3. (Holly Solomon, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Giovanni Battista Piranesi (1720-78)—Etchings from "Le Vedute di Roma." Through Dec. 17. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St.)

Medardo Rosso (1858-1928)—Sculptures in wax, terra-cotta, and bronze. Through Dec. 14. (Kent, 41 E. 57th St.)

Peter Saari—Trompe-l'oeil wall constructions in which the artist uses plaster and paint to recreate ancient Roman wall decorations, with felicitous cracks and faded colors. Through Dec. 21. (Schoelkopf, 50 W. 57th St.)

Lucas Samaras—Boxes and a walk-in mirrored cube. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St. . . . ¶ Pace-MacGill, 11 E. 57th St., has a show of photographs by Samaras and by Erwin Blumenfeld.) Both shows through Saturday, Nov. 26.

Abby Shahn—Abstractions in various mediums, including egg tempera and gouache. Through Dec. 3. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

Joe Stefanelli—Abstract Expressionist paintings. Through Saturday, Nov. 26. (Cyrus, 11 E. 57th St.)

Michael Torlen—The Maine coastline depicted in paintings and works on paper. Through Dec. 3. (Ross, 50 W. 57th St.)

Robert Vickrey—Recent paintings. Through Saturday, Nov. 26. (Kennedy, 40 W. 57th St.)

Christopher Wool—New paintings. Through Dec. 3. (Luhring Augustine & Hodes, 41 E. 57th St.)

Group Shows—At the **krugier**, 41 E. 57th St.: "The Presence of Ingres" as seen in seventy-five paintings and drawings by Balthus, Matisse, Degas, Picasso, and Chassériau, not to mention Ingres himself. Through Dec. 23. . . . **tilton**, 24 W. 57th St.: Paintings, drawings, and photographs by writers, including D. H. Lawrence, E. E. Cummings, Marjorie Welish, and Allen Ginsberg. Through Wednesday, Nov. 30. . . . **washburn**, 41 E. 57th St.: Abstract reliefs from the thirties by Charles G. Shaw, Jean Arp, Alexander Calder, and others. Through Saturday, Nov. 26.

GALLERIES—SoHo

John Ahearn—Figure sculptures by an artist who casts directly from his South Bronx neighbors. Through Dec. 3. (Alexander, 59 Wooster St.)

David Bates—New paintings. Through Saturday, Nov. 26. (Cowles, 420 West Broadway.)

Marc Blane—A cement-and-iron sculptural work entitled "Playground/Landscapes," which includes the artist's signature basketball backboards. Through Saturday, Nov. 26. (Allen, 560 Broadway.)

Mel Bochner—Recent works by an artist whose "drawings" consist of irregularly arranged sheets of colored paper. Through Dec. 10. (Nolan, 560 Broadway.)

Janet Braun-Reinitz—Paintings of contemporary Nicaragua by an artist who did a mural there. Through Dec. 3. (101 Wooster Street Gallery. Open daily; opens Saturdays and Sundays at noon.)

Bård Breivik—Sculptures in a variety of mediums. Through Wednesday, Nov. 30. (Germans van Eck, 420 West Broadway.)

Peter Brown—Recent painted-wood wall sculptures. Through Dec. 31. (M-13, at 72 Greene St.)

Wendell Castle—A ten-year retrospective of his furniture. Through Dec. 23. (Milliken, 98 Prince St.)

Cora Cohen—Nonobjective paintings. Through Dec. 17. (Wolff, 560 Broadway.)

Connie Fox—Swirling abstract paintings. One, in which five candles and a few dark figures can be made out, is titled "Proust's Birthday." Through Dec. 3. (Ingber, 415 West Broadway.)

Paul Georges—New paintings. Through Dec. 23. (Plumb, 81 Greene St.)

Joe Giordano—Understated landscape paintings. Through Wednesday, Nov. 30. (Blue Mountain, 121 Wooster St. Opens daily, except Mondays, at noon.)

Leon Golub—Four new ten-by-twelve-foot paintings, three of which portray sphinxes. Through Dec. 23. (Gladstone, 99 Greene St.)

Balcomb Greene—Paintings and works on paper. Through Wednesday, Nov. 30. (Perlow, 560 Broadway.)

Willy Heeks—Recent abstract paintings. Through Dec. 3. (Beitzel, 113 Greene St.)

Mark Innerst—Small-scale figurative paintings. Through Saturday, Nov. 26. (Marcus, 578 Broadway.)

Ronald Jones—An installation of wooden wall and floor pieces based on a 1933 floor plan by the architect Erich Mendelsohn. Through Dec. 10. (Metro Pictures, 150 Greene St.)

Donald Judd—Furniture, architectural studies, and sculptures. Through Saturday, Nov. 26. (Cooper, 155 Wooster St. The Whitney Museum currently has a retrospective of the artist's work.)

Jeff Koons—Porcelain, polychromed wood, and mirrors are used in these new works. Through Dec. 23. (Sonnabend, 420 West Broadway.)

Penny Kronengold—Semi-abstract paintings and drawings. Through Dec. 3. (First Street Gallery, 560 Broadway.)

Lanny Lasky / Linda Nisselson—Constructions housing things like used tea bags, fish hooks, and sardine cans. / Abstract paintings. Through Sunday, Nov. 27. (Pindar, 127 Greene St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11:30 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Rex Lau—Paintings on carved Hydrocal panels, and works on paper. Through Saturday, Nov. 26. (Walls, 137 Greene St.)

Joan Miró (1893-1983)—Three works on paper and seven bronzes. Through Dec. 31. (Silberberg, now located at 382 West Broadway. Open Sundays.)

Claire Moore (1917-88)—Paintings from her last years. Through Dec. 3. (Kelly, 591 Broadway.)

Stephen Mueller—New Abstract Expressionist paintings. Through Wednesday, Nov. 30. (Nosei, 100 Prince St.)

Odd Nerdrum—Recent allegorical paintings by this Norwegian artist. Through Dec. 3. (Thorp, 103 Prince St.)

Frank Owen—New abstract paintings, includ-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

ART–*Cont'd*

ing a fifty-canvas installation. Through Dec. 14. (Hoffman, 429 West Broadway.)

Mel Pekarsky—Desert and mountain paintings. Through Saturday, Nov. 26. (Einstein, 591 Broadway.)

Joseph Piccillo / Barton Lidicé Beneš—New paintings in mixed mediums with the artist's familiar combination of portraiture and figures in action. / Found objects and other works embellished with shredded cash. Through Dec. 10. (Fendrick, 568 Broadway, entrance on Prince St.)

Christopher Pratt / Medrie MacPhee—Superrealist paintings of Newfoundland coastal architecture. / Landscapes and interiors adorned with industrial hardware are the subjects of these quirky paintings. Through Dec. 3. (49th Parallel, 420 West Broadway.)

Ann Preston—An installation after the Garden of Eden, which includes sculptures of flora and fauna and a working fountain. Through Saturday, Nov. 26. (Toll, 146 Greene St.)

George Rickey—A small retrospective of kinetic sculptures. Through Saturday, Nov. 26. (Davidson, 415 West Broadway.)

Faith Ringgold—Painted quilts with texts written on them. Through Dec. 3. (Steinbaum, 132 Greene St.)

Margot Robinson—Nonobjective drawings and sculptures. Through Sunday, Nov. 27. (Noho, 168 Mercer St. Opens daily, except Mondays, at noon.)

Ed Ruscha—Early paintings. Through Saturday, Nov. 26. (Shafrazi, 163 Mercer St.)

Jonathan Scoville—Realist paintings. Through Dec. 10. (Condeso-Lawler, 76 Greene St.)

Robert Therrien—Wall reliefs, sculptures, and paintings. Through Dec. 17. (Castelli, 420 West Broadway.)

Lee Tribe—Abstract welded-steel sculptures. Through Dec. 10. (Munroe, 415 West Broadway.)

Richard Tuttle—Sculptures. Through Dec. 3. (Blum Helman Warehouse, 80 Greene St.)

Alan Uglow—Geometric abstractions. Through Dec. 22. (Lorence-Monk, 568 Broadway.)

Franz Erhard Walther / Thomas Joshua Cooper—Constructions in wood and canvas, and works on paper. / Photographs taken on the coasts of Ireland and Scotland. Through Saturday, Nov. 26. (Weber, temporarily at 578 Broadway.)

William T. Wiley—Random thoughts ("Where does value come from where does it? go?") have been added to canvases of exploding color. Through Dec. 3. (Protetch, 560 Broadway.)

Martin Wong—Two shows of new paintings. At Exit Art, 578 Broadway (through Dec. 23), and at Bernarducci, 560 Broadway (through Dec. 10).

Group Material—The third installation in a series of four, this one posing the question "Are we a multicultural society or just a diverse set of demographic market statistics?" The works are by Vikky Alexander, Don Celender, Barbara Kruger, Haim Steinbach, and others. Through Dec. 10. (Dia Art Foundation, 77 Wooster St. Opens at noon.)

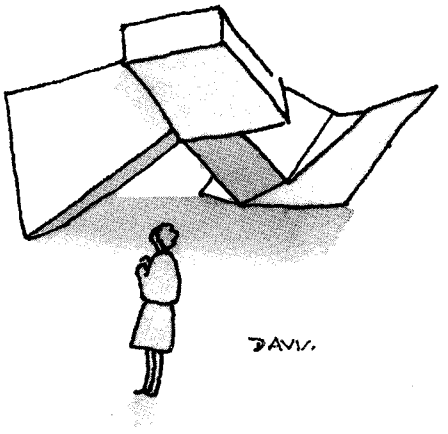
Group Show—The photographer Gianfranco Gorgoni printed portraits of thirteen artists (Chia, Christo, Rauschenberg, and Lichtenstein among them) on canvases, and gave the canvases to the artists to alter as they saw fit. The results are on view. Through Dec. 10. (Penson, 149 Wooster St.)

OTHER GALLERIES

Chris Britz—Paintings. Through Dec. 22. (Neo Persona, 51 Hudson St. Opens at noon on Saturdays.)

Beauford Delaney (1901-79)—Paintings done in New York, Paris, and Knoxville. Through Dec. 22. (Briet, 377 Broome St., between Mott and Mulberry Sts. Open Sundays.)

John Franklin—Assemblages described, tongue in cheek, by the artist as in the "conceptual–folk-art tradition." Through Dec. 22. (Loughelton, 19 Second Ave., at 1st St. Opens at noon Wednesdays through Sundays.)



S	M	T	W	T	F	S
	21	22	23	24	25	26
27	28	29	30			

Marcia Hafif—Pink paintings. Through Saturday, Nov. 26. (Pretto, 251 Sixth Ave., at Houston St. Opens at 1.)

James Nares—Abstract wall constructions. Through Dec. 22. (Klein, 611 Broadway.)

Sculpture—An installation by Dan Flavin, Robert Gober, and Yves Klein. Through Sunday, Nov. 27. (303 Gallery, 513 E. 6th St., near Avenue A. Opens at noon Wednesdays through Sundays.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

Eve Arnold—Photographs from her recently published book, "Private View: Inside Baryshnikov's American Ballet Theatre." Through Dec. 23. (Castelli, 578 Broadway.)

Eileen Cowin—Cibachromes. Through Dec. 3. (Baum, 588 Broadway. Open Mondays.)

Marina Faust—Photographs, many of them triptychs, by an artist who disorients the viewer with oddly angled closeups of arms pulling on T-shirts or pulling up skirts. Through Dec. 3. (Urdang, 23 E. 74th St.)

Ray K. Metzker—Twenty-six North American landscape photographs. Through Dec. 3. (Laurence Miller, 138 Spring St.)

Nic Nicosia—Sinister black-and-white scenes of figures acting out what could be the highlights of a TV thriller. Through Tuesday, Nov. 29. (Facchetti, 476 Broadway.)

Herb Ritts—Photographs: Madonna throwing her bleached head back, Richard Gere fixing his car, Brigitte Nielsen rolling around in a net. Through Dec. 3. (Staley-Wise, 177 Prince St. Opens at noon.)

George Tice—Photographs of the home towns of Mark Twain, James Dean, and Ronald Reagan. Through Saturday, Nov. 26. (Witkin, 415 West Broadway. Opens at noon on Saturdays.)

Group Show—Way back in the fifties, photography, believe it or not, was snubbed by art galleries. This exhibit of more than two hundred prints comes from a series of shows that furthered the advancement of photography. The work is by Marie Cosindas, Irving Penn, Ansel Adams, and Henri Cartier-Bresson, among others. Through Jan. 8. (International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Fridays, noon to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 11 to 6.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—The exhaustive Degas exhibit has been mounted in spacious new galleries, *comme il faut.* Through Jan. 8. . . . ¶ More than a hundred works of art by Georgia O'Keeffe. Through Feb. 5. . . . ¶ A retrospective of works by Umberto Boccioni, an Italian Futurist painter and the only sculptor in that movement. Through Jan. 8. . . . ¶ Collages and other works by Anne Ryan. Through Jan. 29. (Open daily except Mondays and Thanksgiving Day. Hours: Tuesdays through Sundays, 9:30 to 5:15, and Tuesday evenings until 8:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—A retrospective of works by the German painter Anselm Kiefer. Through Jan. 3. . . . ¶ A large show of works on paper by Richard Diebenkorn. Through Jan. 10. A complementary show of new monotypes by Diebenkorn is at the Pamela Auchincloss Gallery, 558 Broadway. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings, except Thanksgiving, until 9; closes at 5 on Thanksgiving Day.)

Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—Silk screens and drawings from Andy Warhol's Mercedes-Benz series, a project he was working on at the time of his death. Through Sunday, Nov. 27. (Open daily except Mondays and Thanksgiving Day. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 7:45, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

Whitney Museum of American Art, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—A twenty-five-year retrospective of Donald Judd's œuvre: paintings, sculptures, and furniture. Through Dec. 31. A complementary show (ending Saturday, Nov. 26) is at Paula Cooper, 155 Wooster St. . . . ¶ An exhibit of paintings by David Park, which reflects his figurative style of the fifties. Through Jan. 15. (Open daily except Mondays and Thanksgiving Day. Hours: Tuesdays, 1 to 8, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—Cleopatra and other rulers of ancient Egypt's Ptolemaic dynasty (305-30 B.C.) are seen in a show of stone statuary and portrait heads. The period is also represented by reliefs, gold jewelry, and other objects. Through Jan. 2. . . . ¶ Nearly ninety paintings by Gustave Courbet. Through Jan. 16. (Open daily, except Tuesdays and Thanksgiving Day, 10 to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—An exhibition re-creating the events of a four-year (1838-42) American naval expedition to the South Seas and Antarctica and displaying a wealth of materials brought back from that voyage, including charts and maps and flora and fauna. Through Jan. 1. (Open daily except Thanksgiving Day. Hours: Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, except Thanksgiving Day, and Sundays, 10 to 5:45; Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Fridays and Saturdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5.)

American Academy and Institute of Arts and Letters, Broadway at 155th St.—Forty-six artists are exhibiting paintings, drawings, and prints in the fortieth annual purchase-fund exhibit (about a third of the works will be bought by the fund and given to museums). Through Dec. 11. (Open daily, except Mondays and Thanksgiving Day, 1 to 4.)

American Craft Museum, 40 W. 53rd St.—In what is likely to be a frustrating exhibit for some, the museum has put on view—and view only—a collection of confectionery wonders, including a six-foot jelly-bean mosaic of the Statue of Liberty, and a number of "whimsical chocolate sculptures." "The Confectioner's Art" also features antique and contemporary tools of the trade. Through Jan. 8. (Open daily except Mondays and Thanksgiving Day. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Sundays, 10 to 5.)

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—A show of furniture and decorative arts in the William and Mary style on loan from numerous collections, including those of Windsor Castle; the Rijksmuseum, in Amsterdam; the Bibliothèque Nationale of France; and the Winterthur Museum. Through Feb. 12. (Open daily except Mondays and Thanksgiving Day. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Frick Collection, 1 E. 70th St.—Celebrated in art circles in nineteenth-century France,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

François-Marius Granet—painter, curator at the Louvre and Versailles, subject of a famous portrait by Ingres—is just now receiving his first one-man show in this country. It includes sixty watercolors, among them a version of "Choir of the Capuchin Church, Rome," a work so popular that the artist made sixteen copies. The Ingres portrait and two portrait studies are also on view. Through Jan. 15. (Open daily except Mondays and Thanksgiving Day. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

Japan Society, 333 E. 47th St.—An exhibit of nineteenth- and twentieth-century Japanese textiles which is all about ordinary things (firemen's coats, banners, bedcovers) and the extraordinary pains their creators took to insure their distinction. Through Dec. 11. (Open daily, except Mondays and Thanksgiving Day, 10 to 5.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—An exhibit of drawings and watercolors that cover the whole range of subjects (landscape, portraiture, genre scenes) favored by German Romanticism, which flourished between 1780 and 1850. Caspar David Friedrich, Philipp O. Runge, and Adolph Menzel are among the artists. Through Jan. 29. (Open daily except Mondays and Thanksgiving Day. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—Manuscripts of plays written by Eugene O'Neill, along with other artifacts, have been put on display in recognition of the author's centenary. Through Jan. 8. (Open daily except Mondays and Thanksgiving Day. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—A historical survey of Hebrew books and manuscripts: Bibles, a seventeenth-century parchment scroll of the Book of Esther, the *Tripartite Mahzor*, and volumes on science, law, and literature. Through Jan. 14. (Gottesman Exhibition Hall. Open daily, except Sundays and Thanksgiving Day, 10 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 8:45.)

Studio Museum in Harlem, 144 W. 125th St.—Collage paintings by Benny Andrews dating from the fifties through the seventies. Through Feb. 26. (Open daily except Mondays, Tuesdays, and Thanksgiving Day. Hours: Wednesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 362-6000; for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911; for Avery Fisher Hall 874-2424; for Carnegie Hall 247-7800; for Merkin Concert Hall, 129 W. 67th St., 362-8719; and for the 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St., 427-4410. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Monday, Nov. 21, at 8: "Madame Butterfly," with Yoko Watanabe, Brenda Boozer, Giorgio Lamberti, and Leo Nucci; conducted by Myung-Whun Chung. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Nov. 22, at 8: "Cavalleria Rusticana," with Ghena Dimitrova, Ermanno Mauro, and Bruno Pola; and "Pagliacci," with Ilona Tokody, Giuseppe Giacomini, and Juan Pons. Alessandro Siciliani conducting both. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Nov. 23, at 8: "Carmen," with Alicia Nafé, Cheryl Studer, Gary Lakes, and Jean-Philippe Lafont; Placido Domingo. . . . ¶ Thursday, Nov. 24, at 8: "Il Barbiere di Siviglia," with Kathleen Battle, Leo Nucci, William Matteuzzi, and Enzo Dara; Ralf Weikert. . . . ¶ Friday, Nov. 25, at 8: "Madame Butterfly," with Yoko Watanabe, Brenda Boozer, Giorgio Lamberti, and Leo Nucci; Myung-Whun Chung. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 26, at 1:30: "Cavalleria Rusticana," with Ghena Dimitrova, Ermanno Mauro, and Alain Fondary; and "Pagliacci," with Diana Soviero, Giuseppe Giacomini, and Juan Pons. Alessandro Siciliani conducting both. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 26, at 8: "Carmen," with Victoria Vergara, Cheryl Studer, Gary Lakes, and Justino Díaz; Placido Domingo. . . . ¶ Monday, Nov. 28, at 8: "Il Barbiere di Siviglia," with Kathleen Battle, Leo Nucci, William Matteuzzi, and Enzo Dara; Ralf Weikert. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Nov. 29, at 8: "Cavalleria Rusticana," with Ghena Dimitrova, Ermanno Mauro, and Alain Fondary; and "Pagliacci," with Diana Soviero, Giuseppe Giacomini, and Juan Pons. Alessandro Siciliani conducting both. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Nov. 30, at 8: "Carmen," with Victoria Vergara, Cheryl Studer, Gary Lakes, and Justino Díaz; Placido Domingo.

ORCHESTRAS

New York Philharmonic—At Avery Fisher Hall, Leonard Bernstein conducting. Tuesday, Nov. 22, at 8: A program of music by Ives, Del Tredici, and Bernstein, with Krystian Zimerman, piano. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Nov. 23, and Friday and Saturday, Nov. 25-26, at 8, and Tuesday, Nov. 29, at 7:30: A Bernstein-Rorem-Tchaikovsky program, with Gidon Kremer, violin.

New Jersey Symphony—Hugh Wolff conducting, with Carter Brey, cello. (Carnegie Hall. Monday, Nov. 21, at 8.)

Philharmonia Virtuosi—Richard Kapp conducting a Mozart-Hummel program, with Steven Lubin, fortepiano, and assisting artists. (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 840-2824. Tuesday, Nov. 22, at 8.)

Clarion Concerts Orchestra—Newell Jenkins conducting. (Merkin Concert Hall. Tuesday, Nov. 22, at 8.)

New York Chamber Symphony—Gerard Schwarz conducting a Vivaldi concerto and Pergolesi's "La Serva Padrona." With Young Uck Kim, violin; Thomas Nyfenger, flute; Andrea Matthews, soprano; and John Ostendorf, baritone. (92nd Street Y. Saturday, Nov. 26, at 8.)

Jupiter Symphony—Jens Nygaard conducting, with Claude Frank, piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Monday, Nov. 28, at 8.)

Music Today—Gerard Schwarz conducting. With assisting artists. (Merkin Concert Hall. Tuesday, Nov. 29, at 8.)

RECITALS

Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center—William Bolcom, piano, will perform his composition "Quartet for Piano and Strings." With artists of the society. (Alice Tully Hall. Tuesday, Nov. 22, at 7:30.)

Alicia de Larrocha—Piano, performing all of Albeniz's "Iberia." (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, Nov. 22, at 8.)

Guild of Composers—Presenting works by Schnabel, Babbitt, Currier, Carter, and Diamond. (Christ and St. Stephen's Church, 120 W. 69th St. Tuesday, Nov. 22, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

Janis-Rozena Peri—Soprano. With assisting artists. (Merkin Concert Hall. Wednesday, Nov. 23, at 8.)

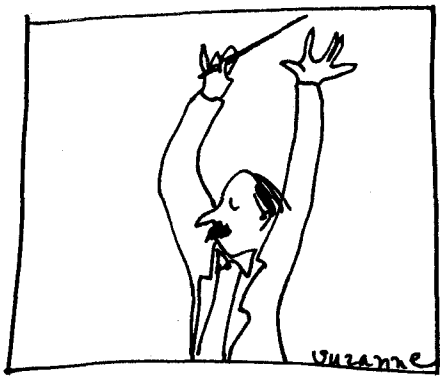
Kronos Quartet—Playing its usual eclectic mash. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Nov. 26, at 8.)

Richard Gresko—Piano. (Merkin Concert Hall. Saturday, Nov. 26, at 8.)

New York Philharmonic Ensembles—Chamber music, by members of this city's resident symphony. The program consists of works by Gounod, Brahms, Debussy, and Schubert. (Merkin Concert Hall. Sunday, Nov. 27, at 3.)

Sequentia Ensemble—With a small chamber group, in a program of early music for men's voices. (Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 570-3949. Sunday, Nov. 27, at 8.)

Kodály String Quartet—Playing music by Haydn, Schubert, and Bartók. (Weill Recital Hall, at Carnegie Hall. Monday, Nov. 28, at 8.)



Byron Janis—Piano, in an all-Chopin concert. (Alice Tully Hall. Tuesday, Nov. 29, at 8.)

Musical Elements—Daniel Asia conducting this concert, which was postponed from Nov. 9. The program includes two works by Elliott Carter, in honor of his eightieth birthday. (92nd Street Y. Tuesday, Nov. 29, at 8.)

VineyardMusicke—A soprano and a small chamber ensemble performing eighteenth-century Italian music. (Vineyard Theatre, 309 E. 26th St. 683-0696. Tuesday, Nov. 29, at 8.)

Heinrich Schiff—Cello, in his début recital here. (92nd Street Y. Wednesday, Nov. 30, at 8.)

Timothy Eddy and Gilbert Kalish—Cello and piano, in a program that features the première of a sonata by Sheila Silver. (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 840-2824. Wednesday, Nov. 30, at 8.)

Aurora—Playing early chamber music. (St. Michael's Church, Amsterdam Ave. at 99th St. Wednesday, Nov. 30, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

Thomas Lorango—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, Nov. 30, at 8.)

SPORTS

(The ticket-information number for Madison Square Garden is 563-8300, for the Meadowlands 1-201 935-3900, and for Nassau Coliseum 1-516 587-9222.)

Basketball—At **madison square garden:** Knicks vs. Los Angeles Lakers, Tuesday, Nov. 22, at 8. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Cleveland Cavaliers, Saturday, Nov. 26, at 1. . . . **byrne meadowlands arena:** Nets vs. Boston Celtics, Tuesday, Nov. 29, at 7:30.

Football—Jets vs. Miami Dolphins. (Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands. Sunday, Nov. 27, at 1.)

Hockey—At **madison square garden:** Rangers vs. Montreal Canadiens, Monday, Nov. 21, at 7:30. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. Islanders, Sunday, Nov. 27, at 7:30. . . . **nassau coliseum:** Islanders vs. Washington Capitals, Tuesday, Nov. 22, at 8:05. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Rangers, Saturday, Nov. 26, at 7:05.

Racing—At **aqueduct:** Daily, except Tuesdays, at 12:30. Post time will be at 11 A.M. on Thanksgiving Day. . . . **meadowlands:** Weeknights, except Thanksgiving, at 7:30; through Saturday, Dec. 31.

Tennis—Nabisco Masters: Ivan Lendl, Mats Wilander, Andre Agassi, Boris Becker, and others. (Madison Square Garden. Opening matches Wednesday through Friday, Nov. 30-Dec. 2, at 5, and Saturday, Dec. 3, at 12:30; semifinals Sunday, Dec. 4, at 12:30; final Monday, Dec. 5, at 7.)

Trotting—At Yonkers Raceway: Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8.

ET ALIA

Prose and Drama Readings—National Book Awards nominees Don DeLillo, Pete Dexter, Mary McGarry Morris, Eric Foner, Peter Gay, Brenda Maddox, Jack McLaughlin, and Neil Sheehan reading from their own works. (St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. Monday, Nov. 28, at 8. For information about tickets, call 645-5848.) . . . ¶ Jervis Anderson, Grace Paley, Tom Wolfe, and others reading in a program entitled "New York Writers on New York City." (Florence Gould Hall, French Institute–Alliance Française, 55 E. 59th St. Monday, Nov. 28, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the reading.) . . . ¶ Fritz Weaver, Fionnula Flanagan, and members of the Acting Company will read from Eugene O'Neill's "A Touch of the Poet." (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 840-2824. Monday, Nov. 28, at 8.) . . . ¶ Susan Dodd and Emily Prager reading from their own fiction. (Dance Theatre Workshop, 219 W. 19th St. 924-0077. Tuesday, Nov. 29, at 8.)

Bake Sale—On Tuesday, Nov. 22, from 3:30 to 5:30, the staff of the Sheraton Park Avenue Hotel, Park Avenue between Thirty-sixth and Thirty-seventh Streets, will hold a sidewalk sale of home-baked goods with Thanksgiving applications. The beneficiary is the American Cancer Society.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES

EAST SIDE

Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; theatre opens in the late afternoon and is closed Mondays.)
Nov. 22: "The Loyal 47 Ronin, Parts 1 and 2" (1941-42; directed by Kenji Mizoguchi; in Japanese).
Nov. 23: "Bandits vs. Samurai Squad" (1978; Hideo Gosha; in Japanese).
Nov. 24: Theatre closed.
From Nov. 25: "The First Annual Human Rights Watch Film Festival," a two-week series of films concerned with worldwide human-rights abuse.

Movieland 8th Street Triplex, 36 E. 8th. (477-6600)
Theatre 1: "Everybody's All-American" (Taylor Hackford), with Jessica Lange, Dennis Quaid, and Timothy Hutton.
Theatre 2: "High Spirits" (Neil Jordan), with Daryl Hannah, Peter O'Toole, and Steve Guttenberg.
Theatre 3: "Spike of Bensonhurst" (Paul Morrissey), with Sasha Mitchell and Ernest Borgnine.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
"Oliver & Company" (George Scribner), an animated film.

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
Through Nov. 22: "They Live" (John Carpenter).
From Nov. 23: "Cocoon: The Return" (Daniel Petrie).

Loews 34th Street Showplace, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)
Theatre 1: "The Accused" (Jonathan Kaplan), with Kelly McGillis and Jodie Foster.
Theatre 2: Through Nov. 22: "Child's Play" (Tom Holland), with Catherine Hicks, Chris Sarandon, and Alex Vincent. From Nov. 23: "Scrooged" (Richard Donner), with Bill Murray.
Theatre 3: "1969" (Ernest Thompson), with Robert Downey, Jr., and Kiefer Sutherland.

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"The Land Before Time" (Don Bluth), an animated film.

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"Bird" (†).

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
"Things Change" (†).

Gotham Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
Through Nov. 22: "Mystic Pizza" (†).
From Nov. 23: "Cocoon: The Return" (Daniel Petrie).

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
"The Land Before Time" (Don Bluth), an animated film.

Manhattan Twin, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Theatre 1: "Everybody's All-American" (Taylor Hackford), with Jessica Lange, Dennis Quaid, and Timothy Hutton.
Theatre 2: "Fresh Horses" (David Anspaugh), with Molly Ringwald and Andrew McCarthy.

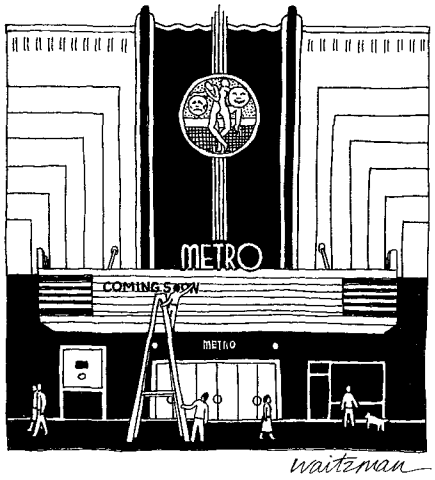
D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"Oliver & Company" (George Scribner), an animated film.

Baronet and Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Theatre 1: "Madame Sousatzka" (†).
Theatre 2: "A Cry in the Dark" (†).

Gemini 1 and 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Theatre 1: Through Nov. 22: "Spike of Bensonhurst" (Paul Morrissey), with Sasha Mitchell and Ernest Borgnine. From Nov. 23: "Scrooged" (Richard Donner), with Bill Murray.
Theatre 2: "High Spirits" (Neil Jordan), with Daryl Hannah, Peter O'Toole, and Steve Guttenberg.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
Through Nov. 22: "The Good Mother" (†).
From Nov. 23: "Buster" (David Green), with Phil Collins and Julie Walters.

Loews New York Twin, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Theatre 1: "1969" (Ernest Thompson), with Robert Downey, Jr., and Kiefer Sutherland.
Theatre 2: "Child's Play" (Tom Holland), with Catherine Hicks, Chris Sarandon, and Alex Vincent.



S	M	T	W	T	F	S
	21	22	23	24	25	26
27	28	29	30			

FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 21.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"Crossing Delancey" (Joan Micklin Silver), with Amy Irving and Peter Riegert.

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"The Accused" (Jonathan Kaplan), with Kelly McGillis and Jodie Foster.

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"Fresh Horses" (David Anspaugh), with Molly Ringwald and Andrew McCarthy.

Loews Orpheum 1 and 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
Theatre 1: "Iron Eagle II" (Sidney J. Furie), with Louis Gossett, Jr.
Theatre 2: Through Nov. 22: "The Land Before Time" (Don Bluth), an animated film. From Nov. 23: "Scrooged" (Richard Donner), with Bill Murray.

86th Street East Twin, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Theatre 1: "Oliver & Company" (George Scribner), an animated film.
Theatre 2: "High Spirits" (Neil Jordan), with Daryl Hannah, Peter O'Toole, and Steve Guttenberg.

WEST SIDE

Film Forum 1 and 2, 57 Watts St. (431-1590; Mondays through Fridays, theatres open in the late afternoon.)
Theatre 1: Through Nov. 22: "Hello Actors Studio" (1987; directed by Annie Tresgot). From Nov. 23: "Big Girl" (1987; Nirit Yaron-Gronich; in Hebrew); and "Crows" (1987; Ayelet Menahemi; in Hebrew).
Theatre 2: See listings under "Revival Houses."

Bleecker St. Cinema 1 and 2, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
Theatre 1: "Wings of Desire" ("Der Himmel über Berlin") (†).
Theatre 2: Through Nov. 24: "Married to the Mob" (†). From Nov. 25: "We the Living" (1942; Goffredo Alessandrini; in Italian), with Alida Valli and Rossano Brazzi.

Waverly 1 and 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Theatre 1: "Madame Sousatzka" (†).
Theatre 2: "Things Change" (†).

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Through Nov. 22: "The Lair of the White Worm" (Ken Russell).
From Nov. 23: "Cocoon: The Return" (Daniel Petrie).

Art Greenwich Twin, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Theatre 1: "Fresh Horses" (David Anspaugh), with Molly Ringwald and Andrew McCarthy.
Theatre 2: "A Cry in the Dark" (†).

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "Mystic Pizza" (†).
Theatre 2: "Bagdad Café" (†).
Theatre 3: Through Nov. 24: "Without a Clue" (Thom Eberhardt), with Michael Caine and Ben Kingsley. From Nov. 25: "The Thin Blue Line" (†).
Theatre 4: "Matador" (†).

23rd St. West Triplex, 333 W. 23rd. (989-0060)
Theatre 1: Through Nov. 22: "Crossing Delancey" (Joan Micklin Silver), with Amy Irving and Peter Riegert. From Nov. 23: "The Last Temptation of Christ" (†).
Theatre 2: "The Land Before Time" (Don Bluth), an animated film.
Theatre 3: Through Nov. 24: (Matinées only) "Ernest Saves Christmas" (John R. Cherry III), with Jim Varney; and (evenings only) "Gorillas in the Mist" (†). From Nov. 25: To be announced.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
"Oliver & Company" (George Scribner), an animated film.

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
Through Nov. 22: "The Last Temptation of Christ" (†).
From Nov. 23: "Cocoon: The Return" (Daniel Petrie).

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (307-7856)
Through Nov. 22: "Far North" (†).
From Nov. 23: "Full Moon in Blue Water" (Peter Masterson), with Gene Hackman, Teri Garr, Burgess Meredith, and Elias Koteas.

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
Through Nov. 22: "Little Dorrit" (Christine Edzard), with Derek Jacobi and Alec Guinness. A six-hour film, shown in two parts.
From Nov. 23: "Hanna's War" (Menahem Golan), with Maruschka Detmers.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. between 56th and 57th. (265-2520)
"Madame Sousatzka" (†).

Carnegie Screening Room, 7th Ave. between 56th and 57th. (757-2131)
Through Nov. 24: "Imagine: John Lennon" (Andrew Solt), a documentary.
From Nov. 25: "We the Living" (1942; Goffredo Alessandrini; in Italian), with Alida Valli and Rossano Brazzi.

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Another Woman" (†).

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
Through Nov. 22: "Gorillas in the Mist" (†).
From Nov. 23: To be announced.

Loews Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"The Accused" (Jonathan Kaplan), with Kelly McGillis and Jodie Foster.

Lincoln Plaza 1, 2, and 3, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)
Theatre 1: "The Thin Blue Line" (†).
Theatre 2: "Salaam Bombay!" (Mira Nair; in Hindi).
Theatre 3: "Hotel Terminus: The Life and Times of Klaus Barbie" (Marcel Ophuls; in English, French, German, and Spanish), a four-hour-and-twenty-seven-minute documentary.

Cinema Studio 1 and 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Theatre 1: "Women on the Verge of a Nervous Breakdown" (†).
Theatre 2: "Women on the Verge of a Nervous Breakdown" (†).

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
"The Good Mother" (†).

Loews 84th Street Sixplex, B'way at 84th. (877-3600)
Theatre 1: "High Spirits" (Neil Jordan), with Daryl Hannah, Peter O'Toole, and Steve Guttenberg.
Theatre 2: "Mystic Pizza" (†).
Theatre 3: "Fresh Horses" (David Ans-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

© 1979 Clinique Laboratories, Inc.

In just a few drops, this man's skin is going to feel better.

His skin will get the amount of lubrication it needs to feel fit, fine, comfortable. Irritations—from shaving, from dryness—will be noticeably soothed.

All because his skin was treated to a few drops of what it takes to keep any skin in good working condition: Clinique M Lotion.

M Lotion helps skin keep its moisture. Renews essential oils. Discourages tired-looking lines under eyes. Delivers a fresher, healthier look. Find it—along with a fast, free skin analysis—at any Clinique counter.

M Lotion is non-greasy. Unscented. Makes no fuss. Simply goes to work on skin. Helps it feel better.

CLINIQUE
SKIN SUPPLIES FOR MEN

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOVIE HOUSES—Cont'd

paugh), with Molly Ringwald and Andrew McCarthy.
Theatre 4: "1969" (Ernest Thompson), with Robert Downey, Jr., and Kiefer Sutherland.
Theatre 5: Through Nov. 22: "Child's Play" (Tom Holland), with Catherine Hicks, Chris Sarandon, and Alex Vincent. From Nov. 23: "Scrooged" (Richard Donner), with Bill Murray.
Theatre 6: "A Cry in the Dark" (†).

Metro Cinema I and 2, B'way at 99th. (222-1200)
Theatre 1: Through Nov. 22: "Things Change" (†). From Nov. 23: To be announced.
Theatre 2: "The Land Before Time" (Don Bluth), an animated film.

Olympia I and II, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Theatre 1: Through Nov. 22: "Ernest Saves Christmas" (John R. Cherry III), with Jim Varney. From Nov. 23: "Cocoon: The Return" (Daniel Petrie).
Theatre 2: Through Nov. 22: "Everybody's All-American" (Taylor Hackford), with Jessica Lange, Dennis Quaid, and Timothy Hutton. From Nov. 23: "Cocoon: The Return."

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Center, B'way at 44th. (354-0900)
Theatre 1: Through Nov. 22: "Twice Dead." From Nov. 23: "Buster" (directed by David Green), with Phil Collins and Julie Walters.
Theatre 2: "A Cry in the Dark" (†).
Theatre 3: "High Spirits" (Neil Jordan), with Daryl Hannah, Peter O'Toole, and Steve Guttenberg.
Theatre 4: Through Nov. 22: "Alien Nation" (Graham Baker), with James Caan and Mandy Patinkin. From Nov. 23: "Night of the Demons" (Kevin S. Tenney).
Theatre 5: "Spike of Bensonhurst" (Paul Morrissey), with Sasha Mitchell and Ernest Borgnine.
Theatre 6: "Iron Eagle II" (Sidney J. Furie), with Louis Gossett, Jr.

Embassy I, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)
Through Nov. 22: "The Good Mother" (†).
From Nov. 23: "Oliver & Company" (George Scribner), an animated film.

Embassy 2, 3, and 4, 7th Ave. at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 2: "Child's Play" (Tom Holland), with Catherine Hicks, Chris Sarandon, and Alex Vincent.
Theatre 3: "1969" (Ernest Thompson), with

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
	21	22	23	24	25	26
27	28	29	30			

Robert Downey, Jr., and Kiefer Sutherland.
Theatre 4: "Ernest Saves Christmas" (John R. Cherry III), with Jim Varney.

Loews Astor Plaza, 44th St. at B'way. (869-8340)
Through Nov. 22: "U2: Rattle and Hum" (†).
From Nov. 23: "Scrooged" (Richard Donner), with Bill Murray.

Movieland, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)
"They Live" (John Carpenter).

National Twin, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
Theatre 1: "The Land Before Time" (Don Bluth), an animated film.
Theatre 2: "Everybody's All-American" (Taylor Hackford), with Jessica Lange, Dennis Quaid, and Timothy Hutton.

Warner, 7th Ave. between 42nd and 43rd. (764-6760)
"Fresh Horses" (David Anspaugh), with Molly Ringwald and Andrew McCarthy.

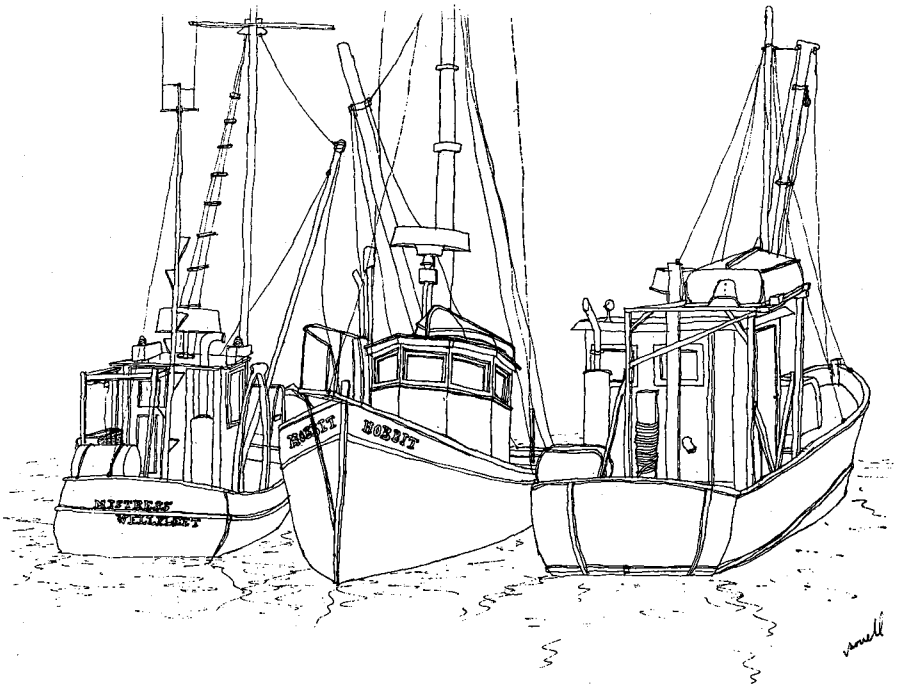
REVIVAL HOUSES

Biograph Cinema, 225 W. 57th. (582-4582)
Nov. 21: "Quality Street" (1937; directed by George Stevens), with Katharine Hepburn and Franchot Tone; and "Christopher Strong" (1933; Dorothy Arzner), with Katharine Hepburn, Colin Clive, Billie Burke, and Ralph Forbes.
Nov. 22-23: "Bad Day at Black Rock" (1955; John Sturges), with Spencer Tracy, Robert Ryan, Anne Francis, and Dean Jagger; and "The Last Hurrah" (1958; John Ford), with Spencer Tracy, James Gleason, Pat O'Brien, and Jeffrey Hunter.
Nov. 24-26: "Alice Adams" (†); and "San Francisco" (1936; W. S. Van Dyke), with Clark Gable, Jeanette MacDonald, and Spencer Tracy.
Nov. 27-28: "Inherit the Wind" (1960; Stanley Kramer), with Spencer Tracy, Fredric March, and Gene Kelly; and "The Sea of Grass" (1947; Elia Kazan), with Katharine Hepburn, Spencer Tracy, Melvyn Douglas, and Robert Walker.
Nov. 29: "On Golden Pond" (†); and "Guess Who's Coming to Dinner" (1967; Stanley Kramer), with Spencer Tracy, Sidney Poitier, and Katharine Hepburn.
From Nov. 30: "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" (1941; Victor Fleming), with Ingrid Bergman, Spencer Tracy, and Lana Turner; and "Sylvia Scarlett" (1936; George Cukor), with Katharine Hepburn, Cary Grant, Edmund Gwenn, and Brian Aherne.

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through Nov. 22: "Planes, Trains and Automobiles" (1987; John Hughes), with Steve Martin and John Candy; and "Roxanne" (1987; Fred Schepisi), with Steve Martin and Daryl Hannah.
Nov. 23-24: "The Conformist" (1970; Bernardo Bertolucci; in Italian), with Jean-Louis Trintignant, Stefania Sandrelli, and Dominique Sanda; and "Bertolucci Shoots '1900' " (1977; Gianni Amelio), a documentary.
Nov. 25-26: "Down by Law" (1986; Jim Jarmusch), with Tom Waits, John Lurie, and Roberto Benigni; and "The Night of the Hunter" (1955; Charles Laughton), with Robert Mitchum, Shelley Winters, and Lillian Gish.
Nov. 27: "Diabolique" (1955; Henri-Georges Clouzot; in French), with Simone Signoret, Vera Clouzot, and Paul Meurisse; and "The Wages of Fear" (1953; Henri-Georges Clouzot; in French), with Yves Montand, Charles Vanel, Folco Lulli, and Peter Van Eyck.
Nov. 28-29: "Bellman and True" (1988; Richard Loncraine), with Bernard Hill; and "Night and the City" (1950; Jules Dassin), with Richard Widmark and Gene Tierney.
From Nov. 30: A program of Three Stooges films.

Film Forum 2, 57 Watts St. (431-1590; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Nov. 21: "The Song of the Scarlet Flower" (1918; Mauritz Stiller; a silent film); "Thomas Graal's First Child" (1918; Mauritz Stiller; a silent film); and "The Prisoner of Carlsten's Fort" (1916; Georg af Klercker; a silent film).
Nov. 22: "Hotel Imperial" (1927; Mauritz Stiller; a silent film); "The Saga of Gösta Berling" (1924; Mauritz Stiller; a silent film), with Greta Garbo and Lars Hanson; and "Mauritz Stiller" (1986; Gosta Werner).
Nov. 23-24: "He Who Gets Slapped" (1924; Victor Sjöström; a silent film), with Lon Chaney, Norma Shearer, and John Gilbert; "Sir Arne's Treasure" (1919; Mauritz Stiller; a silent film); and "Under the Red Robe" (1937; Victor Sjöström).
Nov. 25-26: "I Know Where I'm Going" (1945; Michael Powell and Emeric Pressburger), with Wendy Hiller and Roger Livesey; and "Black Narcissus" (1947; Michael Powell and Emeric Pressburger), with Deborah Kerr, Sabu, David Farrar, and Flora Robson.
Nov. 27-28: "Two or Three Things I Know About Her" (1967; Jean-Luc Godard; in French), with Marina Vlady; and "Lola" (1962; Jacques Demy; in French), with Anouk Aimée and Marc Michel.
From Nov. 29: "The Mirror" (1974; Andrei Tarkovsky; in Russian); and "Ivan's Childhood" (1962; Andrei Tarkovsky; in Russian).

Thalia SoHo, 15 Vandam St. (675-0498)
Through Nov. 22: Two programs of Laurel and Hardy films and Charlie Chaplin films.
Nov. 23: "Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?" (1966; Mike Nichols), with Elizabeth Taylor, Richard Burton, George Segal, and Sandy Dennis; and "Desire Under the Elms" (1958; Delbert Mann), with Sophia Loren, Anthony Perkins, and Burl Ives.
Nov. 24: "The Lovers" (1959; Louis Malle; in French), with Jeanne Moreau; and "Lady Chatterley's Lover" (1955; Marc Allégret; in French), with Danielle Darrieux.
Nov. 25-26: "Jean de Florette" (1985; Claude Berri; in French), with Yves Montand, Gérard Depardieu, and Elisabeth Depardieu; and "Manon of the Spring" (1987; Claude Berri; in French), with Yves Montand, Daniel Auteuil, and Emmanuelle Béart.
Nov. 27: "Nibelungen Saga" (1924; Fritz Lang; a German silent film).
Nov. 28: "Alphaville" (1965; Jean-Luc Godard; in French), with Eddie Constantine, Anna Karina, and Akim Tamiroff; and



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"The Girl Hunters" (1963; Roy Rowland), with Mickey Spillane, Shirley Eaton, and Lloyd Nolan.
Nov. 29: "The Glass Menagerie" (1987; Paul Newman), with Joanne Woodward, Karen Allen, and John Malkovich; and "The Night Is My Kingdom" (1951; Georges Lacombe; in French), with Jean Gabin.
Nov. 30: "Intruder in the Dust" (1949; Clarence Brown), with Claude Jarman, Jr., and Juano Hernández; and "Inherit the Wind" (1960; Stanley Kramer), with Spencer Tracy, Fredric March, and Gene Kelly.

THEATRE 80 ST. MARKS, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)
Nov. 21: "Band of Outsiders" (1964; Jean-Luc Godard; in French), with Anna Karina and Sami Frey; and "Breathless" (1959; Jean-Luc Godard; in French), with Jean Seberg and Jean-Paul Belmondo.
Nov. 22: "Odd Man Out" (1946; Carol Reed), with James Mason, Robert Newton, and Kathleen Ryan; and "Outcast of the Islands" (1952; Carol Reed), with Trevor Howard and Ralph Richardson.
Nov. 23: "Libeled Lady" (1936; Jack Conway), with Jean Harlow, William Powell, Myrna Loy, and Spencer Tracy; and "Love Crazy" (1941; Jack Conway), with Myrna Loy and William Powell.
Nov. 24: "Three-Cornered Moon" (1933; Elliott Nugent), with Claudette Colbert, Richard Arlen, and Mary Boland; and "Skylark" (1941; Mark Sandrich), with Claudette Colbert and Ray Milland.
Nov. 25-26: "Trouble in Paradise" (1932; Ernst Lubitsch), with Kay Francis, Herbert Marshall, Miriam Hopkins, and Edward Everett Horton; and "Design for Living" (1933; Ernst Lubitsch), with Fredric March, Miriam Hopkins, and Gary Cooper.
Nov. 27: "The Bicycle Thief" (1949; Vittorio De Sica; in Italian); and "Miracle in Milan" (1951; Vittorio De Sica; in Italian), with Francesco Golissano, Brunella Bovo, Paolo Stoppa, and Emma Gramatica.
Nov. 28: "The Men Who Tread on the Tiger's Tail" (1945; Akira Kurosawa; in Japanese); and "The Drunken Angel" (1948; Akira Kurosawa; in Japanese).
Nov. 29: "The Bad and the Beautiful" (1952; Vincente Minnelli), with Lana Turner, Kirk Douglas, Dick Powell, and Gloria Grahame; and "Undercurrent" (1946; Vincente Minnelli), with Robert Taylor, Katharine Hepburn, Robert Mitchum, and Edmund Gwenn.
Nov. 30: "Conquest" (†) and "Susan Lenox, Her Fall and Rise" (†).

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, Roy and Niuta Titus Theatres, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9490)
THEATRE I: Nov. 21 at 2:30: "The Fugitive Kind" (1960; directed by Sidney Lumet), with Anna Magnani, Marlon Brando, Joanne Woodward, and Maureen Stapleton. . . . ¶ Nov. 21 at 6: "Risate di Gioia" (1960; Mario Monicelli; in Italian, with English subtitles), with Anna Magnani, Totò, and Ben Gazzara. . . . ¶ Nov. 22 at 2:30: ". . . correva l'Anno di Grazia 1870" (1972; Alfredo Giannetti; in Italian, with English subtitles), with Anna Magnani and Marcello Mastroianni. . . . ¶ Nov. 22 at 6: "The Fugitive Kind." . . . ¶ Nov. 24 at 2:30: "La Sciantosa" (1971; Alfredo Giannetti; in Italian, with English subtitles), with Anna Magnani and Massimo Ranieri. . . . ¶ Nov. 25 at 2:30: "Risate di Gioia." . . . ¶ Nov. 25 at 6: "Molti Sogni per le Strade" (1948; Mario Camerini; in Italian, with English subtitles), with Anna Magnani and Massimo Girotti. . . . ¶ Nov. 26 at 2: ". . . correva l'Anno di Grazia 1870." . . . ¶ Nov. 26 at 5: "Assunta Spina" (1948; Mario Mattòli; in Italian, with English subtitles), with Anna Magnani, Eduardo de Filippo, and Titina de Filippo. . . . ¶ Nov. 27 at 2: "Mamma Roma" (1962; Pier Paolo Pasolini; in Italian, with English subtitles), with Anna Magnani and Franco Citti. . . . ¶ Nov. 27 at 5: "L'Amore" (1948; Roberto Rossellini; in Italian, with English subtitles), a two-part film, with Anna Magnani.
THEATRE 2: Nov. 21 at 6:30: A program of films by Nathaniel Dorsky, who will be present. . . . ¶ Nov. 25 at 3: "Gathering Clouds" (1985; Alexandru Tatos; in Rumanian, with English subtitles), with Caramitru, George Constantin, and Emilia Dobrin-Besoiu. . . . ¶ Nov. 25 at 6 and Nov. 26 at 2:30: "Paso Doble" (1986; Dan Pita; in Rumanian, with English subtitles), with Claudiu Bleont, Petre Nicolae, and Ecaterina Nazare. . . . ¶ Nov. 26 at 5: "Gathering Clouds." . . . ¶ Nov. 27 at 2:30: "The Old Maid" (1986; Serban Marinescu; in Rumanian, with English subtitles), with Marga Barbu, Valentin Uritescu, and Dan Condurache. . . . ¶ Nov. 27 at 5: "Jacob" (1988; Mircea Daneliuc; in Rumanian, with English subtitles), with Dorel Visan, Cecilia Birbora, and Ion Fiscuteanu. . . . ¶ Nov. 29 at 3: "The Wasp's Nest" (1987; Horea Popescu; in Rumanian, with English subtitles), with Tamara Buciuceanu, Coca Andronescu, and Raluca Zamfirescu.

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF THE MOVING IMAGE, 35th Ave. at 36th St., Astoria. (1-718 784-0077)
RIKLIS THEATRE: A retrospective of film and television works by Jerry Lewis. Nov. 23 at 2:30: "The Errand Boy" (1961; Lewis). . . . ¶ Nov. 25 at 2:30: "The Nutty Professor" (1963; Lewis). . . . ¶ Nov. 25 at 7:30: "Hollywood or Bust" (1956; Frank Tashlin); and "Colgate Comedy Hour" (9/18/55; NBC). . . . ¶ Nov. 26 at 12:30: "The Family Jewels" (1965; NBC); and "The Jerry Lewis Show" (5/20/60; NBC). . . . ¶ Nov. 26 at 4: "You're Never Too Young" (1955; Norman Taurog); and "Colgate Comedy Hour" (5/8/55; NBC). . . . ¶ Nov. 26 at 7:30: "The Bellboy" (1960; Lewis); and two Laurel and Hardy shorts and Frank Tashlin cartoons. . . . ¶ Nov. 27 at 11: "The Delicate Delinquent" (1957; Don McGuire); and "The Jerry Lewis Show" (1/19/57; NBC). . . . ¶ Nov. 27 at 2: "The Big Mouth" (1967; Lewis); and "The Jerry Lewis Show" (4/15/60; NBC). . . . ¶ Nov. 30 at 2:30: "The Family Jewels."
WARNER COMMUNICATIONS SCREENING ROOM (continuous showings): Nov. 23: "Grimoire Magnétique" (1983; Joelle de la Casiniere); and "There Was an Unseen Cloud Moving" (1987; Leslie Thornton). . . . ¶ Nov. 25-27 and Nov. 30: "Virtual Play: The Double Direct Monkey Wrench in Black's Machinery" (1984; Steve Fagin).

ANTHOLOGY FILM ARCHIVES, 32-34 Second Ave., at Second St. (477-2714)—Films showing in either the **JONAS MEKAS THEATRE** or the **MAYA DEREN THEATRE:** Nov. 21 at 7: "Summer Solstice" (1974) and "Straights of Magellan: Drafts and Fragments" (1974), both by Hollis Frampton. . . . ¶ Nov. 22 at 6: "Shoulder Arms" (1918; a silent film) and "A Dog's Life" (1918; a silent film), both by Charlie Chaplin. . . . ¶ Nov. 22 at 8: "Georg" (1964; Stanton Kaye); and "David Holzman's Diary" (1967; Jim McBride). . . . ¶ Nov. 22 at 8:30: A program of films by Hollis Frampton. . . . ¶ Nov. 23 at 5 and 7:30: "Jour de Fête" (1949; Jacques Tati; a French film). . . . ¶ Nov. 23 at 7:30: "Summer Solstice" and "Straights of Magellan." . . . ¶ Nov. 23 at 9: "Blind Husbands" (1918; Erich von Stroheim; a silent film). . . . ¶ Nov. 24 at 5 and 7: "Mr. Hulot's Holiday" (1953; Jacques Tati; a French film). . . . ¶ Nov. 24 at 8:30: "True Heart Susie" (1919; D. W. Griffith; a silent film). . . . ¶ Nov. 24 at 9: A different program of Hollis Frampton films. . . . ¶ Nov. 25 at 5 and 9:30: "Mon Oncle" (1958; Jacques Tati; a French film). . . . ¶ Nov. 25 at 7: A repeat program of Hollis Frampton films. . . . ¶ Nov. 25 at 9: "Broken Blossoms" (1919; D. W. Griffith; a silent film). . . . ¶ Nov. 26 at 5 and 9: "Playtime" (1968; Jacques Tati; a French film). . . . ¶ Nov. 26 at 7: "The Idle Class" (1920; a silent film), "Pay Day" (1922; a silent film), "Sunnyside" (1919; a silent film), and "A Day's Pleasure" (1919; a silent film), all by Charlie Chaplin. . . . ¶ Nov. 26 at 8: "Magellan: At the Gates of Death" (1976; Hollis Frampton). . . . ¶ Nov. 27 at 5 and 9: "Traffic" (1971; Jacques Tati; a French film). . . . ¶ Nov. 27 at 7:30: A program of films by Anita Thacher and Jane Aaron. . . . ¶ Nov. 27 at 8:30 and Nov. 29 at 6: "The Connection" (1961; Shirley Clarke). . . . ¶ Nov. 29 at 8: "Pickpocket" (1959; Robert Bresson; in French, with no English subtitles). . . . ¶ Nov. 29 at 9:30: "Au Hazard Balthazar" (1966; Robert Bresson; in French, with no English subtitles). . . . ¶ Nov. 30 at 6 and 9: "Rosa Luxemburg" (1985; Margarethe von Trotta; in German, with English subtitles). . . . ¶ Nov. 30 at 7: A program of Gunvor Nelson films.

COLLECTIVE FOR LIVING CINEMA, 41 White St. (925-2111)—Nov. 21 at 7: "Sincerely" (1980; Lynn Kirby) and "A Man When He Is a Man" (1982; Valeria Sarmiento). . . . ¶ Nov. 22 at 7: "I Love $" (1986; Johan Van der Keuken). . . . ¶ Nov. 23 at 7: "Cold Days" (1966; András Kovács; in Hungarian, with English subtitles). . . . ¶ Nov. 24 at 7: "Sans Soleil" (1982; Chris Marker). . . . ¶ Nov. 25 at 8: "A Letter from Siberia" (1957; Chris Marker). . . . ¶ Nov. 26 at 8: "The Train Rolls On" (1974; Chris Marker); and "La Jetée" (1963; Chris Marker). . . . ¶ Nov. 27 at 8: "Description of a Struggle" (1959; Chris Marker). . . . ¶ Nov. 28 at 7: "The Koumiko Mystery" (1965; Chris Marker); and "La Jetée." . . . ¶ Nov. 29 at 7: "Dreams That Money Can Buy" (1947; Hans Richter). . . . ¶ Nov. 30 at 7: "The Little Valentino" (1979; András Jeles; in Hungarian, with English subtitles).

FRENCH INSTITUTE–ALLIANCE FRANÇAISE, 22 E. 60th St. (355-6100)—Nov. 23 at 2, 6 and 8:45: "Mélo" (1986; Alain Resnais; in French, with English subtitles), with Sabine Azéma, André Dussollier, Pierre Arditi, and Fanny Ardant.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN "THE CURRENT CINEMA" DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

(Unsigned notes are by Pauline Kael; others are by Terrence Rafferty.)

ALICE ADAMS (1935)—Katharine Hepburn, with her young, beautiful angularity and her faintly absurd Bryn Mawr accent, is superbly cast as Booth Tarkington's eager, desperate, small-town social climber. Her Alice is one of the few authentic American movie heroines. George Stevens directed with such a fine sense of detail and milieu that the small-town nagging-family atmosphere is nerve-rackingly accurate and funny. Alice is cursed with a pushing mother (Ann Shoemaker), an infantile father (Fred Stone), and a vulgar brother (Frank Albertson). The picture is cursed only by a fake happy ending: Alice gets what the movie companies considered a proper Prince Charming for her—Fred MacMurray, as a wealthy young man. Even with this flaw, it's a classic, and Hepburn gives one of her two or three finest performances—rivalled, perhaps, only by her work in "Little Women" and "Long Day's Journey Into Night." With Hattie McDaniel, Evelyn Venable, and Hedda Hopper as a rich bitch. (Biograph Cinema; Nov. 24-26.)

ANOTHER WOMAN—Woody Allen's (unofficial) version of Ingmar Bergman's "Wild Strawberries" features Gena Rowlands as a firm-minded, judgmental philosophy professor who has just turned fifty. Having taken a year off to write a book, she has rented a workplace, but "reality" leaks through: the voices of an analyst's patients come through an air vent, and she becomes obsessed with the voice of a distraught pregnant woman (Mia Farrow), whose confused feelings awaken her to the risk-taking she has put out of her own fearful, prudent life. She realizes she has missed out on passion, on motherhood, on everything that matters. The picture is meant to be about emotion, but it has no emotion. It's smooth and high-toned; it's polished in its nothingness. The only resonance comes from a few of the performers—especially from Gene Hackman, who comes through with some sexual magnetism, and Sandy Dennis, who lets loose with bursts of smudgy, chaotic anger. The huge cast includes Martha Plimpton, Blythe Danner, Bruce Jay Friedman, Ian Holm, Harris Yulin, Philip Bosco, Kenneth Welsh, Betty Buckley, and John Houseman. Cinematography by Sven Nykvist. (Re-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

IN BRIEF—Cont'd

viewed in our issue of 10/31/88.) (Paris.)

Bagdad Café—After an argument with her husband on a godforsaken stretch of highway at the edge of the Mojave Desert, a fat German tourist named Jasmin (Marianne Sägebrecht) checks into a crummy motel attached to the equally crummy Bagdad Café. This movie, the first in English by the German director Percy Adlon (whose 1985 "Sugarbaby" was also a vehicle for Sägebrecht), is filled with eccentrics who are apparently meant to be lovable. The rather precious conceit of the film is that Jasmin somehow brings the outcast characters together in a kind of extended family; by the end, the Bagdad Café has been transformed into a popular roadside cabaret, with everyone contributing a specialty (Jasmin does magic tricks). The American performers are trapped in a movie that treats them as merely exotic—waxwork grotesques waiting to be animated by a mysterious German touch. Eleonore Adlon and Christopher Doherty collaborated with the director on the screenplay. With CCH Pounder, Jack Palance, and Christine Kaufmann.—T.R. (Quad Cinema.)

Bird—Clint Eastwood, who directed, gives the life of the master of jazz improvisation—the bebop alto saxophonist Charlie Parker—the art-film treatment: flashbacks, rain, darkness, and a running time of two hours and forty-one minutes. With the film flashing back and forth, you can't get the hang of Parker's life story, and you don't come out with much understanding of his achievement or what made him a legend—the potent archetype of the self-destructive jazz artist. As Parker, Forest Whitaker trudges off to his gigs like a jazz version of Willy Loman; he's always fouling up—boozing and doping and smashing things. Whitaker gives a richly felt performance, but mostly it's an earnest, lifeless movie. Joel Oliansky wrote the script; the cast includes Diane Venora as Chan Parker and Samuel E. Wright as Dizzy Gillespie. (10/17/88) (Eastside Cinema.)

Conquest (1937)—Greta Garbo as Napoleon's mistress, Countess Marie Walewska, who bore him a son, and Charles Boyer as Napoleon, who, it appears, loved Marie intensely, but briefly. The M-G-M picture is ornate, unexpectedly tasteful, carefully detailed—and lifeless. There is some literate writing in it, but the various scenarists—Samuel Hoffenstein, Salka Viertel, and S. N. Behrman—working from Helen Jerome's version of a Polish play, don't seem too sure of what the movie is about, or where its center should be. They don't allow Marie Walewska enough shadings or enough strength; her tenderness—which is about all she *is* allowed—becomes tedious. This is one of the rare occasions when Garbo's melancholy beauty didn't dominate a film; there's skill but no poetry in her performance. Boyer takes over, by the force of his talent, and gives the picture traces of irony and tension. Directed by Clarence Brown, who, failing inspiration, could perhaps have used a little vulgarity or some speed; the pacing is measured. With Maria Ouspenskaya, Dame May Whitty, Reginald Owen, Alan Marshal, Henry Stephenson, and Leif Erickson. Cinematography by Karl Freund; art direction by Cedric Gibbons. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Nov. 30.)

A Cry in the Dark—With Meryl Streep and Sam Neill, directed by Fred Schepisi. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Coronet, Art Greenwich Twin, Loews 84th Street Sixplex, and Criterion Center.)

Far North—Sam Shepard's first movie as a director is a mess—and a pale-spirited, unambitious one besides. Shepard's script is a mild rural comedy about a Minnesota family, with all the usual conflicts on display: the father (Charles Durning) is a macho blowhard; the mother (Ann Wedgeworth) is a gentle loony; the daughters (Jessica Lange and Tess Harper) stomp their feet, look exasperated, and bicker with their faces scrunched up. There's also an irritable centenarian, a drunken uncle, and a "wild" teen-age girl on the periphery—all of them as boringly vivid as sitcom characters. The central issue (symbolic, of course) is whether Lange will obey her

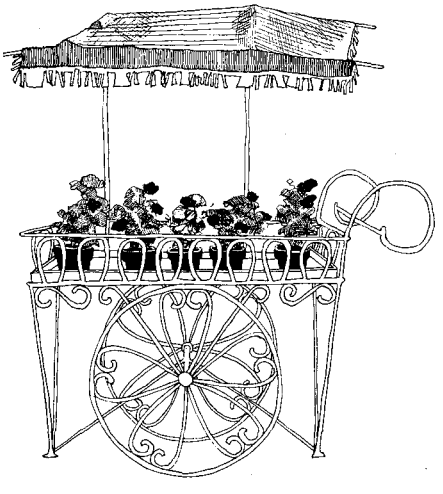
S	M	T	W	T	F	S
	21	22	23	24	25	26
27	28	29	30			

father's order to shoot an ornery cart horse named Mel. This slender, dopey premise must have been intended to provide a framework for farce and to allow for some action outdoors. So the characters have cute arguments in the woods, rather than nasty ones in motel rooms: it's like a "Hee Haw" version of a Shepard play—broad, strenuous, and not very funny. Lange tries hard, and has a few lovely moments; Mel maintains his dignity throughout. Also with Donald Moffat, Patricia Arquette, and Nina Draxten.—T.R. (Festival; through Nov. 22.)

The Good Mother—With Diane Keaton, directed by Leonard Nimoy. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Regency. . . . ¶ Beekman, and Embassy 1; through Nov. 22.)

Gorillas in the Mist—Sigourney Weaver as the anthropologist Dian Fossey, in what seems meant to be a triumphant epic about an activist heroine who made a difference. (A title at the close tells us that Fossey saved the mountain gorillas from extinction.) Weaver's physical strength alone is inspiring here, and there's a new freedom in her acting. She's so vivid that you immediately feel Fossey's will and drive. But Michael Apted, who directed, has an indeterminate approach to some of the key incidents; he doesn't locate a dramatic core in Anna Hamilton Phelan's script. The movie is a feminist version of "King Kong"—now it's the gorillas who do the screaming. With Bryan Brown, Julie Harris, John Omirah Miluwi, and Iain Cuthbertson, who's casual and rather humorous as Dr. Louis Leakey. (10/17/88) (Cinema 3; through Nov. 22. . . . ¶ 23rd St. West Triplex; through Nov. 24, evenings only.)

The Last Temptation of Christ—Martin Scorsese's film is based on an intense, rather ponderous novel by Nikos Kazantzakis that portrays Christ as a tormented prophet who has to choose between his human nature and his divine nature—who in order to fulfill his role as redeemer must reject the overpowering temptation to be merely a man. If we respond to anything in this movie it's to the idea of Scorsese wrestling with Kazantzakis's conception, thrashing manfully among the tangles of the novel's dense prose, trying to isolate some clear, intelligible meaning from this religious fever-dream. Scorsese hasn't managed to come up with a consistent visual style for the story, and the movie's intensity, over a span of two hours and forty minutes, is sputtering, fitful. The scenes meant to evoke the natural—the human—side of the story don't have much charge, and most of the actors look uncomfortable. (The drab modern idiom of Paul Schrader's dialogue is at least part of the problem.) This movie isn't a sacrilege; it's just an honorable mistake. With Willem Dafoe as Jesus, Harvey Keitel as Judas, Barbara Hershey as Mary Magdalene, and David Bowie as Pontius Pilate. Peter Gabriel composed the music.—T.R. (9/5/88) (Ziegfeld; through Nov. 22. . . . ¶ 23rd St. West Triplex; starting Nov. 23.)



JEANNE

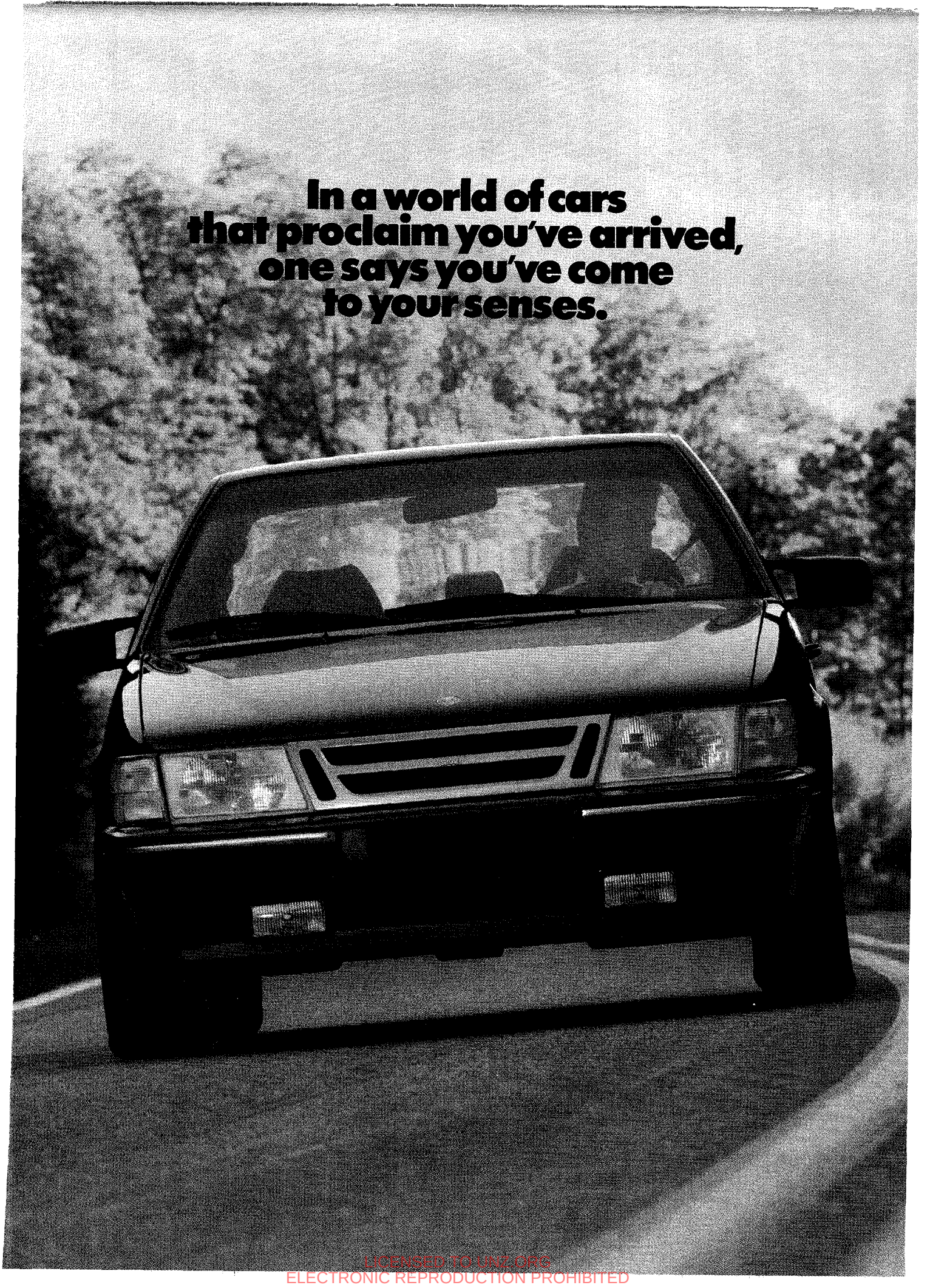
Madame Sousatzka—As a flamboyant, grande-dame piano teacher of Russian lineage, Shirley MacLaine seems to have entered the Simone Signoret sweepstakes, but she doesn't project Signoret's generosity—she doesn't spill over emotionally. This is—arguably—MacLaine's worst performance. She has flurries of physical mannerisms, but she's tight and held in; she's a wacky witch with frizzy red hair—she could be Norma Desmond's small-town spinster sister. Sousatzka lives in London (in an Edwardian house that is to be demolished) and devotes her energies and her hopes to the most prodigious of her students, a fifteen-year-old Indian boy raised in England—a role played with intelligence and poise by Navin Chowdhry. The blindingly derivative movie is about the boy's breaking free of her, though he knows he'll remain in her debt forever. Directed by John Schlesinger, this is a handsomely mounted production, and the musical community may regard it as a treasure—as the "Red Shoes" of the keyboard. With Peggy Ashcroft, Shabana Azmi, Geoffrey Bayldon, Leigh Lawson, and an appealingly understated performance by Twiggy. The script, by Ruth Prawer Jhabvala and Schlesinger, is based on the 1962 novel by Bernice Rubens. (10/31/88) (Baronet, Waverly, and Carnegie Hall Cinema.)

Married to the Mob—Angela (Michelle Pfeiffer), the heroine of Jonathan Demme's crazy comedy, is married to an up-and-coming suburban gangster known as Frank the Cucumber (Alec Baldwin), and she doesn't feel good about her life; she's avid for ordinariness. When Frank is murdered by his boss, Tony the Tiger (Dean Stockwell), Angela gives away virtually the entire contents of her Long Island house and moves herself and her reluctant son into a cramped Lower East Side apartment, hoping that the mob will forget about her. Unfortunately, Tony the Tiger has the hots for her, the F.B.I. is tailing her, and Tony's insanely jealous wife, Connie (Mercedes Ruehl), is on the warpath. Pfeiffer's extraordinary performance is the movie's major pleasure; she makes both Angela's toughness and her goodness believable, funny, and touching. As usual, Demme is great at providing incidental pleasures, including a terrific score (with original music by David Byrne) and a superbly eccentric cast that also features Matthew Modine, Trey Wilson, Joan Cusack, Tracey Walter, and David Johansen (as a priest). The vibrant cinematography is by Tak Fujimoto.—T.R. (8/22/88) (Bleecker St. Cinema; through Nov. 24.)

Matador—Hugely entertaining. Everything is eroticized in this lush, clownish comedy by Pedro Almodóvar. The characters act out their wildest fantasies—or, like the handsome, wealthy young virgin Ángel (Antonio Banderas), try to act them out—and embarrass themselves. Ángel is training to be a bullfighter, but he faints at the sight of blood. He's such a supreme fantasist that he hallucinates and sees what happened in a recent series of murders—unluckily, he's fantasist enough to think that he committed them. It's all sumptuously sick and funny. Assumpta Serna plays a culmination of the scarlet-woman tradition of Joan Crawford, Rita Hayworth, Ava Gardner, and Anouk Aimée—all those flaming man-killers with their too vibrant smiles. And Almodóvar himself appears as a mad-genius couturier who messes up his curly hair before he appears in public. Also with Nacho Martínez, Eusebio Poncela, Carmen Maura, Eva Cobo, Julieta Serrano, and Chus Lampreave. Written by the director and Jesús Ferrero; cinematography by Ángel Luis Fernández. In Spanish. (5/16/88) (Quad Cinema.)

Mystic Pizza—The romantic adventures of three young women who work in a pizza parlor in Mystic, Connecticut: Jojo (Lili Taylor) is small and lively; Daisy (Julia Roberts) is tall and sexy; Kat (Annabeth Gish) is serious-minded, bound for Yale. They laugh; they

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Assuming you've reached a certain station in life, you can probably drive what you want. It's a question of what you want to prove.

Introducing the Saab 9000 CD.

There are cars that prove you know technology or love beauty, comfort, or performance. There are those that prove you have so much money you don't know what to prove next. Where do you draw the line? Underneath the new Saab 9000 CD is a good place. Because the 9000 CD proves many things at once.

It proves that a large car can be entertaining to drive when equipped with front-wheel drive, gas shock absorbers and front and rear stabilizers. (The 9000 is one of two imports rated "large" by the EPA. The other is the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Rolls Royce Silver Spur limousine.)

It proves that intercooled turbocharging can turn a luxury car into a performance car and that a performance car with anti-lock brakes and roll-cage construction can be a safe car. It proves that a car with comforts like power-operated leather seats and automatic climate control can be a very practical car. In short, it proves the 9000 CD, like every Saab, is a Saab to the core.

Yet, the 9000 CD proves a car can be all these things and not be an extravagance...which a visit to your Saab dealer for a test drive will prove to your complete satisfaction.

Saabs are intelligently priced from $16,995 to $32,095. Manufacturer's suggested retail prices not including taxes, license, freight, dealer charges or options. Prices subject to change.

SAAB

The most intelligent cars ever built.

LICENSED TO UMA.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

HOTLINE.

Not many airlines are as technologically advanced as Iberia.

You'll have probably noticed it in Iberia's real time, computerised sales and reservations system, and in our impeccable service. *All the result of rigorous staff training programs.*

That must also be why other major European airlines rely on Iberia to maintain and service their planes.

There's still one thing our technology hasn't been able to improve upon though. Our hostesses' smiles. Their warmth and hospitality is absolutely natural. Right from the heart.

Call your travel agent or 1-800-SPAIN-IB.

IBERIA
AIRLINES OF SPAIN

WARM TO THE EXPERIENCE.

TAPSA/Ayer

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

IN BRIEF–Cont'd

cry; they bond. The movie, directed by Donald Petrie, has an earnest, self-congratulatory little-movie tone, but it's as predictable as if it had been mass-produced—just another thin, reheated slice of life. Also with Vincent Phillip D'Onofrio, William R. Moses, Adam Storke, and Conchata Ferrell.—T.R. (Quad Cinema, and Loews 84th Street Sixplex. . . . ¶ Gotham Cinema; through Nov. 22.)

On Golden Pond (1981)—The kind of uplifting twaddle that traffics heavily in rather basic symbols: the gold light on the pond stands for the sunset of life, and so on and on. Directed by Mark Rydell, from Ernest Thompson's adaptation of his own 1978 play, the movie is a doddering valentine in which popsy Norman (Henry Fonda), who's having his eightieth birthday, and mopsy Ethel (Katharine Hepburn), who's nearing her seventieth, crack jokes, weather domestic crises, and show us the strength of solid Yankee values. Or is it "good American stock," or Hepburn's pedigreed cheekbones? With Jane Fonda, who gives a tense performance in the terrible role of the neurotic daughter of the lovey-dovey old pair; and Dabney Coleman, Doug McKeon, and William Lanteau. (Biograph Cinema; Nov. 29.)

Susan Lenox, Her Fall and Rise (1931)—This was Garbo's only film with Clark Gable. With Gable she wasn't a goddess; she was sex-hungry, just like Crawford in the early Gable-Crawford movies. Garbo plays a young Swedish-American farm girl who runs away from the brute (Alan Hale) she is being forced to marry and takes refuge in the cabin of a construction engineer (Gable); they fall in love, sleep together, and plan to marry. But when unlucky circumstances separate them, and she has an affair with a carnival owner (John Miljan), her engineer won't forgive her. Over the years, she does very well as the mistress of rich men, but she keeps locating her true love and begging forgiveness until, at last . . . Still, one can sit through all this without too much pain, because of Garbo's beauty and the raw heat that she and Gable generate. Directed by Robert Z. Leonard. The novel by David Graham Phillips was adapted by Wanda Tuchock, with dialogue provided by Zelda Sears and Edith Fitzgerald. (Yes, those are their names.) (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Nov. 30.)

The Thin Blue Line—Errol Morris's trancelike, almost lyrical documentary tells the story of a 1976 cop-killing in Dallas and examines the process by which a man who is almost certainly innocent was convicted and sentenced to death for the crime. The movie's form is circular, spiralling, its obsessive, repetitive visual motifs echoed in Philip Glass's hauntingly monotonous score. In showing us the lies, the fears, the social pressures, the ulterior motives, the stubbornness, and the plain confusion that combined to produce the case against the unfortunate Randall Adams—whose fate is worthy of a Borges hero—Morris seems to be investigating not just this squalid murder but the very nature of untruth. His style is occasionally too fancy and elliptical for absolute clarity, but this is a powerful and thrillingly strange movie. Morris—who actually uncovered new evidence in the course of making the film—has turned Randall Adams' case into a kind of tabloid poetry, a meditation on uncertainty and the fascination of violence.—T.R. (9/5/88) (Lincoln Plaza. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema; starting Nov. 25.)

Things Change—A modernist version of a sentimental fable: David Mamet, who directed and was the co-writer (with Shel Silverstein), gives you the blueprint but not the feeling. The story is essentially a heart-warmer: Sicilian-born Gino (Don Ameche), a dignified old Chicago shoeshine man who gets mixed up with mobsters and is mistaken for a Mafia don, emerges unscathed because of his simple goodness—his humanity. The one most affected by it is the blundering mafioso Jerry (Joe Mantegna); there's nothing to look at except Gino and Jerry's mummified skits, which are directed at a deliberate and unvarying pace. Mamet piles on improbabilities in a matter-of-fact style; flatness of performance seems to be part of the point. This minimalist approach—it suggests a knowingness—takes the fun out of hokum. The result is like a Frank Capra–Damon Runyon comic fairy tale of the thirties in slow motion. With Robert Prosky, Mike Nussbaum, W. H. Macy, and Jonathan Katz. (11/14/88) (Sutton, and Waverly. . . . ¶ Metro Cinema; through Nov. 22.)

U2: Rattle and Hum—A concert film starring the popular Irish band U2. The director, Phil Joanou, tries to hold the movie together with documentary footage showing the band "discovering America" in various ways: visiting Graceland; recording a song at the Sun Studio in Memphis; performing "I Still Haven't Found What I'm Looking For" with a gospel choir (New Voices of Freedom) in a Harlem church; listening to street musicians; rehearsing with B. B. King. But there's nothing, really, to document: this is just a band on tour, allowing themselves to be filmed in a handful of staged "candid" moments. (In an interview segment, the group's sweet-natured drummer, Larry Mullen, Jr., describes the film as "a musical journey," and everybody cracks up.) The movie is exhilarating anyway, because the music, which rarely stops for more than a couple of minutes at a time, is mostly wonderful: fierce, soaring rock and roll, played with overwhelming conviction. And most of the film is shot in an elegant, rough-textured black-and-white that serves the music beautifully. (When Joanou switches to color for a stadium concert, it looks all wrong: the lighting effects seem garish and pretentious.) The lead singer, Bono, struts and poses too much, and the other band members (guitarist The Edge, bass player Adam Clayton, and drummer Mullen) are physically inexpressive, yet the group's performances are riveting: U2's passion and energy are more than enough to keep us watching, and searching for America doesn't have a thing to do with it. The directors of photography are Robert Brinkmann (for the black-and-white) and Jordan Cronenweth (for the color).—T.R. (Loews Astor Plaza; through Nov. 22.)

Wings of Desire ("Der Himmel über Berlin")—The director, Wim Wenders, who wrote the script with the collaboration of Peter Handke, has a theme: in an approximation of Rilke's words, "Joy has gone astray." We're told that "when the child was a child" stories held together. Now all we have is fragmentation, entropy. Two angels—Damiel (Bruno Ganz) and Cassiel (Otto Sander)—hover over the bleak, divided city and move among the forlorn Berliners, listening to what's in their minds: listening to the questions about existence that these people ask themselves. Our overhearing what the angels hear—the thoughts chanted on the track, all in even, quiet tones, as grayed out as the sunless skies—works on us like a tranquillizer. Eventually, Damiel falls in love with a beautiful French aerialist (Solveig Dommartin), and gives up his wings. With Peter Falk, who brings some funky warmth to the role of an American movie star, and Curt Bois as a sad-faced old man called Homer. The cinematography (tinted black-and-white, and color) is by Henri Alekan. This Franco-German production is in English, French, and German. (5/30/88) (Bleecker St. Cinema.)

Women on the Verge of a Nervous Breakdown—The most original pop writer-director of the eighties, Pedro Almodóvar is Godard with a human face—a happy face. The artificial is what sends him sky high, and the Madrid of this film is (as the closing song has it) "Puro Teatro." This comedy (his seventh feature, since 1980) looks as if it had been made by a mad scientist playing with chemical rainbow colors—John Lithgow in his lab in "Buckaroo Banzai." It's all coincidences, and each new one adds to the crazy brio. What seem to be incidental jokes turn out to be essential parts of one big joke. This is a movie where after a while you can't tell sexy from funny. Pepa (Carmen Maura), an actress who works in TV and commercials, turns on her answering machine and learns that she has been jilted. Infuriated, she dashes around, on spike heels, in a short, tight skirt, trying to confront her longtime live-in lover, the elegant, vain Iván (Fernando Guillén). The women of the title include Iván's early lover (Julieta Serrano), his new lover (Kiti Manver), and two (Rossy De Palma and María Barranco) who are involved with his son (Antonio Banderas). Sleek-legged and chic, they run the theatrical gamut. Cinematography by José Luis Alcaine. In Spanish. (11/14/88) (Cinema Studio.)

Fur origin: U.S.A.

When only the best will do.

An all-season cashmere-lined natural Mink-trimmed silk poplin water-repellent coat. Snaps in, snaps-out to a lightweight Mink-trimmed Spring/Fall coat.

Also available with fur or silk quilted lining.

Exclusive design Custom-made in our workrooms

Alfred Rainer
Ben Thylan furs

150 West 30 Street • New York 10001
(212) 753-7700 • 18th Floor
Please call for appointment

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

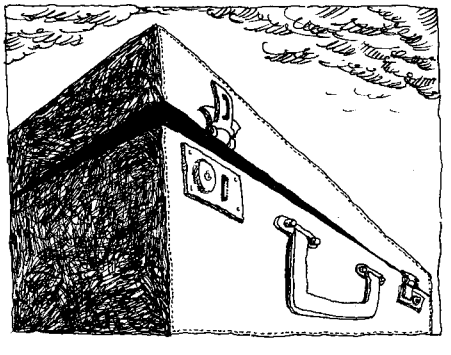
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

THE United States is in the midst of its fourth great wave of corporate mergers. The first wave, at the turn of the century, was distinguished in part by the creation of the first billion-dollar corporation, U.S. Steel, whose dominance in the economy was summed up by the call sign it was given on the New York Stock Exchange—a single "X." Today, after thriving during the second wave, in the twenties, and riding out the third one, in the sixties, U.S. Steel has ceased to exist. It merged with a couple of energy companies during the spate of deals that were made a few years ago on the theory that it was cheaper to find oil on Wall Street than by drilling in the field. The present wave has mostly had to do with brand names, which have apparently become more valuable to companies than the factories making the products or the executives running the factories. First, there was the giant merger of Philip Morris and Kraft, combining the market power of Marlboro, Jell-O, and Brim with that of Miracle Whip, Frusen Glädjé, and Velveeta. And now there is the continuing fight over RJR Nabisco, in which the company has attracted a bid of almost twenty-one billion dollars, the largest in history.

The Nabisco deal surfaced during the last weeks of the Presidential campaign, when the "peace and prosperity" of the Reagan years finally made the election of George Bush seem inevitable, and on some days this deal, and others like it, displaced the campaign as the leading news story. "People all over the country are wondering whether takeover mania has finally gone too far, threatening the economic health of the country," the *Times* reported. Observers have expressed similar concern regularly in the recent past, but the takeovers they worried about were paid for largely in cash or with stock. What sets the current deals apart is that they are financed with enormous debt. The amount of money borrowed for deals has almost doubled in the last year—to a record hundred and sixty-four billion dollars—and since the nineteen-fifties corporate debt has doubled as well: from around thirty per cent of corporate worth in the United States to fifty-six per cent. Longtime defenders of takeovers and mergers contend that a big debt requires executives to manage even more carefully than they have to after cash or stock deals, and encourages efficient investment of capital by both a company's former owners and its new ones. To service a big debt, however, a company needs a sizable flow of cash and a long period of uninterrupted prosperity to keep that cash flowing, and many experts are predicting a recession in the next couple of years. (The latest government reports indicate an unmistakable slowdown in the economy.) Investors known as bottom fishers are already gathering funds to buy up the stocks and bonds of otherwise attractive companies that they think will go bankrupt.



The recent surge in takeovers and the state of the American economy are connected in a number of ways besides the obvious one: that giant private transactions often have a major impact on the public welfare. The most direct connection is tax revenue. The tax laws allow companies to deduct from their income the interest they pay on loans, and sometimes, when the debts are large enough, that means they pay no taxes, and thus avoid playing any part in the reduction of the accumulated American deficit, which is now two trillion six hundred billion dollars.

A deeper connection has to do with planning for the future. When Americans are uncertain about the future, they tend to save their money. When they feel confident, the rate of savings drops off noticeably. During the Reagan years, the American rate of savings, measured as a percentage of the national income, has fallen to the lowest level in modern history, and, for technical reasons, the combination of a low rate of savings and a tremendous federal deficit has kept interest rates artificially high. At least one consequence of this is not technical at all. Almost everyone agrees that the two basic ways for the American economy to achieve sustained vigor are by reducing the deficit and by increasing the rate of productivity. But increasing productivity requires decisions that are essentially the opposite of takeover decisions: it requires making long-term investments (in research, in new plants and equipment), and these the relatively high interest rates have helped discourage. By financing deals with substantial debt, executives add to the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

pressure on corporations to produce quick profits instead of lasting gains.

As for the deficit, according to a post-election announcement by the government it's going to be almost twenty per cent larger in the next fiscal year than was projected only three months ago. That will further reduce the government's flexibility in responding to the country's economic and other needs. The chairman of the Federal Reserve Board, Alan Greenspan, warned last week that unless the deficit is reduced a new round of inflation is probable. Yet, despite President-elect Bush's recent talk about economic realism, he and many other Americans —especially the leaders of the companies making the deals—seem to think we can stride forward invincibly. It's not certain that their faith in a rosy future is misplaced. But by astronomically multiplying both private and public debt—by turning the United States, which until the Reagan years was the world's foremost creditor, into its largest debtor—they appear to be making such a future less likely.

• •

Dirt

WE'VE seen a lot of dirt at Madison Square Garden over the years—hardpack sculptured into motocross moguls, mud-bog mire for mud-bog races, dry soil that wafts dust onto the loge seats when the circus elephants parade past—but until recently we hadn't given much thought to the forces that make dirt happen. One of those forces is Hermann Duckek, whose business card calls him a "Footing Advisor: Equestrian Sports;" he was the soil man—the footing expert—at the Seoul Olympics, for example, mixing and moving earth there for the show jumpers and dressage riders. Mr. Duckek was at Madison Square Garden earlier this month for the National Horse Show—an event we never miss, because it remains one of the few public happenings where Old New York mixes with hoi polloi and where you can see a tailcoated gent standing in line for a foot-long hot dog and a bucket of Bud Light—and at ringside early one morning we found him instructing a forklift driver where to deposit some bales marked "RIPES DE BOIS." Tearing into one, he hoisted it to his chest and broadcast sawdust in sweeping arcs. "We're adding shavings to the corners to help the horses see," he explained, in what you might call trans-European English. (He's German.) The dirt in the ring, about eight inches deep, was tobacco brown and heavily grooved, and we asked him where it had come from.

"Originally, we got it from potato farms," he said. "We store it in a lot by the Hudson River, and bring it out every November and mix it with clay and sand." A thousand cubic yards of dirt, or a hundred and twenty-five truckloads, is needed for the Horse Show, Mr. Duckek told us, and he added that this year a record was set. "Three hours and forty minutes. On Monday, they finish taking up the ice-hockey rink at 1:50 A.M., and we come in with the first truck. By 6 A.M., we're done. For the National, they need the dirt hard but not too hard. We pack it and rake it. At Seoul, we dug out the Korean dirt and put our own on top. It's a simple job but very complicated. Believe me, nobody knows."

How much nobody knows soon became clear. On Wednesday evening, competing for the Nations' Cup Challenge Trophy, the United States' Olympic individual silver medallist, Greg Best, skidded into the first jump, and afterward blamed the dirt. He was the first of many riders who slipped or caromed or spun out. The Olympic rider Anne Kursinski's horse surfed through a five-foot obstacle, and she wound up garlanding his neck. "He just didn't like the footing," she said.

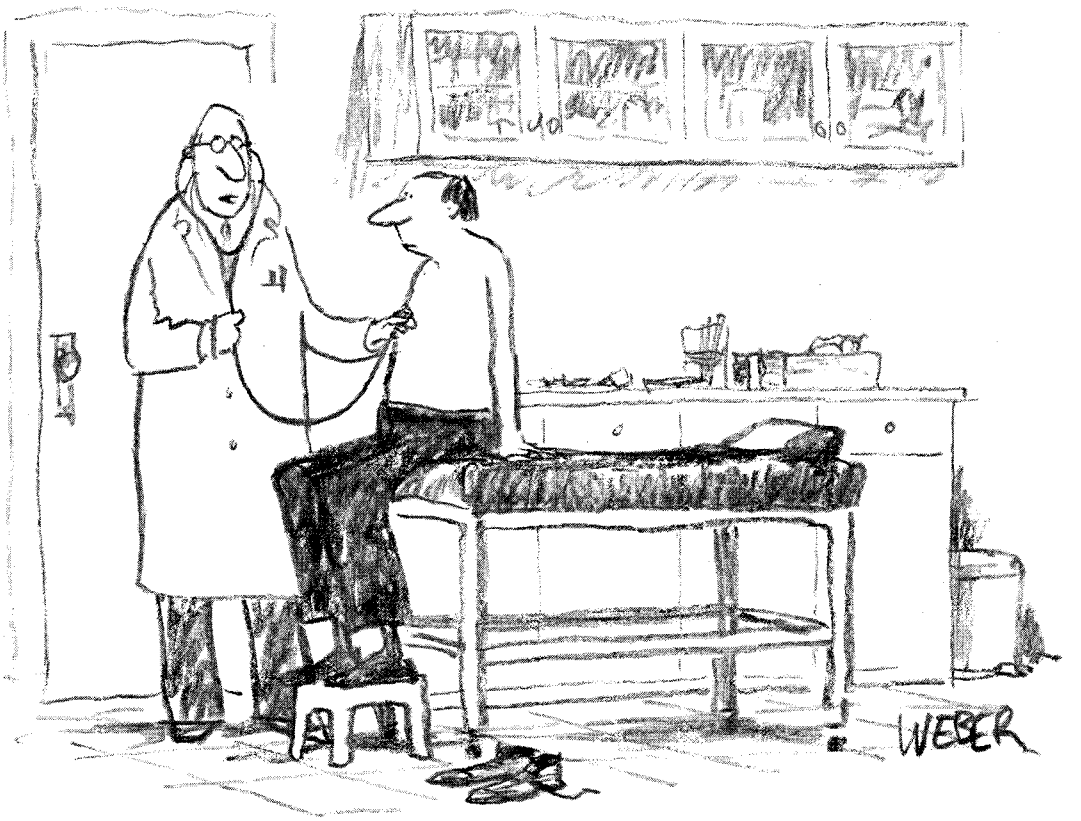
From where we sat, the footing looked fine, so on Thursday evening we arrived early to check things out. We saw a solitary figure stalking the arena—Katie Monahan Prudent, who was the leading open-jumper rider of 1987—and when we caught up with her she said, "They use the same old dirt year after year, and it's filthy. You need clean dirt with a little cushion for jumping—fluffy dirt with a firm base, kind of grabby. This stuff is as hard as a rock. And the trash! Just come with me." We circled the course behind her, skirting a ruddy-faced man on a tractor that was pulling a cultivator. Mrs. Prudent kicked through the ruts and uncovered a shard. "I've picked up rocks, glass, parts of beer cans—you name it," she said. We kept walking, and found a pop-top, the bottom of a Heineken bottle, and the

"Have a kinder, gentler day."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

remains of a plastic rose. "That stuff can get into your horse's foot and ruin it," Mrs. Prudent explained. "You're afraid to go fast or make tight turns, because you don't want to hurt your horse. Ask Chuck." She pointed to the man on the tractor.

We flagged the man down as soon as the tractor was parked, and learned that he was Charles E. Kinney, Jr., an Ohio farmer, who had been called in as a dirt consultant. "This old dirt has problems," he told us. "But it's eighty-five per cent better than it was this afternoon. We've gone over it with that Rottera—it's a heavy, expensive Belgian machine." The real problem, he said, was using the same old dirt every year. "If it rains on the docks where the stuff is stored, it's literally mush. If you add too much sand, the red seats get dusty and the Garden complains. The truth of the matter is the Horse Show ought to junk this dirt and start over from scratch. But that won't happen." Kinney tugged off his glasses to rub his eyes, and we noticed that his face had a good coating of grime. "I raise horses, so my sympathy is with them," he said. "Behind all the society stuff and the hoopla, this whole game is about a live animal competing. The humans can dismount and gripe to management. But, you know, the horse never really gets a chance to bitch."



"I hear the heartbeat of Manhattan."

• •

Passion

IT could happen. While you're shopping at Blueberries', a gourmet supermarket in the East Norwich Shopping Center, in East Norwich, Long Island, you could get the urge to buy a piece of Dimensional Art: the life-size bronze figure of a woman diving headfirst into what is supposed to be the ocean, maybe; or two bronze children, who seem to be about five, playing leapfrog while a third looks on, amused. The produce at Blueberries' is excellent, but say you need something more. You walk one storefront down, past Angelina's Italian Restaurant, to the Gallery of Dimensional Arts, also known as Blueberries' Etc. Etc. Etc. Kim Miscioscia, whose husband, Andrew, owns both Blueberries', will be on hand to help out in any way she can. She's the five-foot-four-inch young woman with the reddish-brown hair and the costume jewelry. If you're lucky, you might find Mr. Miscioscia (soft-spoken, cardigan sweater) there, too, and you might hear him say, "All the Dimensional Art in this gallery is the work of Prince Monyo Mihailescu-Nasturel. Each of the pieces, except the ones made of onyx or brass, is made from a mold, and is one of seven or fewer. Monyo makes each piece as it's bought. When the last of a set has been sold, the mold is either donated to a museum or destroyed. When I got the idea of opening the Gallery of Dimensional Arts, I wanted it to be to the art world what the other Blueberries' is to the supermarket world—a place of tremendous quality. Monyo's work, I knew, would help me attain just that. What happens when you decide to open a gallery in East Norwich, Long Island? All your friends keep asking, 'Why not Manhattan? Why not midtown? Why not SoHo?' I have an answer. I wanted to make it conceivable for my customers to do their grocery shopping and their Dimensional Art shopping in one day."

When Mr. Miscioscia finishes with what he has to say, take a look around—there's tons of Dimensional Art to choose from. Next to the children playing leapfrog is a bronze child pushing two of his little friends on a swing. That's "Happy Swinging" (960 pounds, about $66,000). Frank Sinatra bought one of those from a gallery in Palm Beach. And over there, closer to the front of the gallery, is a totemic piece made of onyx. That one's called "Night and Day" (460 pounds, $38,000). If you happen to be in front of Mrs. Miscioscia's desk, take a look at "Girl Skipping Rope" (480 pounds, $34,000), just to the left.

You may not be in the mood for a piece of Dimensional Art. If you aren't, go downstairs and have a look at Monyo's paintings. They can be hung indoors or outdoors, because Monyo uses a special paint that can

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

withstand sun, rain, and hail. "Symphony in Orange" (a large abstraction) could be breathtaking in the dining room, just above the samovar, but don't rule out hanging it from a gazebo rail. And don't feel silly about buying a piece of art right after completing your weekly grocery shopping. Just recently, a woman who had been shopping at Blueberries' went over to the gallery and came away with three pieces of Dimensional Art, though the gallery hadn't yet officially opened for business. That will happen the first week in December, and then it will house seventy-two additional pieces of Monyo's sculpture.

Not long ago, Mr. Miscioscia went into detail about how he had got started selling Dimensional Art. "Kim and I came into contact with Monyo and his work about five years ago," he said. "We were vacationing in Palm Beach. One day, we spotted something in a gallery window which has since changed our lives. That something was 'Passion,' an onyx sculpture—now standing in our home—that Monyo needed four and a half years to produce. It took our breath away. We went into the gallery and asked if we could meet the man who created it. That was arranged. A week later, we met Monyo in his Palm Beach home. I fell in love with Monyo the man the same way I fell in love with Monyo the artist. The more I learned about his life, the more I wanted to bring his work to Long Island. His story was that amazing."

Mr. Miscioscia went on to tell Monyo's story: Sixty-two years old, born in Rumania—member of the wealthy landowning aristocracy. From a very early age, always had artistic ability but never did anything with it. Too busy having fun. Then, in 1948, the Communists came. Threw Monyo in jail. First time in his life he was alone for long periods. Began to see shapes, images, figures he'd never known existed. Shrank down to eighty-two pounds. Finally, some years later, he was released, nurtured back to health, wanted to do something about all those shapes, images, and figures he'd kept seeing. Began to work with clay, then more complex materials, like onyx, brass, and bronze. Started to turn out lots of pieces regularly, some of them as tall as sixty-two feet, some weighing four tons. Built a following—people like Farrah Fawcett. Lives in Palm Beach now.

After a short pause, Mr. Miscioscia said, "Talking about Monyo isn't enough. Kim and I are now going to take you to our home, in Old Westbury, and introduce you to 'Passion'—something we very seldom do."

"Passion" stands in the foyer. It's a six-foot-two-inch, fifteen-hundred-pound representation of a man and a woman who aren't just friends. If the Miscioscias give you a tour of the rest of the house, you'll notice that Monyo's work dominates just about every room. "Singing in the Sunrise," all nine hundred and sixty pounds of it, sits twenty feet up on a ledge, overlooking the living room. Block that out and go back to "Passion." It demands all your concentration. Don't let Maxie, the Miscioscia's dog, distract you. If Mrs. Miscioscia says, "Look at the detail in the feet, they're so human. Go ahead, touch them," don't be shy. And as you run your fingers along a big toe or an arch listen when Mr. Miscioscia says, "Since we've opened up the gallery, Kim has fallen even more in love with Monyo's work. And the more Kim falls in love with Monyo's work, the more I fall into debt. Just kidding. Oh, this isn't about money, it's about that name—'Passion.' That's the thing behind all this. You know, a lot of my customers asked me if they could use their charge accounts in the gallery, the same way they've been using them in the grocery store all these years. And do you know what I said? I said, 'No problem.' "

"All of us will have the traditional Thanksgiving turkey dinner except Mr. Grenfell, who'll have the blackened catfish."

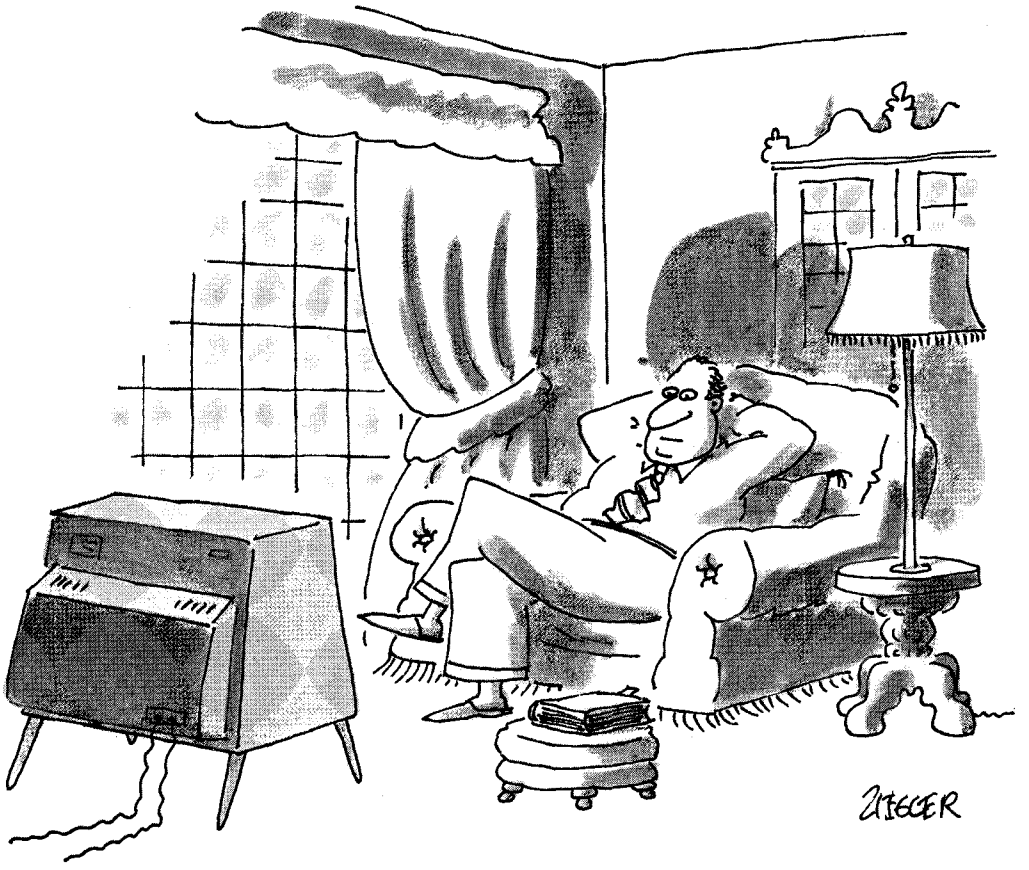
Women in Metal

CONSIDER Women in Metal: not encased, ensheathed, or enshrouded—not *necessarily*—but performing. We can report that it is a post-Brechtian world beyond threat. There are two kinds of women musicians who are in Metal: those women who front a Metal band composed of men (the German singer Doro Pesch is probably the most important of these women at the moment), and those who perform in all-girl Metal bands. Lita Ford fronts an all-male band; Vixen is an all-girl band; Mean Streak is a new

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

all-girl band; Femme Fatale is a band of men fronted by a woman. The Confederation of Female Headbangers is a music-business organization whose "primary concern," it says, "is to get female/female-fronted metal bands taken seriously."

Here is the lineup we saw at the Women in Metal panel discussion at a music-business convention in the Liberty Room of the Vista International Hotel the other week. On the dais were Betty Kallas, a singer in Cycle Sluts from Hell, which is very close to being signed by a record company; Phil Demmel, of Violence, a male band managed by Debbie Abono, who was also on the panel; Daina Darzin, of the magazine *Circus;* Rena Sands, of Mean Streak; Ann Boleyn, of Hellion; and Kat Sirdofsky, former manager of Death Angel. Phil, of course, is a guy; he was there because of Debbie. There was also another guy—Phil Hardy, the director of national album promotion at Megaforce Records. Nobody thought that there was sexism per se in Metal (or Heavy Metal, which is the same thing)—at least, not enough to be discussed apart from the main point, which was hard work.



"Today the American public at long last O.D.'d on Pee-wee Herman, briefly settled its attention on Bruce Willis, then finally decided to embrace an all-new, revitalized, state-of-the-art Richard Nixon."

• •

There was never a more career-oriented group than was assembled there at the Vista. "Just get out there and do the job," a blond woman said. "This talk about sexism just *perpetuates* it."

We were in the front row. The Women in Metal panel was ranged across the room from us. We had to look up at it. Everyone was pretty. There was a microphone on the floor, as, in a democracy, there always should be. People, many of them dressed in beautiful clothes, stood patiently in line waiting for a chance to speak to the panel.

"I find this to be a very good study for the personality," our companion said. He apparently meant either "This gathering is good for the study of my own personality" or "I like to look at them."

"I play for Mean Streak," a happy-looking young woman said from the floor. She was a drummer. Her name was Yael Devan. She was *ebullient*. She was talking about questions of costume in the world of Metal. Here is what she said: "We go on the way we feel. I play—that's it. I've been asked, 'Aren't you intimidated by Vixen?' My answer to that question is 'Is Metallica intimidated by White Lion?' We can't afford to buy killer clothes yet. When we do, I guess I'll go for them. In the meantime, we'll just go with jeans and T-shirts. Just rip them up and they look good, great."

Her speech was part of a discussion of what was done and what was correct to do in the realm of sexual display in the world of Women in Metal. It was a world that seemed to operate by the rules Congreve knew.

"I'm saying sex sells," one panelist said.

A P.R. person said, "British magazines have a tendency to look at the pictures before they listen to the record, and they look at you here if you've got British press."

Ann Boleyn said, "I'd been singing a month and I had a feature in *Kerrang!* magazine. At that time, I didn't have a voice—the music was embarrassing. I don't think a guy-fronted band would have got a feature in a magazine like *Kerrang!* I mean, at a comparable level."

The P.R. person said, "Good-looking artists, male or female, are easy to place."

A record-company executive complained about the topic that the panel was officially discussing. "Women in Metal—the sexism isn't just in the lyrics," she said. "The most discrimination I experience is from other women."

Then a man spoke. "From the guys' point of view, I think the Femme Fatale video is a little overdone," he said. "When I see that girl jumping up and down saying she's 'waiting for the big one,' I think she could have done a little less."

"She wanted to do it," the P.R. person said. "That's what she wants to do."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FLOWERS

FROM inside the back of his van, where he was going through his inventory of silk flowers, Kevin Holt listened to his niece, Nina, talking with Martin Deshablis, who sold paintings on velvet. They were parked at an intersection in Tucson, near the El Con Mall, which was the best place in the city for business. Kevin guessed that Martin was close to his own age—thirty-eight. Nina was thirteen and a half. She helped Kevin after school and on weekends. Nina and Martin had been talking about music, but then they began talking about some events that had been in the paper lately—things having to do with witchcraft and voodoo and murder rituals. "I know somebody who watched an animal sacrifice out in the desert once," Martin said.

"What kind of animal was it?" Nina asked. "And what do you mean by sacrifice? Do you mean they killed it?"

"It was a dog," Martin said. "They killed it in a strange way—with fire, I think."

Kevin came out of the van then, and Martin walked away to wait on a customer. It was five in the evening on a hot and cloudy Saturday in April. "How did we do?" Kevin asked Nina.

"Seventy-six dollars," she said, "not counting tips. Martin gave me a five-dollar tip, plus he bought me some flowers." She held them up.

"He shouldn't be giving you money, Nina," Kevin said. "That seems weird. And I wish he wouldn't have told you about that dog thing."

"I didn't really understand it anyway," Nina said.

She and Kevin put the folding chairs and the flowers in the van, and they drove to the mall. Instead of getting paid, Nina liked to go shopping on Saturdays and pick out something for Kevin to buy her. He followed her into a store, and she stopped in front of a rack of short skirts. "What do you think?" she said. "Some of my friends at school have these same skirts."

"I like the blue one," Kevin said. He stood in the back of the store, leaning against the wall, while she tried it on.

"I think I'll get it," Nina said when she came out of the dressing room. "My husband will pay for it," she told the salesperson.

"Why do you say things like that?" Kevin said in the van on the way home. "Why do you try to embarrass me?"

"Because you're so calm all the time it drives me crazy," she said.

Kevin pulled into the Desert-View Apartments. He shared a first-floor apartment with his sister Trudy; Nina and her father, Tom, who was Kevin and Trudy's older brother, lived in a second-floor apartment across the parking lot. Nina's parents were divorced, and Nina's mother was remarried and living in Houston with a man Nina didn't like. She refused to go there, even for a visit, and she wouldn't see her mother in Tucson if her mother's husband came along. All she would say to Kevin about him was that he was "gross" and "stupid," but Kevin had heard her say that about so many people that he couldn't pinpoint what those things meant.

This evening, because Tom had a date, Nina was having dinner with Kevin and Trudy. They ate in the kitchen. The dining room was Trudy's sewing room. She specialized in costumes and bridesmaids' gowns, and she also told fortunes for her customers, as a bonus.

"Don't give me too much," Nina told her aunt. "I'm not hungry. I never feel like eating after I see Martin Deshablis, and not because of anything he tells me," she said, looking at Kevin. "It's because I like him."

"Don't let men interfere with your eating habits," Trudy said. "That's dangerous."

Kevin was pouring Nina a glass of milk. "What do you mean by 'like'?" he asked her. "Martin is as old as I am. I'm sure he likes you, too, Nina, but you're just a kid to him, which is how it should be."

"I was talking about how *I* feel, not about how *he* feels," Nina said.

"What does this person look like?" Trudy asked.

"Kind of like a biker," Nina said, "but cleaner, and sort of gentle."

"He has a big knife he carries around with him in a sheath on his belt," Kevin told Trudy.

"But only for peeling apples and stuff," Nina said.

After dinner, while they were cleaning up the kitchen, they decided to see a movie. Because it was a Saturday night, Nina would only agree to go to a movie theatre on the opposite side of Tucson, so that she wouldn't have to chance running into anyone she knew. "Don't take this personally," she said, as they were looking at movie listings in the paper, "but I can't afford to let my friends know that I do anything with my relatives."

Once they had eliminated everything they'd already seen, they were left with "Sorority Slaughter," which Kevin didn't want Nina to see, and so they looked for something else to do. They decided on a church rummage sale they saw advertised, which wasn't too far from where they lived.

" '7:30 to 9 P.M., five dollars a bag,' " Trudy read. "Let's get moving."

It was seven-twenty when they arrived at the church, and there was a crowd of people—mostly senior citizens—standing on the steps. "When they open the doors," Trudy whispered as they were waiting in line, "just barrel your way in and grab up anything that looks good. We can sort through it later. The important thing is to get to the stuff first, before anyone else. Don't feel sorry for them because they're old."

"Trudy's just kidding," Kevin told Nina.

"No, I'm not," Trudy said.

After the sale—they bought fifteen dollars' worth of household items and clothes and paperbacks—Nina was hungry, and they drove to a pizza place Kevin used to go to with a girlfriend, south of Tucson, off the highway in the desert. It was almost like a truck stop. They sat at a booth and ordered pizza and beer, and a Coke for Nina. "This is just the kind of place you'd know about," Nina told Kevin. "You don't feel like you have to be any particular kind of person in here. You can just relax and be anybody. You could probably even be yourself."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"You can do that anywhere, you know," Kevin said.

"Only if you're really cool," Nina said, "or if you're really stupid, or if you're really drunk."

"Getting drunk isn't all it's cracked up to be," Kevin said. "Or do you know that already?"

"I'm not saying," Nina told him.

Trudy was staring at a man who was walking from the rest room to a booth. She was sitting between Kevin and Nina, and she touched their arms. "I think that's Frank North," she said. "We went out once, and he took me to a place where there were pictures of naked women on the walls. It was kind of a club. That was when I decided to start telling fortunes, because when I looked at those creeps and saw what they were underneath they didn't seem so scary. They just seemed lonely."

"What do you see when you look at my face?" Nina asked.

"Somebody really special," Trudy said. "Nina Ann Holt."

"Maybe you need glasses," Nina said.

"'Mr. Evans,' she said to me with that adorable smile, 'I think you're the nicest boy in the entire old-boy network.'"

• •

ON the way home, Nina sat in the back, with both of the windows open. They were in Trudy's car, and Kevin was driving. Nina was quiet for so long that Kevin turned around while they were stopped at a red light to see if she was asleep. "What are you thinking about?" he asked her.

"You don't want to know," she said. "Martin Deshablis. You know how you can love someone so much you think you have something when you don't? Well, that's how I feel about him."

"I wish you didn't," Kevin said.

"I don't," Nina told him, "because otherwise I wouldn't have anything. I mean, I don't like anyone else, and I don't want to feel nothing." A few minutes later she slid over in the seat and put her arm out the window. "Somebody in my school killed himself because he felt empty like that."

"How do you know that was why?" Kevin said.

"Because his locker was near mine, and I could see it in his face, like Trudy can. Kevin, watch this in the rearview mirror," she said. "Mom showed me this once when we were driving someplace. Whichever way you tilt your hand is the way your hand will go, because of the force of the air. But if you curve your fingers a little, and keep your hand level, your hand will go up. That's how airplanes work. It's one of those things you think you're not smart enough to understand but then it turns out you are, because they're simple. So if I ever fly anyplace, I'll know what's going on."

"Maybe you'll fly to Houston sometime," Trudy said.

"I don't think so," Nina told her.

At the apartment complex, Nina spotted Tom's girlfriend's car and decided to spend the night at Kevin and Trudy's. "It's not that I don't like her or that I'm mad at Dad," she told them. "I'd just rather stay with you guys." She called her father from the phone in the kitchen, and then she went out on the patio, where her aunt and uncle were sitting. It was eleven-thirty. It was still warm, and the dark sky was overcast; the moon was appearing and disappearing behind the clouds. Two rosebushes that Trudy had planted a few weeks earlier were starting to bloom. There were two small wooden benches on the patio. "I think Dad's feelings are hurt," Nina said. "I don't know what anybody wants from me. No matter what I do, even when I think I'm doing someone a favor, I end up being wrong."

"I'll call your dad and explain it to him," Trudy said. She went inside, and Kevin put his arm around Nina. She was trembling, as though she was trying hard to keep from crying. Then she moved away from him suddenly and kicked over one of the wooden benches, which fell on Trudy's roses. They both leaned over to pick it up, but Kevin reached for it first. If he lifted it up fast enough, he thought, he and Nina might be able to pretend that nothing had happened at all.

—JUDY TROY

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE SECRETARY

THE secretary enters the express elevator. Four men already stand there in a half circle. Each wears a suit in a different shade of gray. They have been chatting, but as soon as the secretary enters and turns to face front they fall silent. The doors close, the elevator starts to rise, and the men begin to jingle the change in their pockets. Nothing then for twelve flights but the elevator, with its mechanical purr, and the sound of the coins, growing more fierce. The secretary pictures quarters and dimes sliding down black crevices, pennies abandoned on bureaus cut from mahogany and oak. She keeps her back to the men, her eyes low, her mouth still. She is ready to run. A Gypsy may follow her, rattling a tambourine. A witch doctor may jump out from the bush, growling behind a mask, circling her slowly. They call to her now in the elevator, sing to her with the jingle of the change like crimson-tufted birds that never see the sky above the rain forest. We have black magic in our pockets, they say, lightning in our hands.

The secretary works for a man who is most often called "he." Is he in yet, can he meet with me, did he leave for the squash courts? The secretary finds this odd, like those couples, usually older, who refer to each other not by name but as "he" and "she." She refers to him by his initials, which have a ring to them.

He dictates letters and memos into a machine. With earphones and a foot pedal, she transcribes them. Her office is around the corner from his, and he often uses the dictating machine to ask her to do things—order a book, make a file, do telephone research. There is no way for her to respond to him on the machine, and his visits to her office pass in seconds. She may listen to his voice for hours at a time, but they see each other for perhaps five minutes during the working day.

In between the letters and memos, the instructions about duplicate copies and Express Mail, the secretary hears music on the earphones—faint, sporadic, picked up by some footnote of physics that she doesn't understand or wish to. For the most part it is middle-of-the-road pop, but now and then comes one of the more brilliant lights of rock and roll—"Dancing in the Street," or Bruce Springsteen singing "I'm on Fire." Then the secretary sits still, facing her typewriter, and listens to the whole song.

WHEN the secretary was a little girl, her mother's friends said to her, "Your hair will not stay blond like that forever! It'll go dark as your eyebrows, you'll see." Today the secretary has thick strawberry-blond hair and eyebrows such as a student working in charcoal might draw. She has become a secretary as an emergency measure, and has had to put into service clothes she formerly saved for best—a silk dress of cobalt blue, tuxedo pants, a gray suit previously worn only to funerals. A messenger who joins her on the express elevator one morning grins —*hey baby, you all right*. She smiles back her thanks. Most days, she would rather be a messenger in red high-tops and a black T-shirt, earphones loose around her neck, a bicycle wheel balanced under her fingertips. Messengers, she has noticed, have a lot more style than they did when she was last a secretary, over ten years ago. Her new job pays fairly well, for work that is mildly interesting and very easy. Still, she longs sometimes to drive a little white truck around the city, delivering packages, or even to be her office manager's assistant, rushing to Wall Street with papers, and wearing jeans to work.

But the secretary is waiting for her ship to come in, and in the meantime she makes more money than an office boy or a messenger, and if her ship doesn't come in she may be able to disguise this stint on her résumé. The secretary tries to have fantasies that are practical.

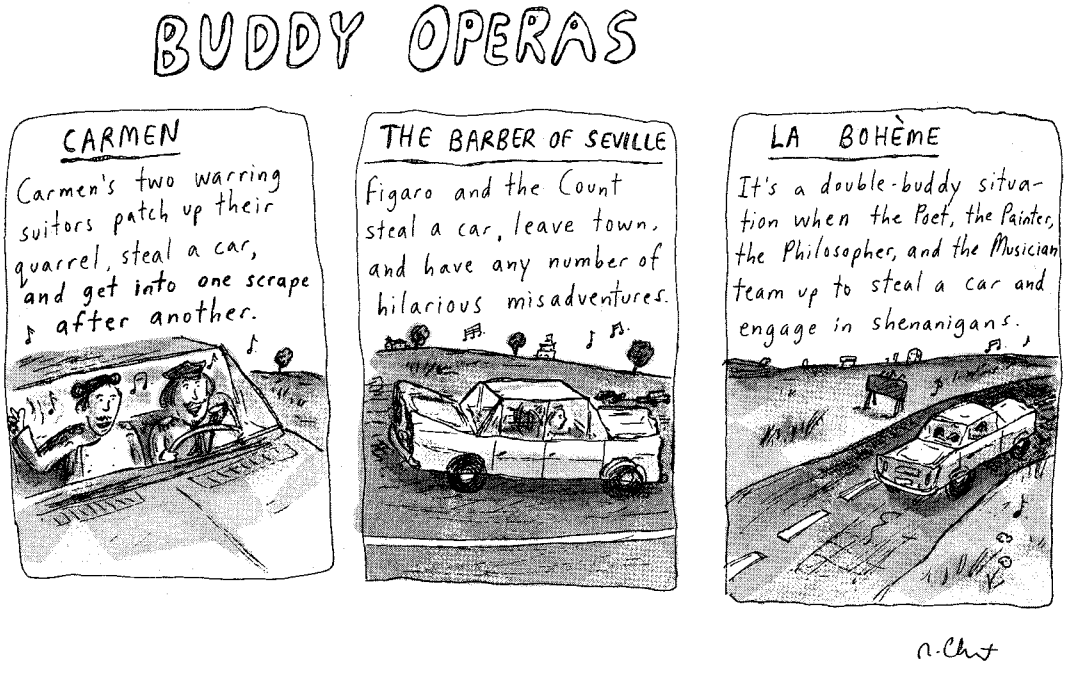
ONE morning as the secretary pushes her floor number, Twelve, in the express elevator she is followed into the car by a pale young man in a rumpled tweed jacket. He has just the slightest wild look in his eye to confirm that he is the old-fashioned kind of messenger—the crazy kind. He pushes Fifteen. The doors close on the two of them.

"Ride with me to Fifteen," he says. "This elevator makes me nervous."

"I'm going to work," says the secretary. "I get off at Twelve." She indicates the lighted number for her floor—the first stop for the express elevator.

"Please," he says. "I'm scared. This elevator makes me really, really nervous."

The secretary



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

grunts, neither yes nor no, and stares straight ahead. She figures the young man won't do anything to her—touch her, that is—before they reach Twelve. Between Twelve and Fifteen, she is not so sure. She does feel certain that she should not trap herself in an elevator with a crazy messenger. But maybe he's just telling the truth. Her grandmother hates riding self-service elevators alone, too. Her grandmother is eighty, a recovered alcoholic who is backsliding. People need support.

At the twelfth floor, a mail carrier gets on and pushes Fourteen.

"He's going up," she tells the messenger, then slips out as the doors close.

"He's only going to Fourteen!" comes the cry from behind the doors.

The secretary feels mean. Unsympathetic, paranoid, urban. Not her brother's keeper. Later she thinks, No. One's asked to do things day and night—type a letter, buy the milk, give to Amnesty International or the Nature Conservancy. One chooses, one has to, one can't do everything. One could, yes. One could be Mother Teresa. The secretary is not religious, but she admires—reveres—Mother Teresa. If there are saints, Mother Teresa is surely one. But the secretary knows she is not a saint. The messenger could have asked the mailman to ride with him to Fifteen. Would he? Probably not. He asks blond ladies who wear little makeup and look old enough to remember Sly Stone and "We Are Family."

The secretary lives with a writer. At night she tells him the story. Is she guilty? The writer shakes his head. "You should have told him to close his eyes and cover his ears," he says. "He'd be safe in one more floor."

"What's 'ticktock'?"

• •

FIVE days before he interviewed her for this job, his wife died. The office was stunned, and he was devastated, the office manager told her—they had been married thirty years. "Try not to give him any surprises." So the secretary worked hard to follow the traditional format of his letters and memos, and, as instructed, she left outgoing mail on the one chair in her office, even though she would have preferred to leave the chair empty, in case someone wanted to come in and sit on it.

She did not find him devastated. He chatted easily with her during their interview, and made a decent joke. After a brief visit to Nantucket with his daughter and son-in-law, he plunged into work, answering each letter the day he received it, initiating a lawsuit, and putting both his house in Ridgewood and his condo in Palm Beach on the market while he bought a condo in Mamaroneck and a house on Martha's Vineyard.

Passing through the building's lobby one day at lunchtime, she saw him, eating Tofutti from a cup and browsing at a newsstand. He looked relaxed and, though not smug—he is too interested in what goes on around him for that—satisfied.

He is a very private man, the office manager said. True, he makes his own appointments, and he never tells her when he goes out, leaving her feeling vague and foolish when trying to field calls for him. But since half of what she does for him pertains to his personal life, she soon knows how much he had left to pay on his mortgage before he sold the house and how much he finally got for it. She knows that he set up a business for his brother and that he runs it at a loss. She knows the value of his late wife's jewelry. He stops short one day at having her photocopy his datebook but he withholds nothing more.

At first she is curious about all of this—she reads the letters from his estate lawyer, reviews the bank statements before passing them on to him. Eventually, however, she finds his wealth too great to hold her attention. Eighty thousand dollars in a high-interest account that grows every month as she watches. Many such accounts. Fifty thousand shares of stock sold at ten-fifty each. Half a dozen different accounts in trust for his daughter, several more as part of his wife's estate. In the spring, he receives handfuls of 1099 forms. Knowing how much he has diminishes the thrill. She slits open each envelope for his convenience, and date-stamps the outside without bothering to look in.

THE secretary falls in love with a printmaker. When he is not drunk or immobilized by depression, he

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

makes silk-screen prints of Rousseau-like tigers resting among African masks, or, as a sideline, he dyes fabric in shades of rose, apricot, pineapple. The secretary still lives with the writer, whom she has loved for years, but now he has rented a house in the country so that he can write a book, and the secretary must stay in her apartment in the city during the week. There she thinks about the printer, who calls her at the office to tell her that he loves her, that he wants and needs her, that he will make room for her in his closet, at his drafting table, in his whole life, that she can wait for her ship with him, without being a secretary.

HE knows nothing of what's in her bank account, of how much of her pay goes toward her rent, or how her life would change if the ship came in. He doesn't know her middle name or the names of the printer and writer. He would not think to ask these things, or when her birthday is, or what plans she might have for the weekend. If he begins to notice that she is often ten to fifteen minutes late to work now, after months of being punctual, and that the blue-green of her eyes spreads to half-circle shadows below them, he doesn't say.

He doesn't know that the writer was up much of one Sunday night recently, breaking dishes in the kitchen, throwing books across the living room, groaning, while the secretary lay curled in their bed, terrified. The writer would not talk to her, would not have her near him. Finally he returned to the bedroom, dressed in the dark, and scraped keys and change off the bureau before he left again. The secretary lay awake, knowing what he meant to do.

In the morning, a dusting of snow covered the yard outside and the writer refused to drive the secretary the eight miles to the train station so she could get to work. He had both car keys in his pocket. He loved her, he said, he wanted and needed her, and she could get a job here, and not have to commute to the city every Monday. The secretary washed and dressed and picked up her small duffelbag. Her clothes were too light for the April snow, but it was already starting to melt. She would be late for work, but even if she couldn't hitch a ride to town she would get to the station and catch the next train.

She walked briskly for an hour, feeling her chin tilted up too high, frightened of being cruel, angry about being melodramatic simply because she was too poor to own a car or take a taxi. The writer drove up beside her. "You win," he said. "Come on, I'll drive you to the station, if that's what you want."

She stopped walking but did not get in the car. He was known for his odd, sometimes macabre sense of humor. He would drive her home. She would have to start walking all over again. "No, thanks," she said, "I'm halfway there."

He followed her, driving slowly on the country road, apologizing through the window, promising to take her nowhere but the train station. "Haven't I always kept my promises?"

"No," she said. But she had loved him for many years, and not only had she not meant to hurt him, she had never dreamed she could. She got into the car, and he drove her to the train station.

"I'll love you for a lifetime," he said, "not for a weekend."

The printer had already said that.

"I know you," said the writer. "I can love you better."

We can do this right, the printer has said. We both know enough by now.

The train came in and the secretary kissed the writer. His head didn't move.

WHEN she arrives at the office, he has come in early, gone out for a meeting. He will not have noticed her

LOCAL JOURNAL

November in afterpiece,
transitional showdown,
Commedia dell'arte of months.
Above the morning, fast-running clouds
Scuttle and rain, then snow,
then break to a backdrop of Venetian blue.
Wind spills from the trees.
How much, thrums Expiation, half
Asleep in the wings, *how much will it all add up to*?

Always the same answer out of the clouds,
always the same sigh.

The void exists, and enters heaven with the infinite breath,
Pythagoras said,
beginning first in the numbers:
Those who have come for punishment must then
be punished,
Don't dandle, don't speak in the dark.

Objects do not exist,
by convention sweet, by convention bitter.

Still, you could have fooled me,
my left hand in the juniper bush
At three in the afternoon,
My right with the pruning shears
Cutting the sticks of the rhododendron back.
Later,

Trailing the garbage cans to the curb,
Solace of river rock, raw rood of the
power pole.

• •

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Such oleaginous evenings . . .
Time is another country.

If you don't expect the unexpected,
you'll never find it.

A hundred mountains and not one bird,
A thousand paths and no sign:
Winter along the James River:
a shawl of bare trees
Damasks the far bank, a boat
Knocks at its mooring post.
No one comes forth. Nothing steps
Into the underbrush or rises out of the frame.

No wind, no shudder:
water and sky, water and sky.

The four seasons are unforgiving,
no news, no news:
A small reward, but I accept it.
For over a half century I've waited in vain.
Wind and cloud, sunset and dusk—
they all know where to go.

You can't escape the attention of what you can't see.

December's the dénouement,
short steps to the solstice.
Last sun. Against the mauve hills,
Winter branches smolder, burst into flame, then die out.
At one glance, autumn is gone.
Brake lights from a stalled car shine like dog's eyes through the trees.
Heaven and earth are darkened to fine ash.
To fine ash and a white coal.

—CHARLES WRIGHT

• •

lateness. She opens the mail and stacks it her way, by category, with things of greatest interest—financial—on top. She uncovers the typewriter and puts on the earphones, watching herself make the daily gestures. Her fingertips touch the smooth, thick stationery with its high rag content. Her foot pushes the dictation pedal.

She types three short letters and one long memo. His letters tend to be brief, to the point. On the tape, in his dry, emotionless voice, they may sound flat or strained, but on paper they seem better, and when he signs his nickname the informality adds surprising energy. "Dear Ed: Congratulations on your well-deserved promotion. . . . All of us are happy. . . . Sincerely yours . . ." "Dear Dick: The enclosed article from the *Times* of London may be helpful in the —— case. Sincerely yours." Every once in a while, he tells her to put in an exclamation point.

In between the letters she hears "Sweet Dreams Are Made of This," by the Eurythmics, and later Phil Collins singing "Against All Odds," a song she loathes. Between letters and songs, she thinks about the writer.

"Even this doesn't help," he had said over the weekend, gesturing at the manuscript for the history book he was writing. "No perspective. You are the center."

"You never told me," she said.

"I tried to live it," he said.

Still, she wished he had told her, had said the words weeks ago, before she first met the printer, or, better, months ago, when he, the writer, had been her center—distant, sometimes disapproving, yet still the core.

He comes back from his meeting. He asks her to paste up two newspaper clippings regarding the latest financial crisis, photocopy them ten times, and send copies to five of his associates. This she does willingly, if not well, grateful he is not more demanding.

If they both love her, why is she not happy?

THE writer begins sending her short letters every day. The house is quieter in spring than in winter, he reports. It relaxes in warmer weather, does not have to work so hard at being a house. The towhee they had seen the previous fall comes back, shy and skittish as ever. A pair of flickers play tag in the trees across the road. Later, in June, he needs no flashlight to follow the road around the marsh at night; his way is lit by hundreds of fireflies. They are beautiful letters, the most beautiful she has ever received. She dreads opening them.

She wishes he had been able to write the letters sooner, before the printer had stolen her heart by pouring out his own in the longest letter (five pages, single-spaced) he ever wrote to anyone. A year before, she had asked the writer for letters; again he had been working out of town, and he called her on the telephone every day because he was too busy to write to her.

The printer is sending her socks. A pair a day, in cornflower blue, turquoise, peach, leaf green, raspberry, cream. Each day's pair seems the best, and she puts them on immediately. With each pair comes a tiny pencil-written note: *If I'm crazy about you, am I a sockopath? Want to go to bed and have socks with me?*

For her birthday, the writer gives her a pair of earrings—drops of gold and pearl. He sends her a poem by Pablo Neruda, with a line of his own added at the end. The printer gives her an emerald-green T-shirt silk-screened with Mayan figures, and an atlas of the world. He sends a postcard he has made himself—a collage of cut-outs and colors, words and figures, adding up to the celebration of her birthday. That is, he says he sent it. The oversized card, with its attachments waving and singing, never arrives.

"You're the best thing that's ever happened to me," the printer says. The

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

writer has already told her that, and the secretary is not sure she wants the honor. Looking back, could she say those words about any of the men she has loved? Yes, and one of them is the writer.

ONE afternoon, the secretary sends a telex, her first. She types a series of codes into the telex machine and then the message from him. The message appears on a screen. Then she types in more numbers and letters. Seconds after the final key is pushed, the message is printed out on a machine next to her. The secretary watches the paper coming out of the printing machine. At that same instant, but three hours earlier, the message is being printed in an office in Los Angeles.

Other secretaries in the office curse the telex, with its complicated codes and arrogant exactitude. But the secretary is reminded of a magician she watched at lunchtime one day in front of the building. He set a piece of newspaper on fire in a frying pan, covered the pan, and seconds later uncovered it to release a white dove. The telex holds no doves—its talk is of commodities, investments, an oil spill. Yet inside the machine and then above it the message flies up fifty floors of beige walls and out over the clouds, in one breath following the curve of the earth, turning on itself, and landing on its feet.

THE printer lies on his side on the secretary's patterned couch, reading a magazine. He wears bluejeans, raspberry socks, and a goldenrod T-shirt that he has silk-screened with an African mask. He has referred to himself as a scarecrow, and she knows what he means—his height, his loose arms and legs, the blond hair like corn silk above the prominent nose. But to her he is a great plumed bird, with a long, solid throat, his colors flickering in the sun, topped by a thatch of gold. She has never considered any man she loved so beautiful. At night, poised above him in the half-light from the street lamp outside, she sees an alabaster mask in his profile. Afraid of death, he does not enjoy hearing that, and she doesn't mention it again.

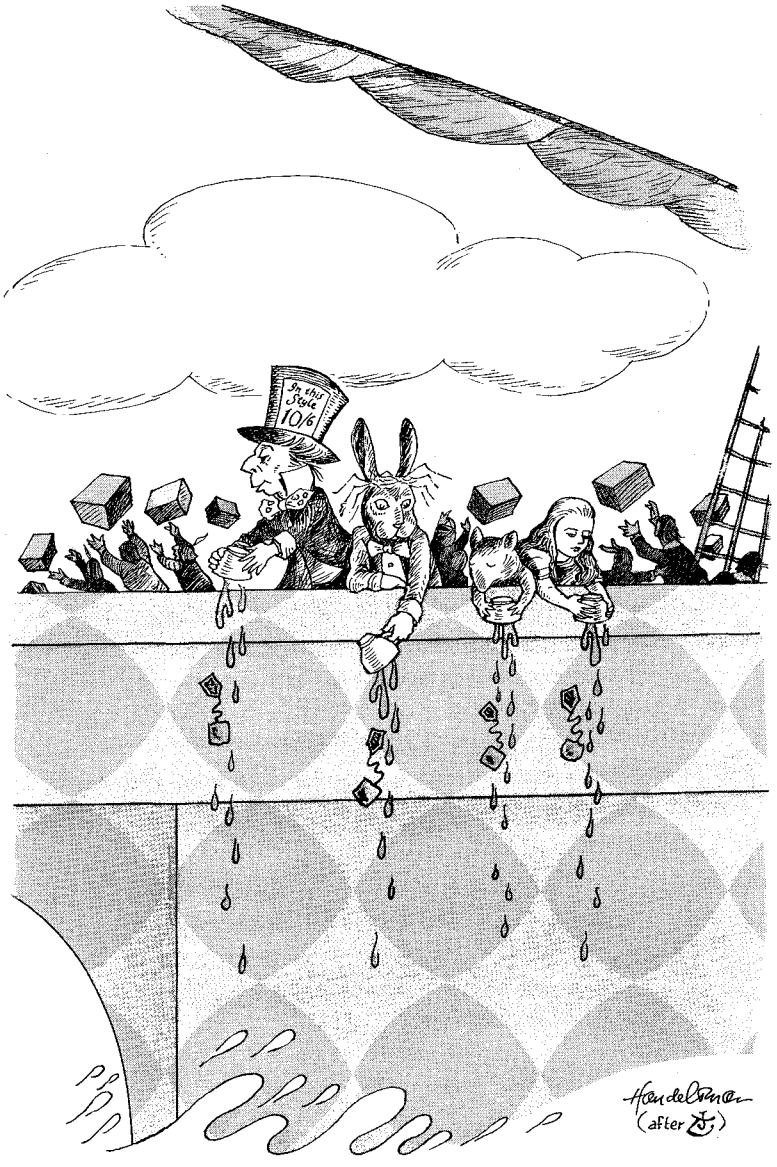
GOING down on the elevator one evening, the secretary is joined by a small woman in a brown plaid wool skirt and a brown cardigan. The secretary is mildly surprised, since the temperature outside is in the nineties, and she has been reduced to wearing a white cotton skirt and a Hawaiian shirt that features, among other things, smiling blue porpoises. The secretary cannot figure out where on her floor this woman would come from, but she doesn't mind sharing the elevator with her, until the woman sidles close. "You have a thread hanging loose," says the woman, and, reaching out, she tugs at a tiny length of thread hanging from one of the Hawaiian shirt's iridescent green buttons.

"Thank you," says the secretary icily, furious at the intrusion, feeling both violated and confused. What is it about her that immediately makes her the intimate of nosy women and nervous messengers?

ONE day while he is out of town, an envelope that includes a copy of his wife's death certificate comes from a municipal agency. The secretary has never seen a death certificate before, so she reads it. She thinks about his wife, their long marriage. Thirty years of marriage: his helpmate.

He did not look devastated that day, less than a month after his wife's death, when the secretary saw him eating Tofutti and mulling over magazines. He did not look bereaved, much less a recent widower. Other secretaries say he's always had a girlfriend, but they say a lot of things. By being "private"—that is, downright secretive—he engenders more curiosity than if he offered small details from his personal life. The secretary folds the death certificate exactly as it had been, slides it into the envelope, date-stamps the outside, and puts it in his "in" box.

THE writer's letters have become more direct. Love changes over time, he says in one. It grows, if you let it. If you



Unexpected Help for the Colonists at the Boston Tea Party

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

don't . . . you're just writing the same book over and over.

The secretary reads without the heart to reply that the beginning is the part of the story she loves most. That in a world of doing the best she can at making do, a world in which her ship does not even pass within sight, she longs not for growth but for passion.

AT her door, he stoops to pick up something from the hall rug. Entering her office, he checks his "in" box, and as he does so he flicks a scrap of correction tape, fuzzed from the rug, onto her desk. Then he's gone again, without a word.

THE fact is, the printer told the secretary early on that he got drunk once a week. And she did not believe him or could not listen, and she admits this later, when she tells him how frequent once a week now seems. They are lying on her couch, resting in the breeze after a trip to the beach. The printer says he likes the feeling of losing control. They don't resolve anything then; she didn't expect to. She wishes he would not drink so much, but he will not drink moderately. She knows any resolution could take years.

Her eyes burn from salt water. She reaches for eye drops and he says, "Let me do it," nodding for emphasis. He takes the drops and sits beside her on the couch. With two fingers he touches the lower and upper lids of first her left eye, then her right, while he puts three drops in each. She lies under his hand, not blinking, smelling the sun on his fingers. He gives her two tissues. "This one's for your eyes," he says. "This one's for your nose."

MOST nights the secretary cannot sleep through without a trip to the bathroom. Often the writer has woken up as she left the bedroom. When he heard her return, touching the doorjamb in the dark, the writer started to beep softly: *beep-beep*, *beep-beep*, as a guide to where the bed stood, where he lay in it, a beacon of sound to keep her on course.

It is this tiny signal of concern that she not hit the bureau or bark her shin on the bedframe, picturing him staying awake one more minute until she came back, in order to beep out his love to her, hear her giggle, feel her slide next to him before, secure again, they both slept—if anything he has said or done in six years tempts her to go back to him it is this *beep-beep* in the night. I have tried to live as if I loved you, he has said, and (except for one brief affair early on) he has. Even in the new-moon black of a winter's night, half asleep, he sent his declaration by way of this signal, loving her, wanting her to come back.

THE secretary gets on the express elevator. It remains in the lobby for what feels like a very long time. Still alone in the car, she grows nervous and decides to leave, but the doors close. The elevator rises excruciatingly slowly. Indecisive, it hesitates at one point, stopping for several beats of the secretary's heart. She stands in a white square at the center of the car's floor, seeing that her hands are clenched. She reviews not her life but the safety factors of the average elevator in a high-rise building. She would not mind waiting in the closed car until someone rescued her, but she is terrified of falling.

Finally the light for the twelfth floor flashes, and the elevator stops again. After several heartbeats more, the doors begin to open slowly, revealing the surprise they have for her—the elevator has landed three feet above the twelfth floor. Perched at the opening, the secretary pauses. As soon as the doors have opened all the way, they start to close. The secretary needs only one more instant to decide, and then she pushes off; better to jump than to fall.

—DEBBY MAYER

"Will the witness please tell the court exactly how long he's known the accused?"

• •

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PROFILES

II—THE PRODIGAL

EDWARD VILLELLA's life, mythically understood, contains two parallel scenes that play in alternation, as if in a movie. One is of a ten-year-old boy wearing a baseball uniform over his tights, reluctantly climbing the stairs of the Anne Garrison School of Dance, in Bayside, Queens, where his sister takes lessons. (Villella says he used to go up the stairs backward, so that anyone who saw him would think he was leaving.) Then it is ten years later, and a young man in a white naval cadet's uniform is going up the stairs of the School of American Ballet's new studio, on Broadway at Eighty-second Street. He comes to the top. He approaches the desk.

VILLELLA: Do you remember me?
RECEPTIONIST: Of course I remember you.

Villella immediately starts taking class. A week or so later, he runs into George Balanchine sitting in the foyer talking with two of his ballerinas.

BALANCHINE: Well, look who's here. How do you like our new school? A nice place to work, no?

VILLELLA: It's the only place for me, from now on.
BALANCHINE: Good.

In any real movie version of that scene, of course, Villella walks up the stairs in his white uniform and into the foyer and runs into Balanchine right away. Balanchine gets up slowly but shows no surprise.

VILLELLA: Remember me?
BALANCHINE (*slowly*): Well, look who's here.

Villella had realized at fifteen that his value to Balanchine was the key to his future. At his father's bidding, he threw away the key, never guessing that his fate would be decided in those four years when he did not dance. The reunion with Balanchine took place, and by the season of 1959-60 Villella was a principal dancer of New York City Ballet. But before long, instead of the close and happy collaboration he had expected, a struggle began that it still pains him to think about. Once more, mythic parallels appear. It would be the natural thing for a movie producer to connect Balanchine with Villella's own father and to identify both with the father in "The Prodigal Son." Then scenes of defiance and reconciliation could be played out on the broadest scale. One even imagines how a film might cut from one to the other of these father figures in the midst of a performance—as in "The Red Shoes," when the heroine sees in the place of the conductor the two men who are tearing her life apart. But the script would lack something in symmetry. There was no definite reconciliation in life with Balanchine. And there would be no way of explaining what alienated him from Villella. It wasn't just "art" versus "money"—a movie could handle that. (Thank heaven it hasn't.) It was the presence of a third father—Stanley Williams. When Villella started taking Williams' classes, which he says saved his life as a dancer, he dropped Balanchine's class. For thirteen years, the issue grew and festered between them. Balanchine felt that Villella no longer belonged to him as an artist. Villella felt that he needed Williams' lessons in order to belong to Balanchine.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"I tried to make Balanchine understand why I needed Stanley's classes," Villella told me not long ago. "But I was afraid that if he knew how badly off I was physically he might not want to invest creative energy in me. The thought terrified me. I went back. I did try to take his class again. I found that I had to warm up a half hour early to prepare myself for the speed and attack that he brought to barrework. Balanchine never gave a warmup. He expected you to be warmed up and ready. He gave a twenty-minute barre at most. I needed forty minutes. I was achy and sore from rehearsing every day and dancing two or three times a night. It was just so utterly impractical for me to take his class. One time, I approached him and apologized for not coming to company class. He got a little flustered, which was unusual for him, then waved his hand. 'For you, it's all right. You can do tendus battements.' He meant that I knew how to work and didn't need him. But I felt that he was offended."

When Suzanne Farrell entered Balanchine's life and he began organizing his class around her and the dancers who physically resembled her, Villella knew that he was right to stay away. Balanchine's class was all about tightening up loose-limbed girls. Villella needed elongation, extension, line—precisely the things he was getting from Williams.

At the same time that he was "flouting" Balanchine, he was holding long, illuminating post-performance discussions with Williams on the subject of Balanchine's choreography and technique. Williams, more an elder brother than a father to Villella, had on coming to New York immersed himself in the Balanchine style and had to a great extent realigned his thinking with Balanchine's. The principle of active left-right turnout, of "rotating out" over a front-of-the-foot balance, is one taught by Balanchine. "Slower is faster" is a Balanchinean idea if not an actual Balanchine precept. Villella's absorption in Williams' teachings in the sixties proved to be the prelude to the great induction of Danish male talent that enriched the company in the seventies. Erik Bruhn, a guest artist in 1959-60 and 1963-64, hadn't really been assimilated; he had functioned mainly as a partner to Maria Tallchief. Then, in 1969, came Peter Martins, originally to do the same for Farrell. He was followed by Peter Schaufuss and Adam Lüders and Ib Andersen. Helgi Tomasson was Danish-trained. In a sense, Williams and Villella were vindicated. There *was* consanguinity between the Danish and the Balanchine schools of classicism—hadn't Balanchine himself been the first to notice it? Hadn't he confirmed it by importing so many Danes? And hadn't Villella himself become a better, more useful dancer? Balanchine never complained of Williams' influence on Villella's technique. But the breach between Balanchine and Villella was never healed. It was at its widest during Farrell's ascension, when a flock of ballerinas defected to Williams. Villella's problems now included a company crisis. "I'm sure he thought I was leading a boycott," Villella told me. "There was no way I could explain what was going on. How do you tell Mozart you can't practice his scales?"

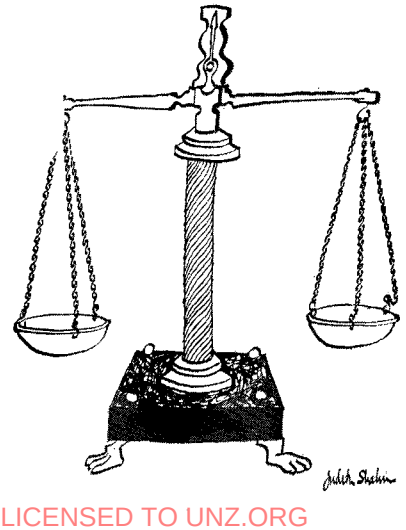
Villella was appalled by the situation, not least because it was so hard on Williams. It was said that Balanchine was jealous of Williams. The more charitable believed that Balanchine simply preferred to teach Villella and everybody else himself. As the "giver of laws," he was entitled to do so. In a long-established institution with strong traditions, like the Maryinsky or the Paris Opera, a ballet master need feel no threat from what is taught in the classrooms. But in New York, if you were a believer, the sole tradition was Balanchine, there had never been another, and it could brook no rivals. When I suggested this to Villella, he said desperately, "I understood all that. I wanted to please the Boss. But to please him I had to understand him, and only Stanley could explain him to me. We'd sit night after night in the Carnegie Tavern having our sandwiches and drinking our beers and talking Balanchine, nothing but Balanchine. Then we'd go the next day and try out a theory, and it worked. It all worked! But because we were doing this apart from Mr. B.'s supervision, because we were not being dictated to, we were branded as disloyal. We were non grata, both of us. And,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

frankly, I hated to be as completely beholden to Balanchine as some people were—not only for roles, for everything. I just couldn't fall in line. You had to do everything he said, or he just wouldn't trust you."

Regret, anguish, mortification, exasperation—Villella passes through an emotional cycle every time he talks about his conflict with Balanchine. It seems to me that in his mind he stands accused of some great crime—of having behaved disobligingly toward the Master. And the pain of it is that Balanchine's attitude is completely understandable. It is easy to forget how controversial his teachings were in those days and how precarious his whole aesthetic was as a result. American classicism was in the process of formation; it needed all the help it could get. Was it just Villella's moral support Balanchine wanted? I've sometimes wondered whether Villella's abstaining from Balanchine's classes deprived Balanchine of a source of information he needed in order to become a more effective teacher of male dancers. If, as is often said, Balanchine's classes were his laboratory, where he carried out experiments, made new rules, etc., might not Villella have participated in the same kind of reciprocal process that Balanchine engaged in with Farrell and other ballerinas, where the teacher learns and the pupil teaches? I haven't mentioned this possibility to Villella, because, from his point of view, it would be idle speculation; he was unable to deal with Balanchine's classes on any terms. But it might explain why Balanchine's rigid disapproval continued even after Villella became a great dancer in the great roles Balanchine custom-built for him. When Balanchine brought in the Danes, it may have been an admission that he was unable to raise male dancers as good as his female ones. By then, all the Villella experiments were over; Balanchine had carried them out to the limit of his perceptions. But, with a hale and coöperative Villella before him every day, who knows? Science might well have been different.

FOR Miami City Ballet's first anniversary, Villella decided to revive "The Prodigal Son," the ballet with which he is most closely identified. Balanchine's ballets are not owned by New York City Ballet. A company wishing to produce a Balanchine ballet must first obtain the permission of one of fourteen people, all close friends and associates of Balanchine's, to whom he consigned the various copyrights in his will. (Tanaquil LeClercq, who was married to Balanchine from 1953 to 1969, holds the American performing rights to the majority of the ballets, including "The Prodigal Son.") Then what generally happens is that the head of the Balanchine Trust, Barbara Horgan, assigns a répétiteur to reconstruct the choreography in the proper style. The répétiteur may be a Balanchine authority, like John Taras, who staged "Ballet Imperial" recently for American Ballet Theatre, or Rosemary Dunleavy, the ballet mistress of N.Y.C.B., who has staged Balanchine the world over. Often it is a dancer who has been in the ballet, like Richard Tanner, who was one of the Drinking Companions in "The Prodigal Son." What generally doesn't happen next is coaching by someone who has danced a principal role under Balanchine's supervision. In Miami, when Tanner had finished reproducing the choreography, Villella, assisted by the company's ballet mistress, Elyse Borne, combed it through, adjusting musical counts and resetting accents. Then Villella worked it over stylistically from start to finish. Not that there was anything wrong with Tanner's work; it's just extremely doubtful whether he or any other répétiteur, no matter how qualified, would have made the careful study of "Prodigal" that Villella has. I watched Villella stage "Prodigal" for the Boston Ballet in 1984, and although the company had danced the ballet before, there, too, Villella had to begin by correcting most of the counts. He feels deeply responsible for any production of "Prodigal" with which he is connected. It's a good thing he does, because it is one of the worst-kept ballets in the repertory.



With music by Prokofiev, a book by Boris Kochno, and décor by Georges Rouault, "The Prodigal Son" is the second-oldest Balanchine ballet alive; only "Apollo" is older. It was produced by Diaghilev in 1929, in what turned out to be his last season. He died soon after, his company disbanded, and the ballet was seen no more until 1950, when the newly formed New York City Ballet revived it, in an underdressed version at the City Center. (A 1939 production by de Basil's Original Ballet Russe had had the brilliant Rouault scenery and costumes but new choreography, by David Lichine.) Balanchine's choreography, dormant for twenty years, was an unqualified hit only in London, where he was able to present it later that year with the full Rouault décor, at Covent Garden. In fact, in New York City Ballet's Lon-

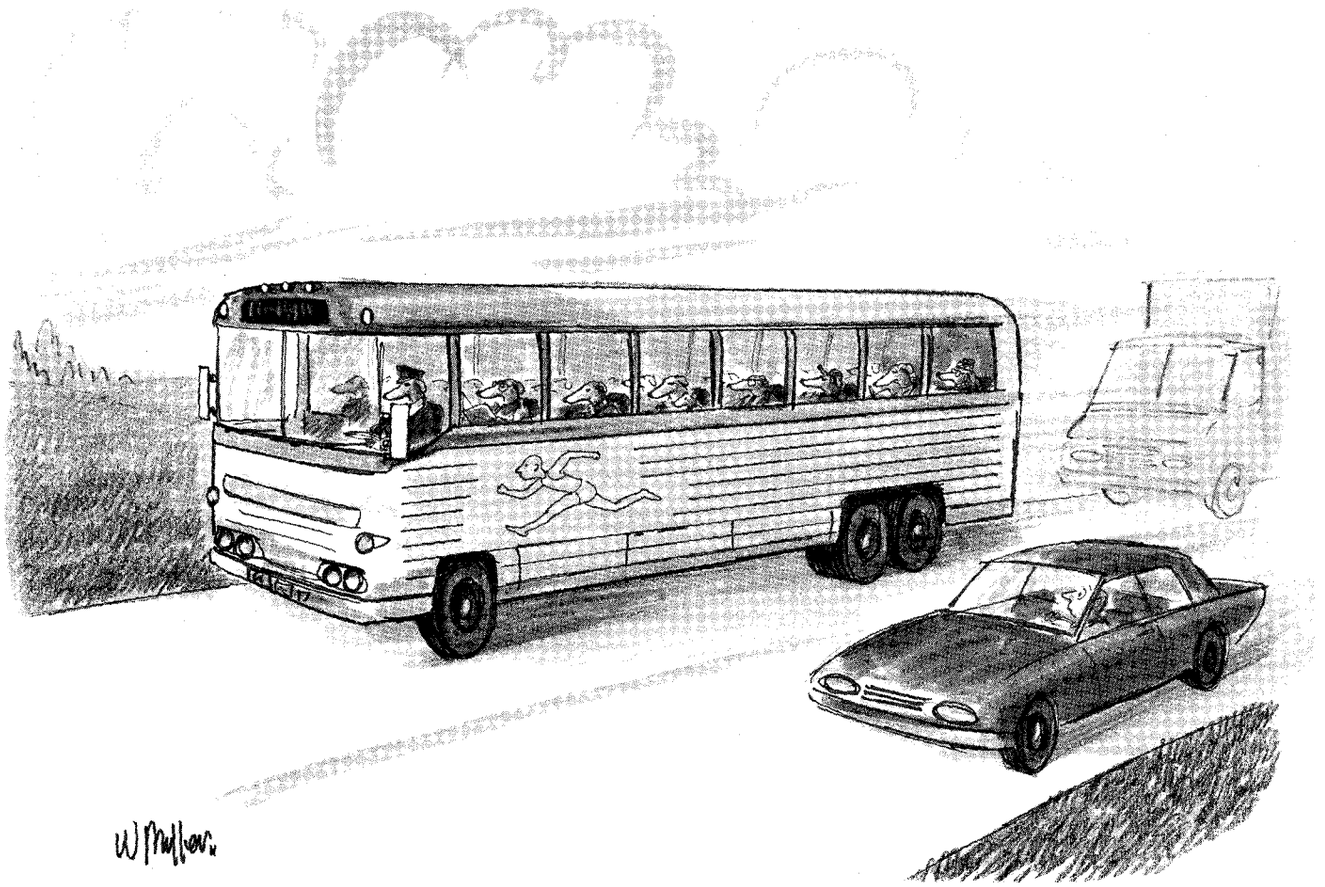
CONDO MOON

When plans were announced to tear down
the garages behind the main street and put up
twelve units of condos, there was a protest
the board of aldermen narrowly overrode.
Now, as I stroll from behind the convenience store,
the moon like a tasteful round billboard
hangs wheat-field yellow over the far fake turret
of the condos' massed neo-shingle-style bulk.
The moon makes no protest. It rolls what it sees
into the scene it illumines, and lends its old weight—
afloat and paper-thin and mottled with *maria*—
to what men have thrown up as it once beamed benign
on Crusader castles, fern swamps turning into coal,
and the black ocean when no microbe marred it.

—JOHN UPDIKE

• •

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



• •

don début season "The Prodigal Son" was praised more than any other Balanchine ballet, as if he had done nothing half so good since. (The other Balanchine ballets presented that season included "Serenade," "Concerto Barocco," "The Four Temperaments," and "Symphony in C," and "Ballet Imperial" had just been staged for the Sadler's Wells company.) In the original New York cast of "Prodigal," Jerome Robbins and Maria Tallchief had danced the roles created by Serge Lifar and Felia Doubrovska. London saw and applauded Francisco Moncion and Yvonne Mounsey. I saw the ballet for the first time in January of 1960, when it came back into repertory after a lapse of several years. The stars were Edward Villella and Diana Adams. No British critic could have been more impressed than I was, but, from what Villella has told me, it seems the production was in far from perfect shape.

"When Balanchine taught 'Prodigal' to me, in 1959, he was already bored with it," Villella said. "He taught me the opening in twenty minutes. He taught me the closing in twenty minutes. He taught me the pas de deux with Diana Adams in half an hour. It was only a revival, and he was busy with a lot of new things. I'm sure he thought this was something others could help me with, and he would come in later and clean it up. Well, the ballet mistress who'd known the previous production had retired. Most of our rehearsal time was spent with me standing around while everyone else tried to remember the ballet. Finally, they got the ballet mistress back. In a matter of days, she put this thing together. But now the rehearsals were all about structure, and I was just thrown into the middle of that. All the details —how I should be looking this way rather than that—I had to find for myself. I'd never even seen the ballet before. Jerry Robbins was on a leave of absence. Frank Moncion, who'd done it last, was still in the company, but no one asked him to come to a rehearsal—I guess to spare his feelings. How different it all was from what he had done or what Robbins had done or what Lifar had done in 1929 I have no idea. I believe that the big jumps in the opening variation were inserted for me. Balanchine had said to me, 'You are not a par-terre dancer, you are en l'air.' But after that first rehearsal he was gone, and I never saw him again until the performance, which was chaos.

"Well, we got through the first season somehow," Villella went on. "Then, the second season that he was staging it, he said to me, 'I never want to do this again. From now on, you're going to do it.' He disliked the ballet, and everyone knew it. Quite a while later, the National Ballet wanted to produce it in Washington and was afraid to ask him. I went to him about it. He sighed and grumbled, 'Oh, it's so old-fashioned,' and so on. But he thought about it and finally he said, 'Look. It's not such a good ballet. But I lend it to you like an old coat between friends.' "

"Prodigal" depicts the Bible story in three scenes. In the first, the boy rebels against his father and leaves home. In the last, he returns on his knees. The middle scene is a fantastic fifteen-minute set of variations on how he "wasted his substance with riotous living." Here the Son meets the Siren, one of Balanchine's great inventions, and

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Sorry, but I do not grant interviews."

• •

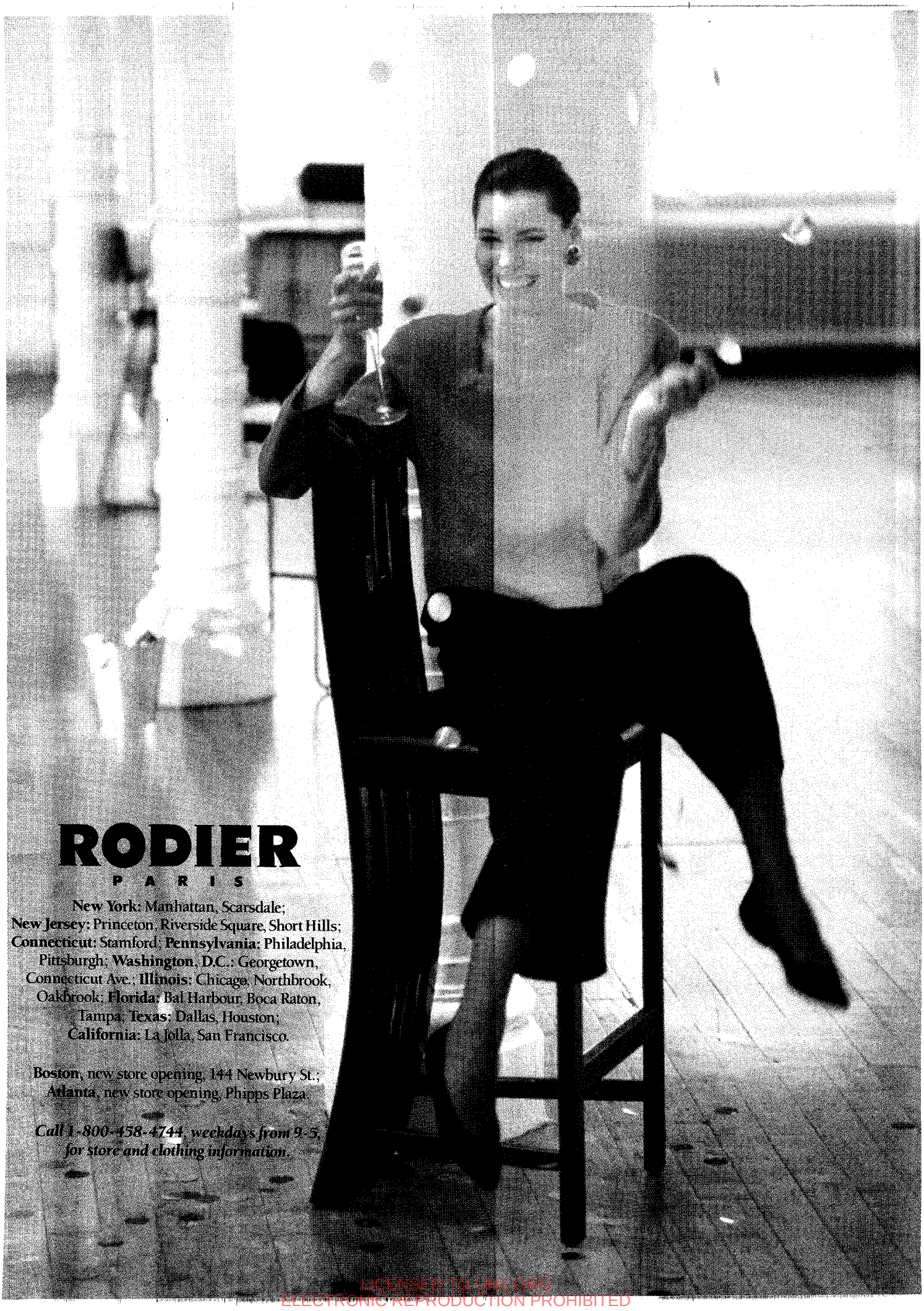
the ballet reaches its peak in their pas de deux, which Villella calls "the strangest seduction in all ballet." Except for these two roles, the ballet does not contain much that is gratifying to dance. The Drinking Companions are an anonymous male ensemble, all identically bald. They are also brutal and moronic, stomping around the stage, egging each other on in stupid games and stunts, and manipulating the bodies of the two leads. Their performance easily grows careless. (And easily fades from their memories.) But in Boston and Miami Villella told them, "You are the spine of the piece," and drilled them incessantly. In Miami, he pushed the boys to be cruder, more "primitive." He wanted them hunched and squatty and slobbering and right on the mark, too, neither musically nor architecturally vague. "Let's count," he would say. "Let's not hope." He would stop them as they formed a group pose and make them study the look of it in the mirror. Another thirty bars and he would stop them again: "Too sanitized." He took them over and over through the Despoilment, the most squalid scene in the ballet, where they strip and rob the Prodigal and exit in pairs, scuttling back to back across the floor and away. The first half of the scene, beginning with the rows of fingers skittering down the Son's inert body, seemed to be the hard part. After the fourth or fifth repeat, details began to appear, as in developing fluid, and take on color. In performance, the scene would have the iridescence of scarabs swarming in the dark.

It is astonishing how a clarified performance of the choreography pulls the whole ballet together as a *Gesamtkunstwerk*. Balanchine's colors and his modelling of forms match the vibrancy of Rouault's paintings and Prokofiev's music. The ballet is a classic example of the unity that Diaghilev stood for—more so than "Apollo"—but it was cast in an expressionistic style that Balanchine outgrew. Furthermore, one gathers that the Diaghilev production (Prokofiev's behavior in particular) was not a pleasant memory for him. If these things were behind his indifference to the fate of "The Prodigal Son," the indifference was more than made up for, in the sixties and seventies, by Villella's vigilance. Today, the New York City Ballet production of "Prodigal" is tastefully indirect, almost abstract. To use Villella's word, were he rude enough to apply it, it is sanitized. The 1980 Ballet Theatre production when last seen was looser and more histrionic, but it wasn't right, either. How can such a great ballet be so quickly lost sight of?

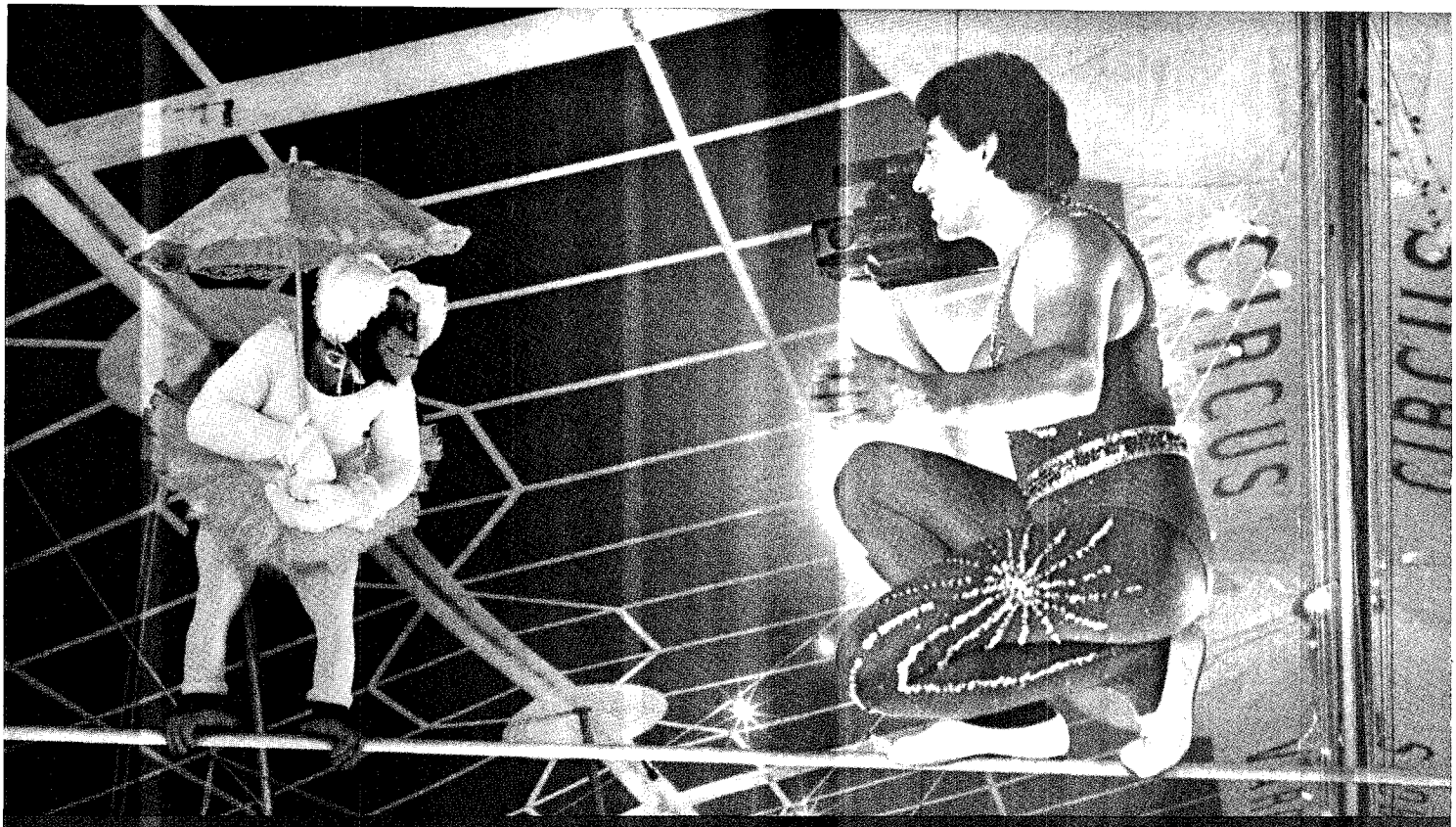
"The Prodigal Son" is a dramatic ballet, but its drama contains no psychology. It's an example of the rough-hewn theatrical expressionism of the twenties, of feeling enclosed in form. In rehearsal, Villella constantly emphasizes structure and flow. He may say to Yanis Pikieris, who dances the Prodigal in Miami, "You're a merchant prince," or he may repeat Balanchine's description of the goons: "blobs, protoplasm." But he doesn't go in for psychological interpretation—it's against the self-evident grain of the choreography. As in any Balanchine ballet, the more musical the staging, the more dramatic the story. The truth of this can be illustrated by one incident that occurs as the Son crawls away from the scene of his degradation. Prokofiev scored the passage for low horns. As the Son drags himself across the stage, he tries to rise (at No. 165), and falls back. He rises and falls back three times. I mentioned the symbolism of this to Villella: "The Son falls three times, just as Christ did on Calvary." Was this Balanchine's intention? Villella's answer, "It's in the music," is the only possible answer. In performance, though, the Son seldom executes three falls or slumps. He does two or two and a half. And then, as the ebbing horns die away, he drags himself into the wings. Villella explained this: "He's late. He has to get off, and it's easy to get late at that point." But the accuracy of the performance lies precisely in details such as this.

In most Balanchine ballets, the choreography is made up of distinctly phrased units of classical steps, and there is no story in the literary sense. In "Prodigal" the youthful Balanchine used the distortions and contortions of a "constructivist" vocabulary, he used

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



LICENSED TO UMZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Panasonic introduces the camcorder that can hold the picture steady even when you can't.

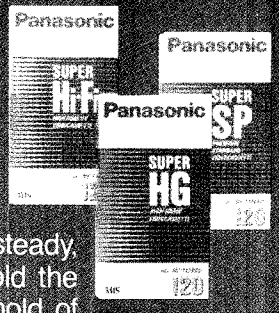
Even when your feet are firmly planted on the ground, it's not always easy to hold your camcorder steady. That's why Panasonic introduces the OmniMovie™ camcorder with EIS. Electronic Image Stabilization.

Without EIS

With EIS

EIS can help hold your shots steady, even if your balance is a little shaky. It senses every time the camcorder jumps or jiggles and automatically corrects for that unwanted motion. It uses a sophisticated system that combines a counterbalanced floating lens with an electronic motion sensor.

And this PV-460 OmniMovie camcorder reacts to the action with more than just EIS. It will automatically focus and adjust for changing light. The ultra long 10 to 1 zoom lens gets you in close even when you're far away. The high-speed shutter captures all the action without a blur. And an advanced solid state CCD imaging chip reproduces it with incredible brightness and sharpness.



So to hold your shots steady, even when you can't hold the camcorder steady, get hold of the new Panasonic OmniMovie camcorder with EIS.

Panasonic
just slightly ahead of our time.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

natural and stylized gesture, he used plastique, he used acrobatic stunts, and all in the service of a story everyone knew from St. Luke. (Compare "Apollo," where one learns the story only from watching the ballet.) The temptation of most interpreters is to overinterpret. Villella says, speaking of the dancers he has coached, "There's always the danger that they'll run away with the material dramatically and make it their own without first understanding the music, the style, the steps, the counts. The point is to make a network of all those elements and then to try and make a character out of that. With Balanchine, the character is already there in the choreography and its relation to the music. The danger is in putting too much of your own interpretation on top of that."

A HOT, humid morning last October. Villella is standing, his back to a mirror, in one of the large rehearsal rooms of the company's headquarters, in a converted storefront building on the Lincoln Road shopping plaza, in Miami Beach. An unused grand piano stands at the far end of the room; the company is as yet unable to afford a rehearsal pianist. Nine or ten male dancers are sitting or lounging about on a long black wooden table. Elyse Borne, in practice clothes and a pair of dangling diamond earrings, sits by a tape machine, a sheaf of papers in her lap. Villella has on a pair of floppy black stretch pants, a black jersey, and white jazz shoes, unlaced because his arch is too high. On one wrist he wears a Rolex watch, which he removes during the rehearsal whenever he demonstrates strenuous movement. On the other wrist he wears a turquoise bracelet, much like the one Balanchine used to wear, which he never removes.

He claps his hands for order. "Let's start with the opening," he says. Some dancers who have been sitting under the barre along the wall scramble to their feet. "From pots and pans?" they ask. "Pots and pans, the works," Villella answers. The tall amphora-shaped jugs and long trumpets that represent the Prodigal Son's personal treasure are brought from a corner and placed on one side of the room, some downstage, the others up. The black wooden table is placed on the other side, upside down, so that it looks like a picket fence. Now everyone fades from the scene except the Prodigal and his Father and two Sisters, all of whom position themselves "off" in the upper corner. The two men who play the Son's Servants take up their posts by the props. (Why jugs and trumpets? So that when the Son has his orgy he will also have wine and music. The point that the orgy is a regulation opera-house-style bacchanale hadn't occurred to me before. That's what rehearsals are for.)

Elyse Borne puts the tape on. The music begins with a great surge of energy and bustles importantly for several measures, as if champing at the bit. The Prodigal cannot wait to be off. And in another second he bursts onto the scene. A moment to check out the pots and pans, another to confer excitedly with the Servants. The Sisters come up behind him and, each taking an arm, pull him gently backward. He shakes them off. Gently remonstrating, they repeat the movement. Angry now, he shoves them away. Then the colt breaks from the stable. To a pelting rhythm, the Son bends his knees, pounds his thigh, whips off his (imaginary) yarmulke and dashes it to the ground. Another deep plié, and he is off into space, sailing high over the low gate. Like a party favor, the Son's role has been burst upon burst from the moment of his entrance. With outflung arms, he launches himself now this way, now that, in arabesque. (The wild excitement of it seems to say Fun! Life! Adventure!) He races in a curve around the floor, one foot tracing and retracing circles low to the ground.

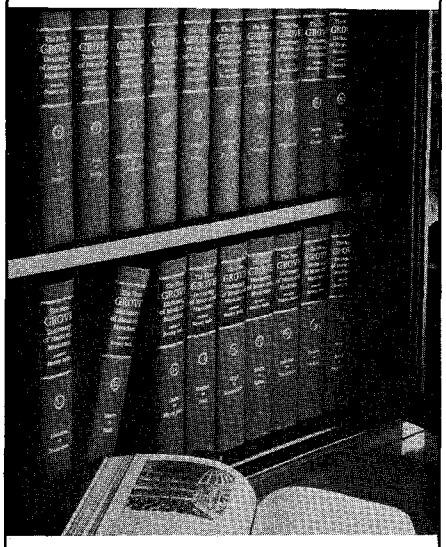
Villella claps his hands. Everything stops. He shows Pikieris how the floor-sweeping ronds de jambe should be done—with an accent out, like kicking a ball. "There's a step like that in 'Apollo,' too," Villella adds, and grins. "That was Mr. B.'s soccer period."

Pikieris's strong technique, which won him a gold medal in Moscow in 1981, makes him one of the best male dancers now performing in regional ballet. About Villella's size but more slightly built, he is shy, proud, a sincere actor—altogether a good choice for the Prodigal. I saw his high leap in my mind's eye; actually, he barely left the ground. He is marking his part today, having pulled a muscle in rehearsal yesterday. But after Villella has demonstrated the ronds de jambe Pikieris does them full out. He also gives full value to the upper-body plastique that was integral to the role in Villella's performance. Balanchine had cautioned Villella against too much naturalism: "Don't be a movie actor." Then, when Villella remained at a loss, Balanchine had said, "You know, like icons." Holy icons. It was the key to the hieratic strain of gesture that runs through all the roles of the ballet —not only the Son but the Father and the Siren, too.

Balanchine's sacerdotal imagery is at its wittiest in the Siren's dances. Somehow, he converts the angled wrists and arms of the destroyer god Shiva into the insouciant poses of a fashion model. But the ballet is full of amazing conversions. I watch Pikieris rehearse the pas de deux with Kay Preston, a tall, slim, loosely angular dancer. As she stands invincible in one of her Shiva positions, arms cocked and legs apart, he approaches, ducks, and stands up under her crotch, lifting her off the ground. Without changing her arms or the haughty expression on her face, she now brings her legs forward and crosses them, so that she sits on his neck. It is a terrifying perch, from which she descends by straightening her legs and sliding down the Prodigal's back. But before she does so there is a moment in which she just poses there airily. "Balanchine used to say,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Indulge your love for music



THE NEW GROVE DICTIONARY OF MUSIC AND MUSICIANS

In 20 Volumes
Edited by Stanley Sadie

". . . the greatest musical dictionary ever published."
Charles Rosen, *NY Review of Books*

With a purchase of *The New Grove* you will be enrolled in the Grove Music Society. Membership in the Society entitles you to a quarterly newsletter, discount rates for recordings, books, music magazines, and concert and opera subscriptions.

Grove's Dictionaries of Music
15 East 26th Street, New York, NY 10010
(800) 221-2123 (In New York, call (212) 481-1332)

Order *The New Grove* directly from the publisher and make full payment to save $200 off the list price of $2125:

☐ Here's $1925 as full payment. Please ship me the complete *New Grove* at once.

Or choose one of these convenient payment plans:
☐ Ship me one volume a month for 20 months and bill my charge account $106.25 per month.
☐ Here's $275 as a down payment. Ship me the complete set at once and bill my charge account $100 per month for 20 months.

☐ Please send me a free 28-page illustrated brochure.

☐Visa ☐Master ☐AmEx ☐Diners

Card No._____Exp._____

Name _____

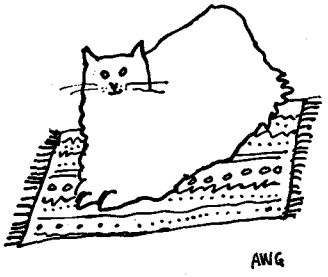
Address _____

City_____ State _____ Zip _____

N.Y. State Residents, please add sales tax. N8NY7

ORDER your *New Grove* before December 15 and receive free *The Letters of Beethoven* ed. by Emily Anderson. 3 vols. slipcased, price $75.

'Smoke a cigarette,' " Villella tells the dancer. "I say, 'Don't panic.' " At another point, as the Son sits on the ground, legs together, knees drawn up, the Siren calmly straddles his head and sits on it. Then she places her feet atop his kneecaps and slowly stands, and remains standing as he lowers his knees. In both of these perilous passages Villella instructs Preston not to try to balance herself. "Let him do it," he tells her. "And, no matter what happens, go with it. Don't stop and adjust." When the Siren wraps herself around the Prodigal's waist like a belt and starts to slide down, Villella asks Pikieris to keep his legs wide apart. "She has to have some resistance sliding down. It's easier that way, too, funnily enough."



When the pas de deux is over, Villella calls a break. He sits down on a folding chair and starts to reminisce about some of the Sirens he has danced with: Adams, who was "passionate yet utterly ice-cold—she froze my blood;" Farrell, "more girlish, petulant, a bit vulnerable;" the magnificently outsized Gloria Govrin, who "nearly broke my neck."

Balanchine has created many femmes fatales, but never one so implacably destructive. Who *is* the Siren? I ask, expecting an answer about Balanchine and women.

Villella surprises me. "Some men end up sleeping with or marrying women who are just like their mothers," he says after a moment's pause. "The Siren is a strong, controlling, dominating woman; or, more than a woman, she's a force. When I went into the role, I was in my own life a rebel escaping from the control of my mother. I used to look to her for direction. Even though my sister was the buffer between us and absorbed most of my mother's attention, I was still being moved around by her. I think I may have unconsciously used all that in the pas de deux, where everything I did was motivated by this enormously tall, commanding woman. She flings a leg this way or that way, and I go this way or that way. She plays me as if I were on a leash. I never froze the role, so as to remain open to this power of hers, however various dancers chose to express it."

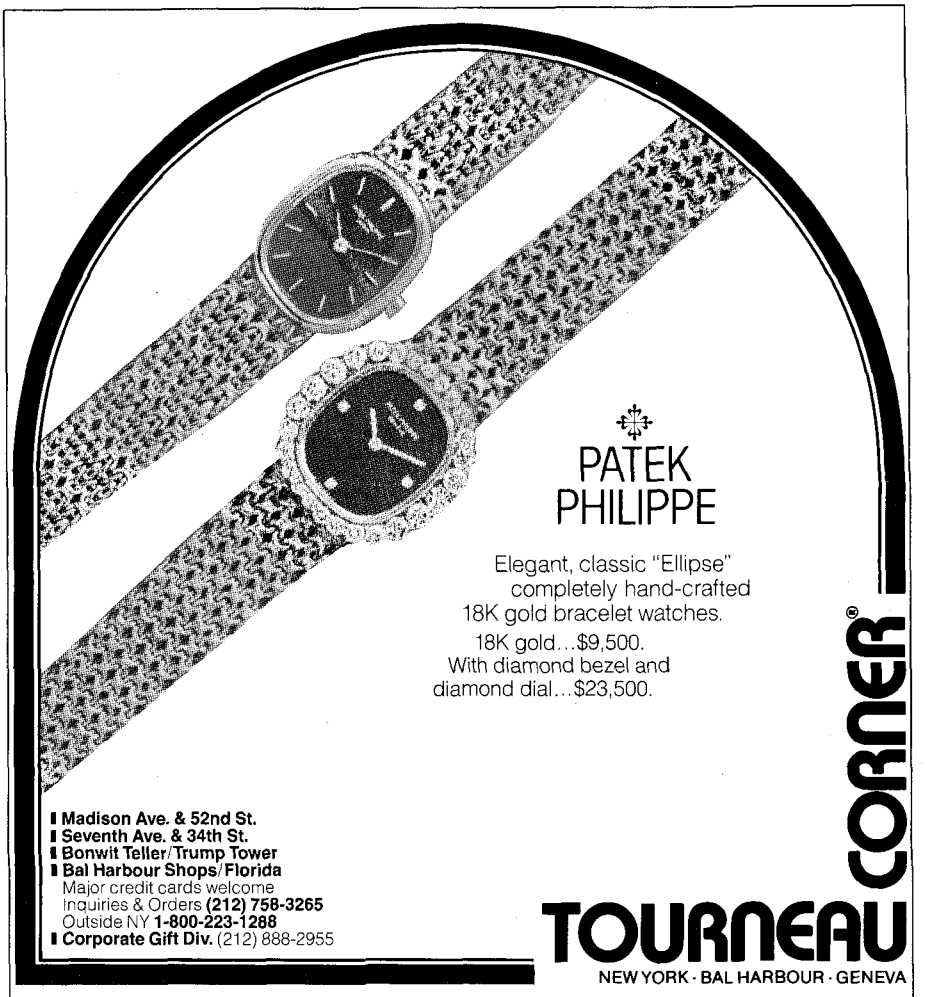
This intensely subjective Method-acting-style answer is completely out of keeping with Villella's approach to the ballet. But it is not out of keeping with his own performance of the role. When he talks about performing the Prodigal, his involvement is palpable; he isn't just discussing a role, he's reliving a part of his life. It is not unusual for a performer to feel this close to a part, especially a part like the Prodigal. (Serge Lifar believed that he had created the ballet.) What is unusual is that Villella can both see and be it. He can direct other dancers in the role without saddling them with his own emotions. He remembers how he felt when he danced the role, but he also remembers how he looked. Among the strangest physiological phenomena experienced by dancers in performance is total recall—and not all dancers experience it. Often they speak of being unable to remember a thing until the applause. Villella speaks of having had not only total recall of a performance but second sight during it. "Some part of me would detach itself and go to a point above the stage and look down from there," he says. "I could see myself while I was performing, and I could see it all again later—the whole stage, not just myself. The strange thing is that I have the world's worst memory. I used to have a very vivid memory, especially for visual detail, but that got knocked out of me, quite literally, before I ever became a professional dancer, when I got into that fight with the paratroopers and suffered a concussion. My memory was never really very good after that, except onstage. Somehow, it would come back to me then, in color and in all the detail, exactly the way it used to be when I was a kid. My memory lived onstage."

Villella also has "muscle memory"—the thing most dancers rely on to remember a role. Muscle memory fades with inactivity. Villella says that the Prodigal is still in his body but he can feel the moment approaching when it will start to fade. He uses his objective and his subjective memory as checks on each other, just as he did when he was performing, but from the look of things I would say that his ability to objectify is the real factor here; it's

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

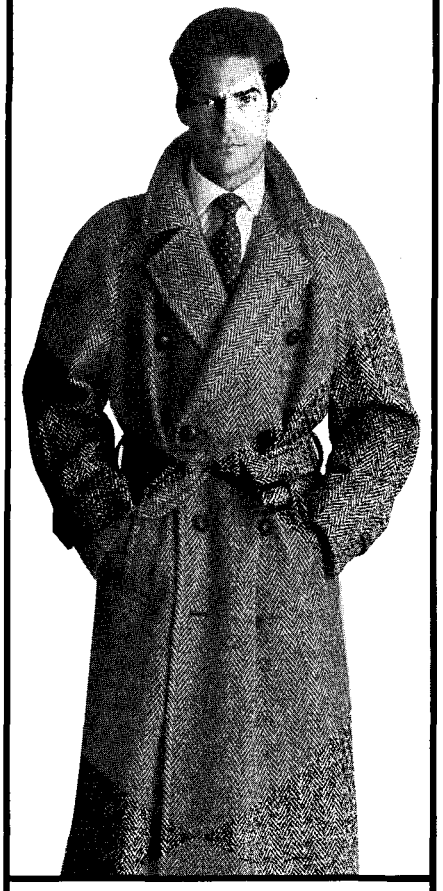
more a talent than a faculty, and it's related to the intuitive grasp of form, which was among his greatest gifts as a dancer.

I think of "Prodigal" as Villella's ballet, and not just because he performed it longer than anyone else. When he first danced it, he dominated it through physical force, precisely the quality he needed less and less of as it went on. That opening variation became a problem: how to gratify the audience yet keep it from wanting more physical excitement. Villella's solution was not to modify the leaps and spins but to make you feel their force as an image. He did nothing to cool down the excited audience. Instead, he linked the pyrotechnics to a thread of imagery that ran through the ballet. He located the tension in plastique between the upper and the lower body, and used it to animate the ballet's small, remarkably terse vocabulary of steps. No one performs the ballet this way anymore —no one outside Miami. One reason may be that the choreography was not notated until 1984, long after Villella's time, and never filmed, not even in the rudimentary form (one camera, one take) that has served over the years to provide New York City Ballet with a makeshift archive. Balanchine's staging for "Dance in America," starring Mikhail Baryshnikov, is unreliable on several counts: the ballet has been cut; it has been arranged for television, which means that spatial relationships and, occasionally, steps are different; it is a performance in which Baryshnikov does things that Villella and other Prodigals didn't do, thus raising the question of textual accuracy. Does this version represent a "definitive" text or is it merely another instance of Balanchine's well-known willingness to make changes when changes were justified by particular performers? Villella's last performance of "Prodigal" took place in 1975, in Houston. Baryshnikov's début came two years later, and he was coached briefly by Villella. Yet his performance, a very strong, deeply felt one, is impressive in a way completely different from Villella's. Baryshnikov uses a modern-day Soviet heroic style with naturalistic postures and gestures. Villella was a dynamo of forms, emphasizing structure and design in every pose, leap, and turn. When you see the Villella production in Miami, the sharply differentiated plastic contrasts in the leading



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Aquascutum
OF LONDON



The accent is English

Double breasted town and country overcoat in finest British tweed, in shades of black and white. $750.

Aquascutum

680 Fifth Avenue, New York, NY 10019. Telephone (212) 975 0250.
900 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60611. Telephone (312) 787 0225.

role have a consistency and a connectedness that refute the current notion of the Son standing somehow outside the ballet, looking into its bizarre ideational world. In Villella's own semi-stylized performance, the degree to which the Son was in but not of that world was the central issue of the ballet. Those curious two-dimensional poses with wide elbows and flat palms facing outward ("like icons")—how clearly we saw them, the palms flashing, closing into fists as the rebel hammers on his thigh, then flashing again as he leaps skyward. Moments later, in the raucous dance with the goons, those same open palms maintain their two-dimensional innocence as the body in croisé devant twists and swivels, and one knee keeps crossing furtively over the other. It is the beginning of the Prodigal's labyrinthine descent into the depths.

This same step recurs in slow motion at the start of the pas de deux with the Siren—which is where we resume rehearsing. Work proceeds in an atmosphere of intense absorption. For the next hour, there is no sound or sight, no time or place, but that of "The Prodigal Son." Along one wall of the studio is a plate-glass store window. Villella asked that it be left intact, so that people could see what goes on inside this mysterious world of ballet. The dancers have grown impervious to being looked at while they work. After a while, a visitor gets used to it, too. Today, only a few passersby press their noses against the window. It's hot, and the plaza is deserted, most of its shops closed. It is Yom Kippur in Miami.

For Miami City Ballet, it is twelve days to opening night. Upstairs, the company's offices are strangely quiet. The season has been sold out. A telephone rings plaintively. Downstairs, everything is in readiness. Haydée Morales shows me her costume shop. Two assistants are still at work with needle and thread, but most of the costumes are finished and hung in place: the thick velvets of "The Prodigal Son," in deep green, honey, white, and black; the elegant long Spanish-style tulles of "Concerto for La Donna," Jimmy Gamonet's new ballet, to Bruch's First Violin Concerto. Haydée Morales has designed these dresses in cobalt, magenta, and silver-gray tulle, with smoky-black tulle overskirts à la Karinska. The svelte cut of the tutus is Karinska style, too. Haydée shows me the Prodigal's costume, which she made herself. (She also made a colored sketch of the Prodigal en l'air, which is to appear on the cover of the season's *Playbill*.) Haydée is a small, compact woman with a large, pretty face and a big smile. She is a former dancer; her sister Hilda was a soloist with American Ballet Theatre. Her production of "Prodigal" is a faithful copy of New York City Ballet's, which is a reasonable facsimile of the original, 1929 one. The backcloths for the Miami production were copied directly from the ones that had been hung at the City Center. These had been acquired by Todd Bolender for the State Ballet of Missouri and were lent by him to Villella. Haydée holds up the Siren's tunic that she has been copying. Inside, it says "Darci Kistler." New York City Ballet lent the tunic, along with other sample costumes and a selection of its own scenic and costume designs. As a present to Villella, it also sent the costume that he had worn for fifteen years as the Prodigal. Designed in the fifties by Esteban Francés, it consists of a cut-out leather vest studded with colored stones, meant to represent jewels, and a short white chiton. Some of the stones were missing, and the vest was a maze of rips and patches, but it was such an interesting wreck of a garment that Haydée took it for the original design, and until Villella noticed what she was doing she spent days duplicating the intricately mismatched pieces of leather with which, season after season, New York City Ballet seamstresses had reconstituted the costume. The relic came to a happy end. Encased in a slab of Lucite, it was presented to Villella at the opening-night party, a gift from Wardrobe.

AT twilight, we buckle ourselves into Villella's B.M.W. for the drive to his house. It's the end of a long day, and Villella has just expended enough energy for five Prodigal Sons. He must be tired, I remark. "Not a bit," he replies cheerfully. "This is work, not labor." What's labor? Well, driving is labor. It gets to his hip and makes it feel stiff. I'm struck by the curious role that cars have played in Villella's life. He hurt his back rehearsing for an industrial show in Detroit; the product being sold was cars—cars were all around him on that cement stage. The stolen Shelby paid for

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

his hip operation and reminds him of the fact every time he drives. Yet he still likes driving, because he likes cars, sports cars in particular. And boats? Linda, his wife, would love a boat. Boats are either work or labor, depending on the time you have for them. He is a sailor, after all, and he knows.

Villella's friends call him a workaholic, which means he works hard even for a dancer. He has always liked to spread himself around. As we drive along, he lists some of his other activities: member, board of directors, School of American Ballet; member, Dance Overview Panel, National Endowment for the Arts; artistic adviser, New Jersey Ballet; director, Madison Festival of the Lakes, Madison, Wisconsin. Before he moved from New York to Miami, he was forever travelling, flying in and out on his various jobs, and, during his Ballet Oklahoma period (1983-85), spending months at a time away from home. The only way to follow his professional life was by sticking pins in a map. He was the first ballet tycoon. Not only can he talk to dancers and to other people about dance; his oddly mixed background makes him multilingual—he could talk to Lee Iacocca, Michael Tilson Thomas, and Muhammad Ali in their own languages. Villella is the only ballet star I've ever heard of who has been through four years of college. The experience, for all its sacrificial consequences, is one that he is grateful for; it put him in a class apart from other dancers, able to fend for himself and choose what he would be. Besides, he says half jokingly, having been at military school helped him to dance "Stars and Stripes." He has long been reconciled to the father whose idea the Maritime College was. In fact, he says, Joseph Villella is here with him right now in Miami, probably hungrily awaiting dinner.

Villella moved his parents to Florida twenty years ago. Not long after they were settled, his mother died, and his father then lived alone near Orlando. Seeing his father used to be an inducement for Villella to take engagements in Florida. Now they are together, but they can't really be together anymore. The elder Villella needs looking after; he can't be left by himself in an empty house all day. He's a guest in his son's home until he can be checked into Villa Biscaya, a residence for retired people. It's one of the very best places that can

gérald genta
Genève

Often called "The watchmaker's watchmaker"—"The Picasso of timepieces." The Genta aesthetic is an incomparable fusion of technical achievements and the impeccable touch of the creative artist.

Tourneau proudly presents New York's most outstanding collection of these unique masterpieces in the art of fine watchmaking.

SPIRIT; 18K gold, water-resistant Perpetual Calendar watch...$41,000.
Also available in 18K gold and stainless steel.

- Madison Ave. & 52nd St.
- Seventh Ave. & 34th St.
- Bonwit Teller/Trump Tower
- Bal Harbour Shops/Florida

Major credit cards welcome
Inquiries & Orders (212) 758-3265
Outside NY 1-800-223-1288
Corporate Gift Div. (212) 888-2955

TOURNEAU CORNER®
NEW YORK · BAL HARBOUR · GENEVA

JB 1735
BLANCPAIN

One of the few Swiss watchmakers that still makes watches the old fashioned way... completely by hand. Each is fashioned from the most precious metals, assembled and polished by hand. Then signed, numbered and registered.

Extra flat automatic, watertested perpetual day, date, month and moon-phase calendar watch.

18K gold, $17,850.
18K gold and Stainless Steel, $14,525.

- Madison Ave. & 52nd St.
- Seventh Ave. & 34th St.
- Bonwit Teller/Trump Tower
- Bal Harbour Shops/Florida

Major credit cards welcome
Inquiries & Orders (212) 758-3265
Outside NY 1-800-223-1288
Corporate Gift Div. (212) 888-2955

TOURNEAU CORNER®
NEW YORK · BAL HARBOUR · GENEVA

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

be found, and close by, too, so that the family can visit every day.

"Sounds perfect," I say.

"It will be," Villella says. "It will be."

The drive is cooling. The palms stream by us on one side till we come to the security gate at La Gorce Island; then they stream by on both sides. But Villella still has his mind on work. As soon as we get to the house, he excuses himself and heads for the phone.

From what he has told me, I have the impression that starting Miami City Ballet was labor for Villella. Only his evangelical zeal and the help of some new friends, like the board president, Mark Steinberg, got him through days that started at 4:30 A.M. and ended after midnight. Villella is one of a number of former premiers danseurs who are now artistic directors of ballet companies. Besides Martins, at New York City Ballet; Baryshnikov, at American Ballet Theatre; Tomasson, at San Francisco Ballet; and Schaufuss, at London Festival Ballet, the list includes Bruce Marks, at the Boston Ballet; Ivan Nagy, at Cincinnati/New Orleans; Rudolf Nureyev, at the Paris Opera; and Anthony Dowell, at the Royal Ballet. The position is not necessarily a natural one for a first dancer; ballet-company boards may bid high for a star and learn that it is like hitching a racehorse to a plow. Villella and his board are in love. Villella describes Mark Steinberg as "the kind of guy who turns up at eight o'clock in the morning, says, 'Give me your problem file,' and spends the day on the phone handling complaints." For his part, Steinberg views Villella as a demon of energy who enslaved him almost against his will. A mild-mannered bachelor in his forties, Steinberg was one of six people in a support group formed by Toby Lerner Ansin to bring Villella to Miami. Since Villella's arrival, Steinberg's life has been virtually transformed, and no one is more surprised at this than he.

"I was never even that much of a ballet fan," he confessed when I talked to him about his involvement with the company. "Toby Ansin called and told me Edward Villella was coming to town and would I help sponsor him. I said, 'Sure.' I thought it would be good for the community. Then there were meetings, and then we started electing officers, and I thought, Well, vice-presidents never do anything, I'll be a

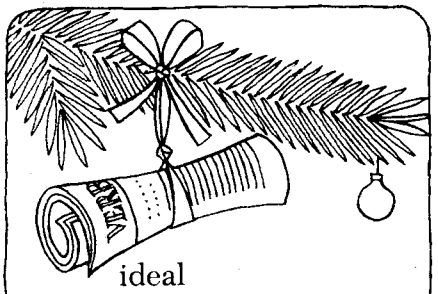
THE HELMSLEY CARLTON HOUSE

The Apartment Hotel
You Lease Day By Day
And Love Day After Day

All the amenities of a world-class hotel.
Studios and 1-2 bedroom suites.
Twice daily maid service,
barber/beauty shop, room service.
Attended Elevators and 24-hour security.
Complimentary on-premise parking.
Home of the famous Maxim's de Paris.

The Helmsley Carlton House Hotel
680 Madison Avenue at 61st Street
New York, NY 10021 212/838-3000

Long-term leases are also available.



ideal
for
wordlovers

VERBATIM 4 LAUREL HTS. NM OLD LYME, CT 06371 $14.00 a year
The Language Quarterly
FOR SUBSCRIPTION (MC/VISA ONLY): 1-800-372-0400, EXT 3

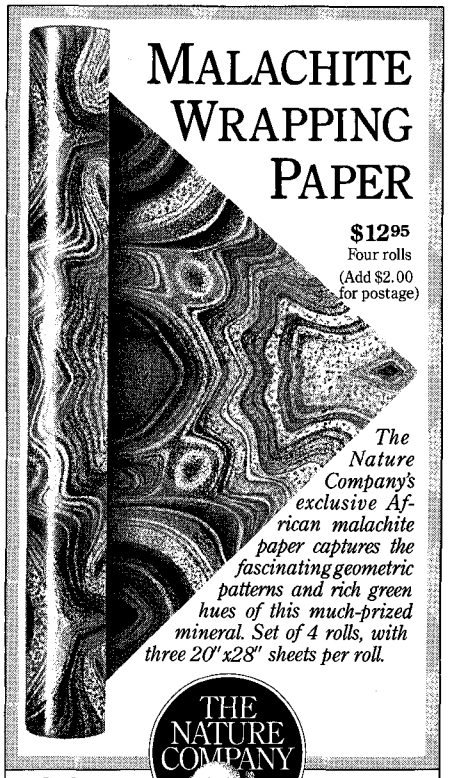
ST. CROIX

Everything you expect from a vacation paradise.

Ralph Locke Islands, Inc.
P.O. Box #800
Waccabuc, N.Y. 10597
TOLL FREE NATIONWIDE
(800) 223-1108

The Buccaneer
ST. CROIX, U.S. VIRGIN ISLANDS

MALACHITE WRAPPING PAPER



$12.95
Four rolls
(Add $2.00 for postage)

The Nature Company's exclusive African malachite paper captures the fascinating geometric patterns and rich green hues of this much-prized mineral. Set of 4 rolls, with three 20"x28" sheets per roll.

THE NATURE COMPANY

SAN FRANCISCO
LOS ANGELES
SEATTLE

BOSTON
NEW YORK
MINNEAPOLIS

Use Visa, M/C, AMEX or send check to: The Nature Company, Dept. NY-F88, P.O. Box 2310 Berkeley, CA 94702. CA, WA, MA, NY, MN add tax.
SEND $1.00 FOR OUR LATEST CATALOG

ORDER TOLL-FREE 800-227-1114

A just off Union Square place,
a just beyond compare place,
Campton Place.

CAMPTON PLACE HOTEL

San Francisco, at Union Square
(415) 781-5555

Handmade Casuals

color Brochure $3.00

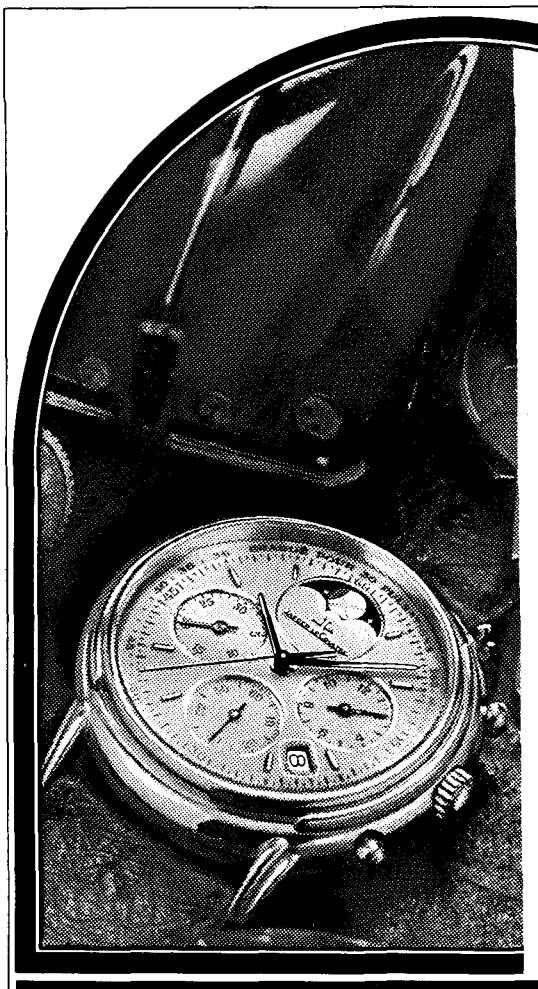
More than Handfinished
Superior to Handcrafted
Made for ultimate comfort
Belgian Shoes

60 East 56th St.
New York 10022 (212) 755-7372

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

vice-president. Then the president had to resign for business reasons, and Edward called and asked me to take over, and I said I would do it for a week. After a week had gone by, he said, 'You can't resign until October'—this was March—'but don't worry, you won't have to make any speeches, or anything.' Then, in October, he asked me to stay for one more year. Little by little, he kept dragging me in. I finally got so involved that my business partner suggested I take a year's leave of absence. He said, 'I'd love to be doing what you're doing for an arts organization.' The crazy part of it was that I didn't know what I was doing—none of us did. We had never done anything like it before. Innocence played a large part in the making of this company. And fate. If Edward hadn't been available, if my partner hadn't been so generous . . ." He paused. "If Edward hadn't been available . . ."

Villella's availability was crucial not only to Miami but to his own well-being and that of his family. He had grown weary of a life on the road. Three years earlier, in Boston, I had seen him courteously conclude his last "Prodigal" rehearsal at precisely four o'clock, then race like a Keystone Cop to catch the five-o'clock shuttle to New York. He had promised to be home for dinner. Life in Miami moves at a more comfortable pace. Linda Villella sums up the difference: "New York wasn't home, New York was a command post. This is home." She played a big part in her husband's decision to pick up and move to Miami. When they got there, she put in long hours helping him get the new enterprise on its feet. Today, as on most days, she did volunteer work at the ballet guild, then came home and cooked dinner. Most nights, Edward gets home early, too, and tosses a ball in the back yard with Lauren and Crista. The two girls go to different schools, which means two car pools. Then, there are the skating classes, which Linda teaches twice a week at the Miami Beach Youth Center. Crista, a former pupil, has won fourteen medals in Ice Skating Institute competitions. She is also serious about the piano, and last year she began ballet with Martha Mahr, who taught the N.Y.C.B. ballerina Lourdes Lopez. A precocious child, with her father's bright-dark eyes and engaging grin, Crista at six shows the same drive she had at two. "Her thighs have slimmed



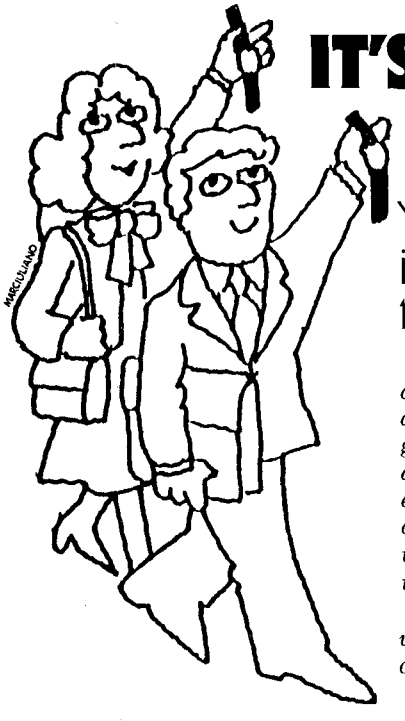
JAEGER-LECOULTRE
ODYSSEUS

Moonphase, Chronograph, Calendar Watch. An individually numbered limited edition. Combining traditional Swiss hand-craftsmanship with advanced computer design technology. 18K gold. $6,400.00

- Madison Ave. & 52nd St.
- Seventh Ave. & 34th St.
- Bonwit Teller/Trump Tower
- Bal Harbour Shops/Florida

Major credit cards welcome
Inquiries & Orders **(212) 758-3265**
Outside NY **1-800-223-1288**
- **Corporate Gift Div.** (212) 888-2955

TOURNEAU CORNER®
NEW YORK · BAL HARBOUR · GENEVA



IT'S TRADE-IN TIME

Your old watch is worth more than you think!

Chances are it was purchased years ago when a dollar was a dollar and before gold prices floated up, up and away. If you are fortunate enough to have an old watch or two lying around, now is the time to discover its true trade-in value.

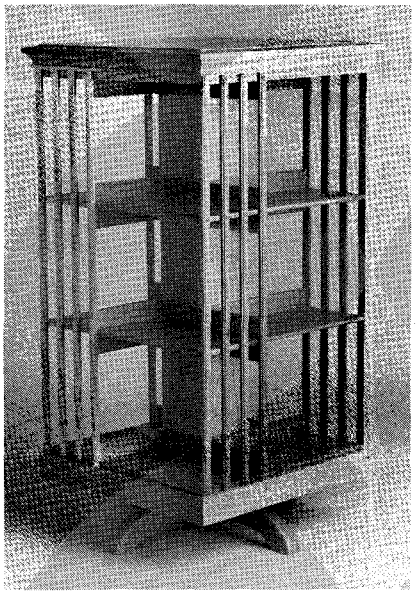
Bring us your old watch, working or not, for your free on-the-spot trade-in appraisal.

Madison Ave. & 52nd St., 500 Madison Ave., NYC 10022 (212) 758-3265.
Seventh Ave. & 34th St., 200 W. 34th St., NYC 10001.
Bonwit Teller, at Trump Tower, New York, NY.
Bal Harbour Shops, Fl. 33154.

TOURNEAU CORNER®
NEW YORK · BAL HARBOUR · GENEVA

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

One hundred years ago, the revolving bookcase was one of the first forms of furniture in this country to become truly national in style. Still an American favorite, this free-standing movable rack holding up to 200 volumes is being made today and continues to function best when adjacent to desk, work table or reference area or wherever space is limited.



THE REVOLVING BOOKCASE

Cherry, Walnut, or Oak

4 shelf (57x24x24)	$1075
3 shelf (45½x24x24)	$975
2 shelf (34x24x24)	$875

Master Card and VISA welcome.
To order call 207-793-4522.

STUART TOWNSEND CARR

P. O. Box 373 Limington, Maine 04049

down," her mother informs me. "And her legs and feet are very strong. When she was born, the first thing Edward said to me was 'Great feet.' She's not supposed to go up on point, but she does anyway. Edward went wild when he saw that. He thought we had given her permission." Villella does not attempt to teach Crista himself; he says he has no idea how to train children. And he doesn't urge dancing on the girls. Thirteen-year-old Lauren, an S.A.B. dropout and "Nutcracker" veteran, prefers being captain of the school basketball team to taking ballet. Villella's son, Roddy, lives in New York with his mother. He is eighteen and is a student at Union College, in Schenectady, majoring in economics, but when he was younger he was interested in being a dancer. Villella offered to provide lessons, but Roddy's mother objected.

If Villella's career is a movie, his home life is Polaroids. I have a stack from New York, Long Island, Saratoga. Now I add Miami. Joseph Villella, whom I have met twice before, is sitting with his newspaper in the den when I walk in. He doesn't remember me. Linda whispers that he is angry, because Edward tried to move him into Villa Biscaya today and will try again tomorrow. Mr. Villella doesn't see the point. He likes it right where he is, with his newspaper and his smokes. Joseph Villella at nearly ninety is still a good-looking man, small, thin, sharp-featured, and with amazing hair, as thick and black as his son's. Since he won't talk to me—or to anyone else, by the look of things—I append here a Polaroid from the spring of 1980. The occasion is a party celebrating Edward and Linda's wedding. Mr. Villella is standing in the garden of the house in New York, telling the stories a father tells at such a time.

"I used to try and give my children anything they wanted—all kinds of lessons, the best teachers. Pierre Brunet taught them figure skating. In those days, Italians were looked down on, but we always had the best. One thing Eddie never took to was the piano—he hated it. And I had an orchestra, a jazz orchestra, for fourteen years! Eddie had an excellent rating in his senior year at the Maritime College—3.7. That means three-tenths of a point more and he would have been at the top of the class. Everybody had to salute him. He used to despise that. And he was right: we should salute no one except Christ. All the time, at night he was going to Balanchine. The company went to Japan and Australia for five months. After the five months on tour, he danced six months at the City Center. The box office rose forty per cent because of him. When he came to dance in Florida, there were signs all the way from the airport, 'Edward Villella with the Orlando Ballet.' The people who ran the restaurant where I used to eat dinner made me take the best table every night. I love him as a son and I love him as a man."

Mr. Villella eats with us but still doesn't speak. Plainly, he does not love his son tonight. I have a mental picture of Villella's mother, but it is not very clear. I tell him how he surprised me with his view of the Siren that afternoon.

"Thinking of the Siren that way was something that came to me when I was in analysis," he says. "My first marriage had been a disaster. When it finally broke up, I wanted to know why I had married my wife. Gradually, it came clear to me that I had married my mother—I had wanted, or thought I had wanted, a controlling woman in my life. My mother was indeed powerful, and she was a very remarkable person, very advanced in her thinking. She followed the ideas of Adele Davis, the nutritionist. She gave us eight or nine vegetables a day. She would put wheat berry in hamburger. Nobody in our neighborhood had ever heard of wheat berry before, or yogurt or blackstrap molasses. My mother also believed in chiropractors. A chiropractor had once effected a cure on her that she thought was miraculous. She was a frustrated dancer. She lived vicariously through my sister. How she learned about Balanchine and the School of American Ballet I don't know—she may have read somewhere that this was the wave of the future. So we were promptly enrolled. After my sister dropped out, my mother was very bitter. She was more against my dancing than my father was. He just thought the whole thing was frivolous."

We all smile at Joseph. He does not smile back.

THE next day, Villella has to deliver his father to Villa Biscaya. Linda picks me up at my hotel. She tells me that Edward wrenched his knee yesterday but didn't mention it until

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

this morning. He'll be late to rehearsal. When I get to the studio, Elyse Borne is putting the boys through their hoppety paces. Her manner is more caustic than Villella's. She says, "Am I talking to the wall?" and "Watch my lips." Kay Preston, off in a corner by herself, rehearses with her cape. She tells me she is uncertain how to "play" the Siren. I repeat to her what Doubrovska told me Diaghilev had told *her:* "You are not coquette. You are cold-blooded, like snake."

Villella arrives, glum but ready for work. He takes over the rehearsal but does not participate as much as yesterday. It upsets him more than he admits, I think, not to be able to dance out his instructions to Pikieris. To us who watch, it seems that he has repossessed his roles by teaching them. His classroom Prodigal is a burning reminder of his stage performance. When Villella taught the Boston company, he danced nearly every step full out—plastic hip and all. At the end of those rehearsals, he would be charged up but relaxed, in a good mood to talk. To make matters more exciting, Colleen Neary, a Balanchine alumna, was in the studio next door rehearsing "Rubies." When she consulted Villella about a difficult passage, he was able to show her the answer immediately. Afterward, he told me, "These roles are with me wherever I go. I feel the glow on my back. Today, I felt the glow on my face."

This week, Villella has got close enough to "Prodigal" to feel the glow on his face again. But it isn't as if he were actually performing. He talks about how performing meant following the "line of inspiration" in the role: "If you could get inside that line, one thing followed another. The line continued or it disappeared and came back. And the seeking of that line, the search for the secret of whatever else is there in the part—that's what I miss about performing. It's not just in 'Prodigal.' In every Balanchine ballet, there's a line right to the gold. Once you're on the right track, you never stop finding it—it's endless. The riches are endless. Performing, for me, is the opportunity to keep searching. Preparing other people to dance my parts, I'm really only telling them what I've already found. But at least I'm revisiting those treasures."

The final seven minutes of "The Prodigal Son"—the Return—are all

SEAL IT WITH A CAT.

Inspired by Soseki's 1905 classic satire "I Am A Cat," artist Kamiyama has captured the many personalities of the nameless narrator cat and his ladyfriend. "Cat Seals," in purest crystal, each $60, or $125 with 3 initials engraved on base and red ink stamp pad. Hoya Catalog, $6. Call 212/223-6335 or outside New York 800/654-0016. The Hoya Crystal Gallery/450 Park at 57th/New York, NY 10022.

CAT

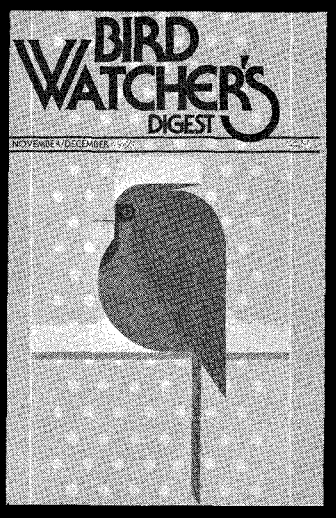
MUSEUM CRYSTAL
HOYA

Honor Thyself

Yamazaki
Single Malt Whisky

Yamazaki Pure Malt Whisky 43% alc./vol. Imported by Suntory Int'l Corp., New York, N.Y. 10036

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



For a holiday gift that is thoughtfully perfect for bird watching friends (or for yourself), consider a year's subscription to Bird Watcher's Digest. Sparkling fact-filled articles on attracting and feeding birds, *identification, bird behavior,* and unusual birding adventures. Also humor, art, poetry, birding tips. One may subscribe for one year (six issues) by sending $15 to BWD, Box 110, Dept. ANY8, Marietta, OH 45750. Add $5 outside U.S. (U.S. funds only, please.) *Gift cards sent to you; first issue will be Jan./Feb.* Visa/MasterCard may call 1-800-421-9764. Weekdays 8-5 P.M.

For *Authentic*
AMISH QUILTS
come to the source

Eighteen new Amish quilts from the people who brought you HAND MADE QUILTS.

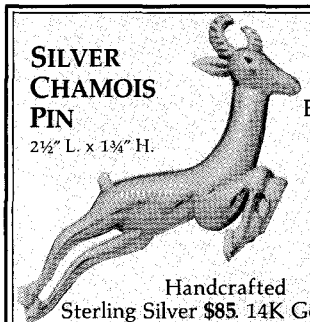
Choose your favorite pattern and we will ***Custom-Make*** it in any colors and size you wish! Or, select from our collection of finished quilts. Each quilt is exquisitely hand stitched by a single Amish quilter. Today's work of art – tomorrow's cherished heirloom.

New Full-Color Catalog, Volume II, featuring pieced and appliqued patterns; wall hanging, and crib to king sizes **$3.00**

HAND MADE QUILTS, Volume I, **$3.00**

LANCASTER TOWNE QUILTS
Dept. NY-12, P.O. Box 277
Strasburg, PA 17579

SILVER CHAMOIS PIN
2½" L. x 1¾" H.



From our Endangered Species Series, the graceful chamois antelope.

Handcrafted
Sterling Silver **$85**. 14K Gold **$375**.
Please add $3 shpg./ask about express shpg.
VISA/MC 1-800-334-0411, ext. 1201 (24 hrs.)

HAWTHORNE COLLECTION, LTD.
P.O. Box 2344, Marion, NC 28752

mime. The Son enters, dragging himself along on his knees with the aid of a staff. Villella talks Pikieris through the scene, walking beside him, now and then getting down and tracking him as he crawls across the floor. Prokofiev's andante has a 4/4 tread, with dirgelike undertones. As a piercingly sweet melody rises, played by the oboe, Pikieris comes to a stop and bows his head all the way to the ground, covering his face with one hand. Then the melody is taken by the strings. Gripping his staff, he pulls himself hand over hand nearly up to his feet, then sinks back. The dirge resumes, with a heavy tread. He turns a corner and starts back in the opposite direction. Suddenly the music brightens. He looks up and sees the picket fence—home.

I have condensed Villella's directions to Pikieris: "When you crawl up the pole, it's as if you were trying to get above something high and see over it. You see it and you start to go fast toward it, faster and faster. Then you fail—it's gone, it's not there. You fall. Listen for the strings. Balanchine said, 'It's like a cat crying.' When you fall, it's really the end. You've suffered, you've pleaded, you've begged, you've prayed to God, you've cried. There's nothing more you can do—it's over. Over. When you pull yourself up, you're resigned. You may have to spend the rest of your life like this. You turn. There's a transition here: you start moving again, but you're lost—totally, hopelessly lost. Now, when you come upon the fence you see it without looking at it. Then you look, and you're home. My God! But you can't get to it. Yes, you can—just—get to it."

Villella gives all these directions as a continuity timed precisely to the music. There is no ad-lib movement and, it seems, very little choice. In his guidance of Pikieris he is less free with the "if you prefer"s and the "you may wish to"s than he was with Christopher Aponte, in Boston. Although Pikieris has certain dramatic options, Villella binds him to a scenario by means of specific musical cues. Moments like "mirage," "transition," "resignation" are Villella interpreting Prokofiev. Other directions of his have to do with pictorial considerations and stage wisdom. The Sisters, who help the Prodigal over the threshold, must give him space and time to recognize them, must not block him from view, and above all must not hinder him in the awkward business of getting through the gate. "It's a great moment," Villella tells the dancers. "So give it full value. Think of it as a painting—a 'Descent from the Cross.' "

The greatest moment of all is the scene with the Father—the whole ballet has built up to it. Villella stages it in the traditional way: the Father (Gerard Ebitz) comes out of his tent and walks to a point downstage, where he stops and faces the Son, who hesitates, then lifts his hands, palms upward, pleadingly. Villella: "You have to plead twice, because he doesn't respond." Pikieris pleads in cadence, once, twice. Still no response. The Son turns and retreats. On the high note of the flute melody, the Father holds out his hand. "Feel that hand on your back. Now you turn." With bent back, and both hands as if tied behind him, the Son creeps forward, straightening himself gradually until he is close enough to fall full length at his father's feet. Then, gripping the man's ankles (the Father, like the Siren a towering presence, wears platform shoes), he pulls himself underneath him. All this time, the Father stands motionless, and he remains motionless as the Son hauls himself up the front of his body. Then, on the last, low horn note of the score, the Father gently covers the boy with his cloak.

Under Villella's coaching, Pikieris goes through the climb again, pulling himself up by grasping Ebitz's hands and then his shoulders, then raising his own legs and clinging to Ebitz's neck. Villella points out the handholds but doesn't demonstrate—"My back doesn't allow me to anymore." The Father's gesture with the cloak completes the ballet. He does not turn and start back toward the tent carrying his son, as he now does, for some reason, in the N.Y.C.B. production. The simplicity and directness of Balanchine's staging cannot be improved upon, even by Balanchine. In the "Dance in America" version he was forced to invent a new entrance for the Father,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

which, while it slightly softened the image of a stern Biblical patriarch, did not alter the severity and beauty of the scene. Not until the Son has completed his penitential journey is he received in the bosom of the Father. As the cloak falls and conceals the Son from view, so the curtain falls and conceals the stage. Unfortunately, a bad choice of camera angle spoiled the "Dance in America" fadeout.

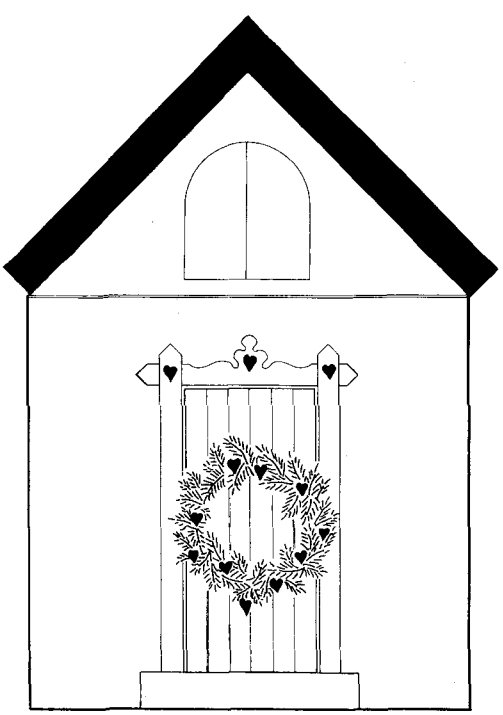
Villella dismisses the rehearsal, detaining Pikieris for a few private words. They both burst out laughing. Still grinning, Villella walks over to where observers sit in front of the mirror. He reads our minds. "What a role!" he says. "What a ballet!" As the room empties and then starts to fill up with dancers for Gamonet's Bruch ballet, I casually ask Villella whether he isn't being a little more strict with Pikieris than he was with Aponte. He's not sure "strict" is the word. "I don't like to force my version on people," he says. "I don't want anybody imitating me. I'm sure Mr. B. didn't want anybody imitating him. But then I have seen people imitating me without my having coached them. I lived with this ballet; I was incredibly emotionally involved with it, especially after the second season, when it became very apparent to me how much work there was left to do on it. I sought things in it. I found things. And they're gone now, and that makes me sad."

What was Balanchine's reaction to Villella's work on the role? Did he ever express an opinion? Villella shakes his head. "I don't think he was entirely pleased, even though he never said so. I think he had something much more simple in mind in the last scene. He gave me very little mime and almost no facial expression. He probably thought that the music was enough, plus just that simple cross [of the stage] on the knees. The conception is very minimalistic. But I believed there was much more going on. And it was important to me to be able to add more when I believed it right. Not add—find. It's a ballet full of lots and lots of things, and it took me years to find them. I'm only passing along what I discovered over the years."

No record of Villella teaching or coaching exists. Now that he has set "Prodigal" on his own company, it's unlikely that he will have occasion to teach the ballet so thoroughly again. More's the pity that he was not video-

IN A CITY
FAMOUS FOR HOTELS,
WHY DOES ONLY
ONE HAVE BOTH
A FIVE STAR AND
FIVE DIAMOND RATING?

Four Seasons
Clift Hotel
SAN FRANCISCO
Near Union Square
For reservations call (800) 332-3442 or (415) 775-4700.



THE FIRST DOOR
WILL BE OPENED
ON DECEMBER 1ST!

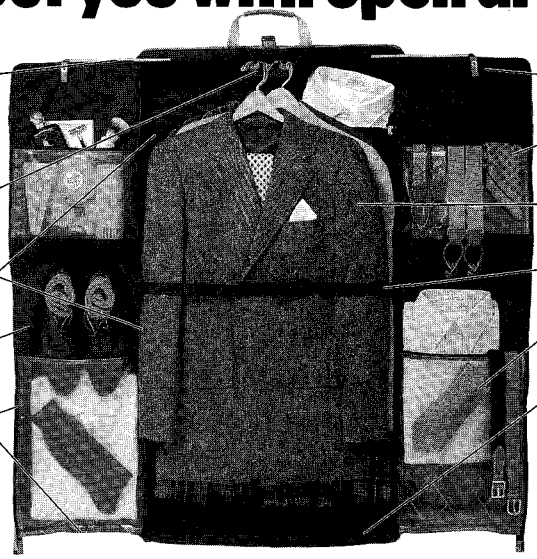
VISIT
THE MARIMEKKO STORE &
SEE THE GIANT SIZE
ADVENT CALENDAR.
EACH DAY
A WINDOW WILL BE OPENED
WITH A SURPRISE FOR YOU.
ENJOY CHOOSING FROM OUR
ENORMOUS SELECTION OF
EUROPEAN TOYS &
SCANDINAVIAN
CHRISTMAS ORNAMENTS.
CHILDREN ARE WELCOME!

SAT. DEC. 3RD — 11AM
CHRISTMAS STORY TELLING.

marimekko®
7 WEST 56TH STREET. NEW YORK. N.Y. 10019 212 581.9616
STORE HOURS: MO. TU. WE. FR. 10-6:30PM, SAT. 10-6PM, SUN. 12-5PM (DEC. ONLY)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Finally, a garment bag that'll greet you with open arms.



Boyt's "Walk-in Closet"® Garment Bag

Tired of packing & unpacking at every stop? Tired of the impossible task of trying to live out of your garment bag while it's hanging in your hotel's closet? Boyt's "Walk-in Closet"® eliminates the problem with the first garment bag that enables you to live out of every pocket while the bag is hanging open.

The "Walk-in Closet"® is available in Boyt's three luggage series, MACH II®, Century Collection®, and Runaways® to guarantee that regardless of your travel needs or taste levels, there is a "Walk-in Closet"® designed exclusively for you.

Boyt Builds a Better Bag.℠

BOYT

✯ Crafted with Pride in the U.S.A.

BOYT DIVISION WELSH SPORTING GOODS CORP. Drawer 668 • Iowa Falls, Iowa 50126 • 800-247-5191

WORLD'S WARMIEST WOOL JACKET...

A WARMLY RECEIVED GIFT *This Landau exclusive features a loose-fitting brown and white herringbone woven shell of 100% Icelandic Wool with a knit and brushed lining of Icelandic Wool. That's two layers of the warmest, lightest, most durable Wool in the world!*

The fashionably oversized styling makes for a very comfortable fit over bulky winter clothes. Cozy knit convertible turtleneck, wind cuffs and satin-lined sleeves complete the picture. Imported from Iceland.

WJ9355. *Runs full. Sizes: XS(6), S(8), M(10-12), L(14-16), XL(18-20).* ***$241*** *ppd.*

Holiday delivery guaranteed on orders received by Dec. 21, 1988.

Order by phone: *CALL FREE 1-800-932-0709 Mon.–Sat., 9am–5pm EST*

Or mail: *Send credit card information or check to:* ***Landau, Dept. 70*** *114 Nassau Street, PO Box 671, Princeton, NJ 08542*

The Unconditional Landau Guarantee: *It's been the same since 1914, you will be satisfied or your money back.*

LANDAU™

The World's Most Beautiful Woolens

Send $2 for our catalog, featuring a swatch of a new Wool fabric. You've never felt anything like it.

The sewn-in Woolmark label is your assurance of quality-tested products made of the world's best . . . Pure Wool.

taped in rehearsal. Of all his roles, the Prodigal most clearly focussed his persona—that combination of athlete and actor which makes the dancer. He began the ballet as an athlete and ended it as an actor, and in between fused the two aspects and became a dancer. One watched the ballet literally to see Villella grow. As he made his performance more plastically and musically expressive, one saw, too, that the ballet was canonical Balanchine—not some early, untypical effort that its maker was right to be embarrassed by. For me and, I daresay, my generation, Villella was *the* Prodigal the way Margot Fonteyn was *the* Sleeping Beauty. His gifts, his personal legend, his looks—everything about him fitted the part, expanded it, and gave it meaning. There was even a side of his Prodigal that fitted the consciousness of the era, blending in with the Brandos and the Deans—rebels who held their turbulence in. Later would come the Beatles and Nureyev—rebels who let it all out.

Whatever Balanchine thought of Villella in "Prodigal," the fact is that he allowed him to perform the ballet exclusively for fifteen years. Despite the strain between them, the two men remained on cordial terms. "Prodigal" became "an old coat between friends." Yet the one time the "friends" came close to having a blowup it was over "The Prodigal Son."

New York City Ballet had been invited to make its first tour of the U.S.S.R. in 1962. Balanchine did not want to take "The Prodigal Son." In addition to the way he felt about it, he thought that including it would be like admitting he was a prodigal son returning to his homeland, which was how the Russians wanted to see him. He did not intend to play into the Russians' hands—especially not when he had already been prevailed upon to leave his patriotic extravaganza "Stars and Stripes" at home. Villella was upset to hear that he would not get to dance his most important role in the Soviet Union. He went to Balanchine and said that without "Prodigal" he had so few roles there would be no point in his going on the tour. Others were after Balanchine to bring a dramatic ballet to balance the repertory. (All this has to be seen against the cultural-cold-war background of that era, when Khrushchev went to Hollywood and demanded, "Which is better, your ballet or ours?" Even sophisti-

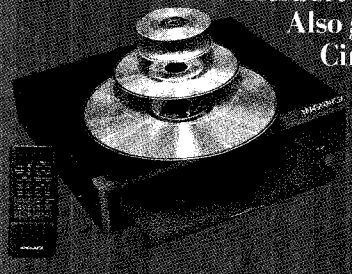
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CD VIDEO

NOW YOU GET THE PICTURE

Introducing CD Video: uniting the superb sound of a digital compact disc with a rich, vivid, high resolution picture. Watch your favorite music performance, videos and concerts or simply listen to the best music reproduction money can buy.

Whether you choose the Magnavox CDV474, or any of the other superb new players, you can play your entire collection of compact discs plus all laser-read five, eight and twelve inch video discs. This makes CD Video the ideal home entertainment theater — you can see great performances by Luciano Pavarotti, Rudolph Nureyev, Herbert Von Karajan and many others; Also great music by Bon Jovi, Cameo, Cinderella, Robert Cray, Def Leppard, Kool and The Gang, Rush, John Cougar Mellencamp, and many more.

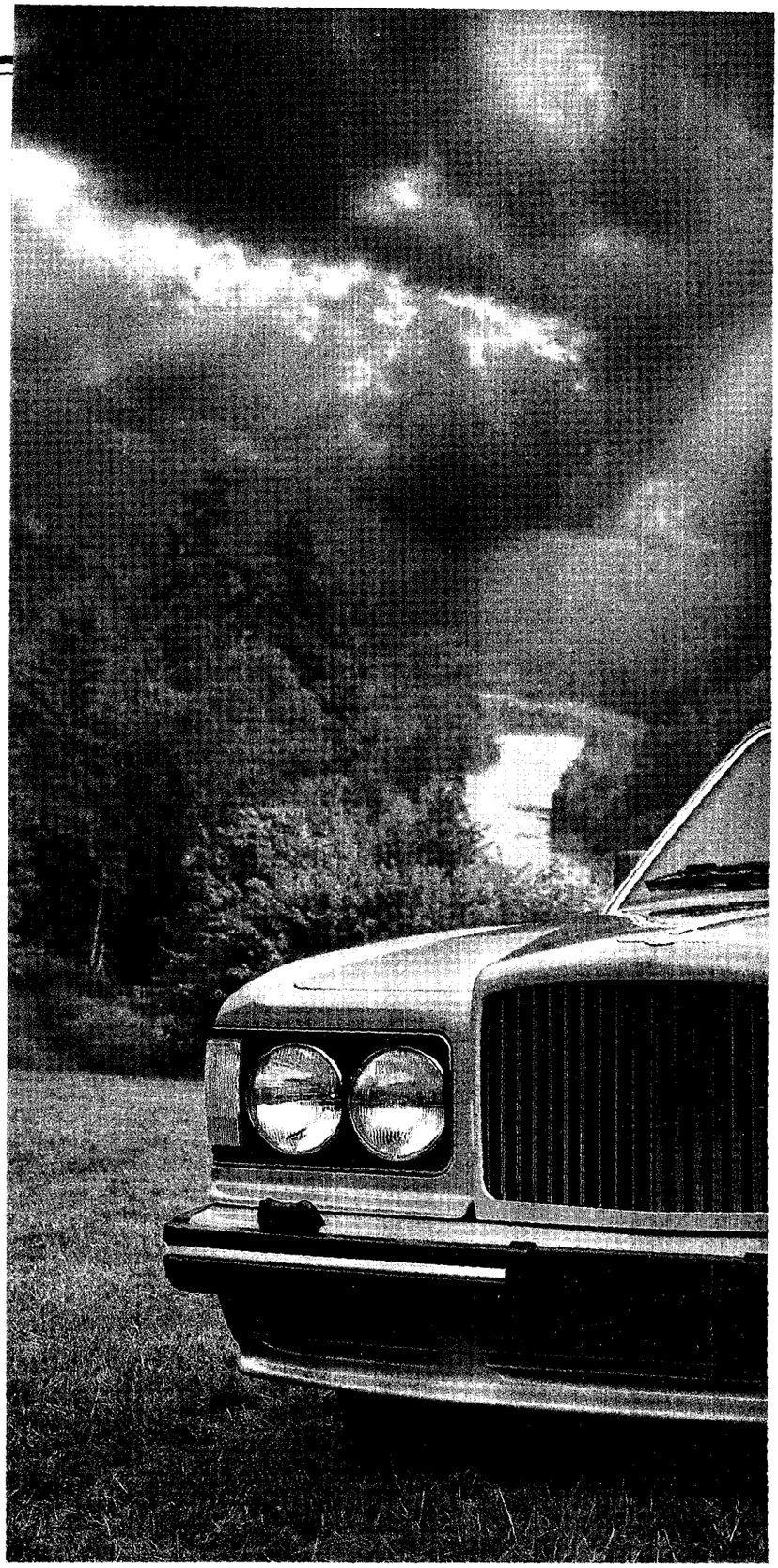


CD VIDEO IS MUSIC TO YOUR EYES!

Mercury · London · Deutsche Grammophon · PHILIPS Classics

Pavarotti Portrait/Vivianne Moos • © PolyGram Records

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



BENTLEY OWNERS HAVE ALWAYS ENJOYED A DISTINCT ADVANTAGE.

BUT IT HAS NEVER BEEN QUITE SO APPARENT AS WITH THE INTRODUCTION OF THE NEWEST BENTLEY: THE TURBO R.

THIS MAJESTIC AUTOMOBILE DELIVERS A LEVEL OF PERFORMANCE AND ELEGANCE THAT HAS BEEN NONEXISTENT ON AMERICAN HIGHWAYS. OR GERMAN AUTOBAHNS. OR ENGLISH MOTORWAYS. OR ANY ROAD AT ALL.

OUR CONFIDENCE EMANATES FROM MANY ATTRIBUTES UNIQUE TO THIS MOTOR CAR. THE 6.75 LITER V-8 POWER PLANT IS HONED TO PERFECTION BY HAND. TURBO-CHARGED AND INTERCOOLED, IT WILL WHISK YOU FROM 0 TO 60 IN A BREATHLESS 6.7 SECONDS. PUT THROUGH ITS PACES ON A TEST TRACK, THE BENTLEY TURBO R TRAVELLED OVER 140 MILES IN ONE HOUR. OUT-DISTANCING A LAMBORGHINI COUNTACH TO CAPTURE THE BRITISH NATIONAL ENDURANCE RECORD.

THE SUSPENSION HAS BEEN CALIBRATED TO PROVIDE THE SURE HANDLING NECESSARY AT THE SPEEDS THIS BENTLEY CAN REACH. WIDE ALLOY WHEELS AND

The Bentley Turbo R. T

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

HIGH-SPEED RATED TIRES KEEP THE POWER FIRMLY ON THE ROAD AND ASSIST THE FOUR ANTI-LOCK DISC BRAKES IN BRINGING THE TURBO R TO A QUICK STANDSTILL.

ASSUREDLY, BENTLEY IS MADE BY THE SAME PEOPLE WHO MASTERFULLY HAND-CRAFT ROLLS-ROYCE MOTOR CARS. SO EVERY DETAIL IS ATTENDED TO WITH UNERRING SCRUTINY. FROM THE FLAWLESS CONNOLLY HIDES FOR THE SEATING. TO THE BURLED WALNUT VENEER DASH, HAND-RUBBED TO A SHIMMERING GLOW.

CLEARLY, NO OTHER MOTOR CAR COMBINES ALL OF THE POWER, HANDLING AND ELEGANCE OF THE TURBO R. IT HAS INSPIRED *CAR MAGAZINE* TO EXPOUND THAT THE BENTLEY..."DOES NOT BELONG WITH ANY OTHERS, BUT OCCUPIES WITH EFFORTLESS SUPERIORITY AND UNFORBIDDING REMOTENESS A PINNACLE ENTIRELY ITS OWN."

OUR SENTIMENTS, EXACTLY.

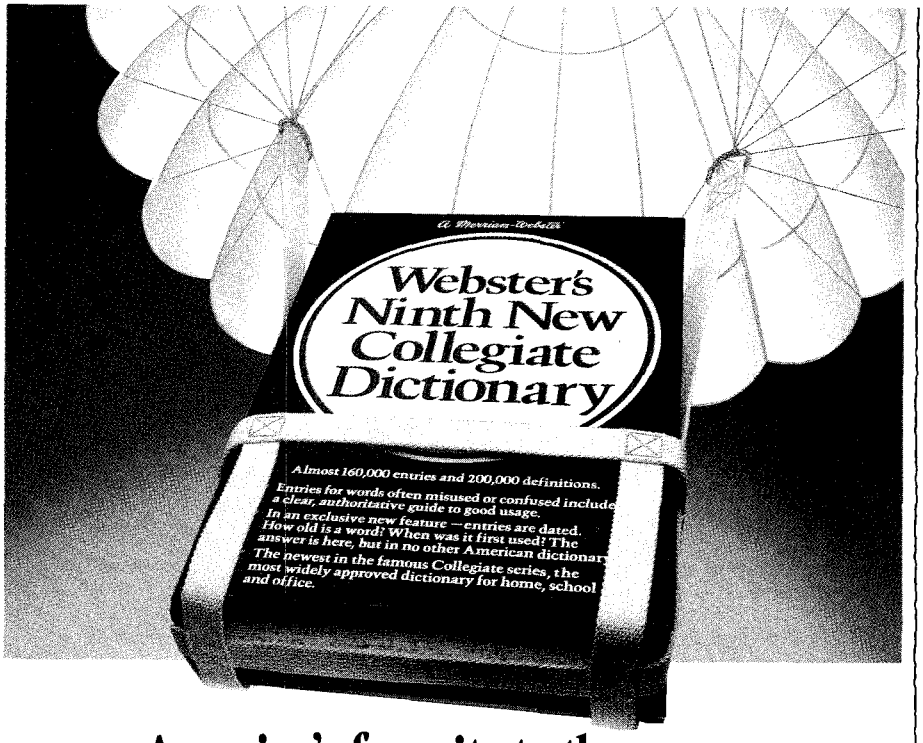
AND THEY WILL UNDOUBTEDLY BE YOURS AFTER YOU TEST-DRIVE THE BENTLEY TURBO R.

TO ARRANGE FOR AN APPOINTMENT, CALL 1-800-851-8576.

quintessential power trip.

© Rolls-Royce Motor Cars Inc., 1988. The name "Bentley," the badge and the radiator grille are registered trademarks.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



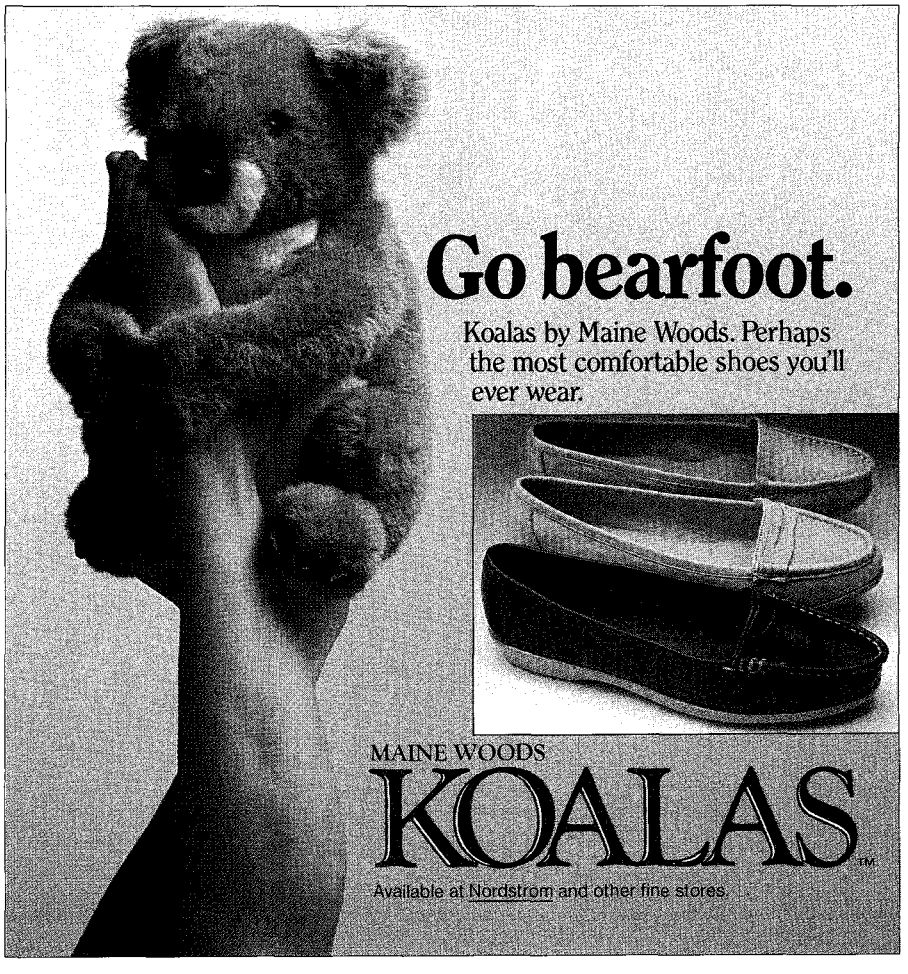
America's favorite to the rescue.

No other dictionary responds to so many calls for help–how to spell it, how to say it, how to use it. And it's the dictionary to tell you how old a word is.

A Genuine Merriam-Webster®

More people take our word for it.

© Merriam-Webster 1985



cated Americans thought we had no ballets and no male dancers as powerful as theirs.) In the end, Balanchine gave in. He almost certainly saw Villella's position as an ultimatum. At the first performance of "Prodigal" in Russia, the audience gave Villella an enormous and prolonged ovation. But it was an evening he would not forget for other reasons.

"As I got on the bus that was taking us back to our hotel, I saw him," Villella recalled. "He was sitting in front, next to Allegra Kent. He gave me one quick murderous look. I sat down behind them. He didn't say anything, but sat there looking straight ahead and getting madder and madder. I could see the hackles rising on his neck. Suddenly, he whirled around and said, 'You wanted a dramatic ballet. Now *you're* the hero!' It was two weeks before he spoke to me again, and then it was only because he had to. He avoided me for the rest of that tour."

Balanchine might have addressed the identical words to Serge Lifar, who in 1929 was acclaimed as the creator of "Prodigal" by people who should have known better. Balanchine, these people went around saying, was undeniably brilliant, but he had no dramatic gift. It was the first time anyone had suggested that there were any limits to his genius. No dramatic gift—the charge stuck. Even Balanchine fell in with the praise of Lifar. Villella's offense may only have been dancing—and acting—superlatively well in a ballet Balanchine had come to regard as a humiliating failure.

Villella can certainly console himself with the thought that Balanchine was seldom easy for male dancers to get along with. And I believe, too, that there is a fatal pattern to the story, on Balanchine's side as well as on Villella's. All Balanchine's greatest dancers failed him in some way; in the end, his expectations always exceeded their capacities. Those expectations are, in fact, what move us in the wonderful roles he made for them, where they are their platonic selves. And Balanchine surely knew how unreal in practical terms his expectations were. Now and then, he would create for his dancers on a more mundane, biographical level, and there might even be a touch of mischief in what he gave them to do. I think of the Harlequin-with-a-backache that he rechoreographed for Villella in the 1960 revival of "La Son-

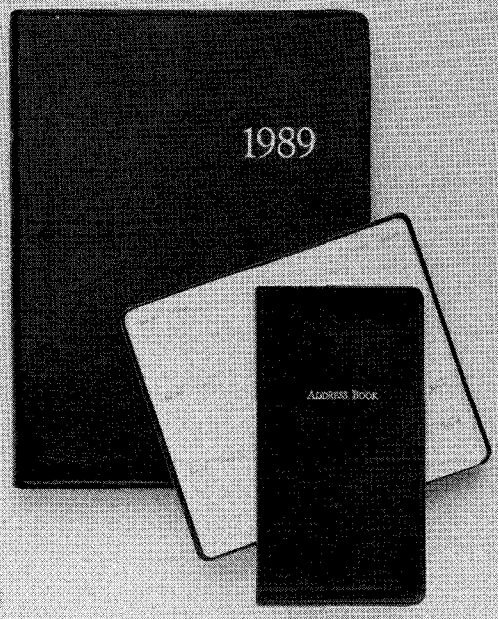
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

nambula." In the Stravinsky television opus "The Flood," Villella was Satan. But these roles are no more Balanchine's "opinion" of Villella than the transcendent creations are; they're just another side of things—Balanchine's Polaroids.

THERE is a fifty-first-birthday party for Villella at the home of Mark Steinberg. It is a family party; dancers, board members, friends of the company gather. It is also a theme party. Many of the dancers are peculiarly got up in their idea of the clothes and hair styles of what they reckon to be the "Villella era"—the fifties. What with the ratio of Latinos to gringos, they look like the cast of "West Side Story." Linda tells me that Mr. Villella is still at home, and that that was the reason for the glum look on Edward's face when he arrived for the rehearsal this morning. Mr. Villella's forebears are from Calabria, the region that forms the vamp of the Italian boot. Among Southern Italians, the Calabrese are noted for being exceptionally stubborn, headstrong people. When I tell this to Linda, she says that the description fits the Villellas to a tee.

To the intense delight of Crista and several other small children, Villella starts opening his gifts, most of which are jokes. To their dismay, he opens them slowly, carefully smoothing paper and saving ribbon, and he keeps not seeing a gigantic package that stands nearby. It turns out to be a yellow canvas camp chair with his name stencilled on the back. Happy birthday from The Company.

MIAMI CITY BALLET's second season at the Gusman Center opens on October 15, 1987, almost exactly a year after its début. Edward and Linda Villella watch the performances from the audience, as is their custom. They are a royal couple in this part of the world. During intermissions, they meet people in the greenroom or stroll about the house. Strangers come up and shake Villella's hand. Some say they remember his performance of the Prodigal or some other role. One man says, "My sister went to school with you at Franklin High on the East Side." Villella, who never went to Franklin High on the East Side, replies, "Is that so?" Many in the audience look too young to have seen Vil-



Elegant Appointments

Tiffany's leather-bound accessories for home or office. Desk calendar in navy full-grain hide, 9¼ x 7", $42. Pocket calendar in navy or red calf skin, 6 x 3¼", $25. Pocket address book in navy or red calf skin, 6 x 3¼", $25.

TIFFANY & CO.

NEW YORK • FIFTH AVENUE AND 57TH STREET
BEVERLY HILLS • CHICAGO • COSTA MESA • DALLAS • HOUSTON • BOSTON • ATLANTA • SAN FRANCISCO
TO ORDER CALL 800-526-0649 • ©T & CO. 1988

LANDAU EXCLUSIVE ICELANDIC WOOL BLANKET/THROW

A VERY IMPRESSIVE GIFT AT A VERY REASONABLE $49. *Our Pure Wool throw, a $98 value, is perfect for everyone on your gift list. Holiday delivery is guaranteed on orders received by Dec. 21st for this Landau exclusive 60" × 80" twin-size Icelandic Wool blanket-throw.*

NA4900. *Icelandic blanket/throw. Available in:*
Raspberry *(dark raspberry with grey and light raspberry);*
Charcoal *(charcoal grey with off-white and dark raspberry);*
Light Brown *(light brown with grey and off-white);*
Off-White/Earthtone *(natural off-white with brown and grey);*
Off-White/Pastel *(natural off-white with lilac and blue);*
Blue *(blue with shades of raspberry);*
Aqua *(light aqua with grey and off-white).*
$49 *each plus $4 shipping per blanket.*
**Add 6% tax for NJ shipments.*

Order by phone: *CALL FREE 1-800-932-0709*
9 am–5 pm EST, Monday–Saturday

Or mail: *Credit card information or check to:*

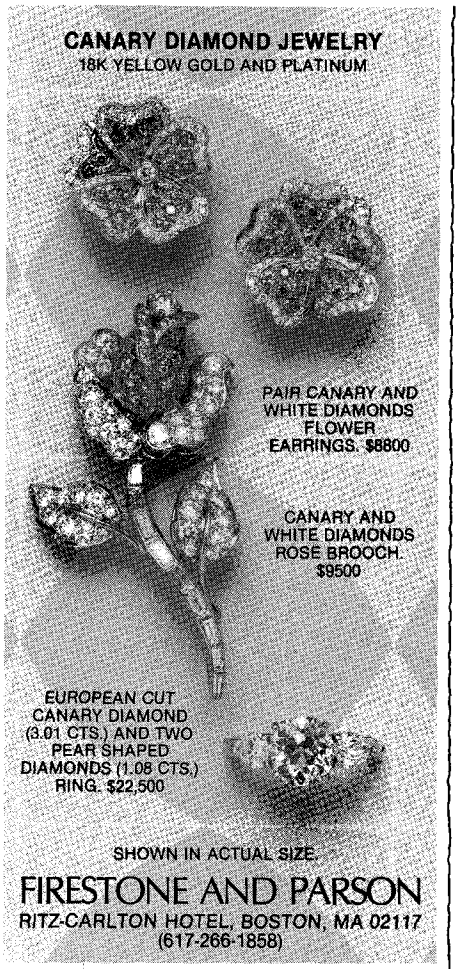
Landau, Dept. 71, *114 Nassau Street*
PO Box 671, Princeton, NJ 08542

LANDAU™
The World's Most Beautiful Woolens

The Unconditional Landau Guarantee: *It's been the same since 1914, you will be satisfied or your money back.*

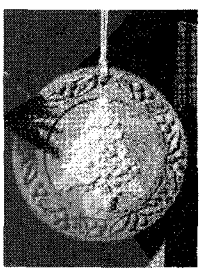
Send $2 for our catalog, featuring a swatch of a new Wool fabric (you've never felt anything like it).

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



W·E·D·G·W·O·O·D

1st in a new series of blue & white jasperware ornaments, this Wedgwood first edition is 2" and is a real "Blue Chip"! $20.00 plus $2.95 shipping. Visa/MC 1-800-345-0053 716-852-7876.



pitt petri

378 DELAWARE AVE./BUFFALO, N.Y. 14202

CASHMERE WATCHCAP

Imagine. Cashmere. 100% Cashmere. Built a beefy two layers thick. It turns up at the brim so you have four layers covering your ears. Warm and soft like nothing else. Not ever a hint of itch or scratch. Never debilitating. Lets your head breathe, leaves you free to think, allows you to perform.

Eighty-Five plus Four for shipping.

Colors: Black, Navy, Charcoal Grey, Flannel Grey, A Suggestion of Grey, Pewter, Cardinal, Claret, Bright Bright Red, Vermont Green, Slate Blue, Exquisite Mocha, Booby Foot Blue, Palest Pink, Emerald Sea Green, Lapis Lazuli, Heavy Cream, Taupe, Robin's Egg Blue, Camel and Vicuna.

CHECK VISA MASTERCARD AMEX

VERMONT BIRD COMPANY

PO BOX 1008NY RUTLAND, VERMONT 05701 8027756754

lella on the stage. In my opinion, they are not seeing him tonight in the person of Yanis Pikieris. They are seeing the outline of the role of the Prodigal as Villella used to dance it, but with Pikieris filling it out differently, bringing to it his own qualities of fragility and pathos.

Mark Steinberg comes up and gives Villella a report on box-office business. "We are all sold out except for the last two rows in the upper upper balcony," he says excitedly, and starts talking about adding performances to the Gusman series. Steinberg has the unshakable conviction of the recent convert. He believes that the company's success is due to the quality of what it puts before the public. "People here have been skeptical or unknowing at times," he tells me. "But once they come to see us, we've got 'em. And they come back. Our renewal rate is a hundred and ten per cent. Not only do about ninety per cent of the subscribers renew but they ask for additional seats. It's unreal."

The evening began with "Bournonville Italian Suite," followed by "Minkus Pas de Trois"—excerpts from "Napoli," "Flower Festival in Genzano," and "Paquita" that gave the boys something to dance. Then "Prodigal," then Gamonet's "Concerto for La Donna," starring the girls. It was a typical Villella program —balanced, provocative. It was also a personal statement about where Villella had come from and where he was going. Bournonville and Minkus: Danish and Russian classicism as interpreted by Stanley and Mr. B. "Prodigal": a Balanchine masterpiece, a Villella specialty. "La Donna": a plush new work, Balanchine-inspired, extolling company talent. On its first anniversary, the company looked back, then ahead.

By the time of these performances, Joseph Villella was safely installed in Villa Biscaya, and he lived there, reasonably content, for eleven months. He died on September 16, 1988. Edward Joseph Villella had gone every other day to shave him. During that period, he had rehearsed and presented his production of "Apollo," with the prologue and the original ending restored. It is the only other Balanchine ballet that ends with a son returning to his father.

—Arlene Croce

(This is the second part of a two-part article.)

BRYN MAWR

Post-Baccalaureate Premedical Program

For men and women with Bachelor's degrees who are changing career goals.

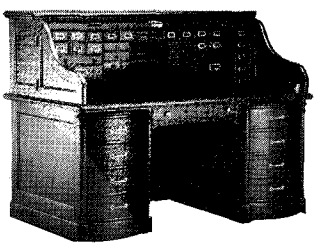
5-Year Programs
Admitted applicants may also apply for provisional early admission to the following medical and dental programs:

- Brown
- Dartmouth
- Hahnemann
- Medical College of Pennsylvania
- University of Rochester
- University of Pennsylvania School of Dentistry

Division of Special Studies
Bryn Mawr College
Bryn Mawr, PA 19010
(215) 645-6197

· ANTIQUE DESKS ·

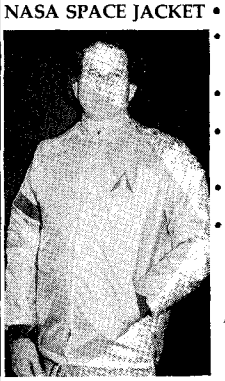
The largest collection in the U.S.
Visit our showroom. Derby Desk



Write for our new brochure. Derby Desk Company, 140 Tremont Street, Brighton, MA 02135. Tel. (617) 787-2707.

• Desks from $6500 •

NASA SPACE JACKET • Ideal for outdoor sports



- golfing, skiing, fishing, yachting, jogging, backpacking, hunting
- warm in winter, cool in summer
- very lightweight, rolls up to fit easily into small spaces
- silver with blue knit cuffs and detailing
- sizes to fit men, women and children — state weight and height — $125

Write or Call:

AIR AND SPACE CENTER SHOP
Orlando Int'l Airport
Orlando, Florida 32827
(407) 851-3840

Check • VISA • Mastercard • American Express accepted

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

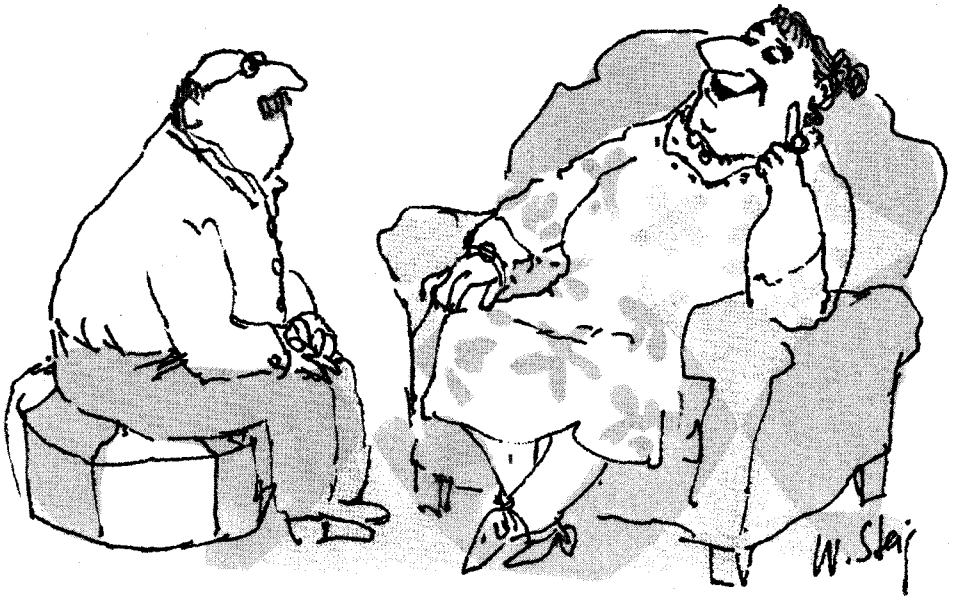
LETTER FROM EUROPE

West Berlin

ONE night last year, a punk working the Oranienstrasse—the main street in Kreuzberg—stopped with some neighborhood news at the back door of a restaurant called Maxwell. The punk worked the Oranienstrasse for scraps, and, inasmuch as there were always plenty of good scraps at Maxwell, something like an arrangement, if not precisely a relationship, had established itself between the punk and the Bitomskys, Hartmut and Brigitte, who owned the restaurant. People in Kreuzberg make their own arrangements. They call their neighborhood Berlin's Berlin. They inhabit the most freewheeling and anarchic quarter of a city not noted for conformity to begin with, and many of them consider themselves outsiders to bourgeois life. "It was the atmosphere I liked, the people who were not 'arranged,' who were out of society a bit," Brigitte Bitomsky says now.

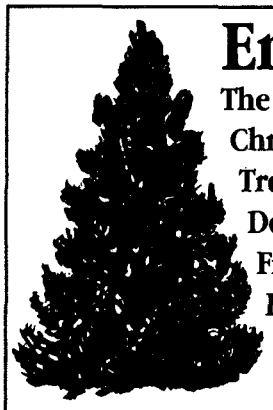
Wolfgang Krüger, the Kreuzberg mayor (every neighborhood in West Berlin has a mayor), likes to point out that unarranged people are not "ordinary Kreuzbergers." The Mayor considers himself an ordinary Kreuzberger. He says that there are thousands of other ordinary Kreuzbergers just like him—by which he means thousands of middle-aged citizens from solid, conservative Berlin worker stock who vote for the Christian Democrats (or, at worst, the Social Democrats) and have never "squatted" an abandoned house or shaved their heads or smoked a joint or worn safety pins in their ears or made a punk-rock video or got teargassed at the barricades during a May Day demonstration. They are not what most Germans think of when they hear "Kreuzberg." Most Germans think of the street gangs and the outlaw communes that, taken together, are known to the country as the Autonomen. They think of an entirely exotic mix of sixties leftists, seventies squatters, Turkish workers, art people, craft people and various other apostles of what Berliners call "alternative culture," punks, pimps, skinheads, addicts, architects, intellectuals, and runaway *Schlüsselkinder* trading in the dreary certainties of an apprenticed life in the Federal Republic for the spacey possibilities of a "scene" in the shadow of the Berlin Wall. Those are the Kreuzbergers who have "chosen" Kreuzberg. Choosing Kreuzberg is a point of pride among them, though Kreuzbergers like the Mayor tend to think of them as foreigners—even when they have come from no farther away than Schöneberg or Charlottenburg or some other West Berlin neighborhood. The feeling among ordinary Kreuzbergers these days is that the only good foreigners here are the Turkish workers. The Turks arrived in Kreuzberg after the Wall went up—cheap labor to replace the Poles and the East Germans in West Berlin's factories. They came when Kreuzberg was, properly speaking, more bombed out than spaced out, and their immigrants' fear of being sent away has turned them into model citizens.

Twenty years ago, these Kreuzberg Turks were herding sheep in Anatolia. Twenty years ago, the punk begging on the Oranienstrasse was flunking elementary school in a West German village. And twenty years ago Hartmut Bitomsky and seventeen friends at Berlin's new film school, the German Film and Television Academy, had occupied the school and renamed it the Dziga Vertov Academy, in honor of an old Soviet documentary filmmaker—and got expelled. Hartmut himself turned into one of Germany's best documentary filmmakers, although he never made the kind of money his old classmates made by "going over" to the Federal Republic and producing slick programs for West German television. Hartmut was known for a kind of dogged purity of purpose. He edited the magazine *Filmkritik*, which was as important to young German filmmakers in the sixties and seventies as *Cahiers du Cinéma* was to young French filmmakers. He wrote a book—a "Marxist aesthetics"—about film and politics. (It was called "Die Röte des Rots von Technicolor," which means "The Redness of the Red in Technicolor.") And he settled down in Berlin and started working, slowly and painstakingly, on his movies. He was obsessed by what he calls "German images"—images of identity, images like forests and blond braids and superhighways which the Nazis had appropriated or invented and postwar Germans had had to reinvent, purged of their associations, and Germans were still inventing as a country now. He considered himself an expert on images. When he talks about Kreuzberg, he sometimes says how much he liked "the images that Kreuzberg presented to me"—images of tolerance and eccentricity and community. He thought he understood those images, and he certainly thought he understood the image *he* presented to Kreuzberg when he fixed up a little restaurant on the Oranienstrasse so that Brigitte, who loved to cook, could practice her "refined bourgeois cooking"—her puréed borscht and her rabbit with tarragon and her flourless sauces—for the neighborhood. He felt at home in Kreuzberg. He was not prepared for the news the punk, mak-



"If you don't like my apples, why do you shake my tree?"

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Enjoy The Perfect Christmas Tree Delivered Fresh From The Forest To You

Bring the beauty of the Blue Ridge Mountains into your home this holiday season with a fragrant forest-fresh Fraser Fir. Delivered to your door the week you specify. Guaranteed!

No more problems getting your tree home. No more searching or settling for second best.

Make It A Memorable Christmas

You'll receive a handsome tree, ready to decorate. Fraser Firs, native to North Carolina, are prized for their natural symmetrical shape, sturdy boughs, soft, delicate needles and longevity. They're the finest trees money can buy.

Your tree is cut to order, packed in a wax lined box and immediately shipped UPS anywhere in the continental U.S. 7-foot tree: $75, 6-foot tree: $65, (plus 10% shipping).

No-Risk Offer

We guarantee your complete satisfaction or we'll refund your money in full!

An Ideal Gift
Only A Phone Call Away

Our Trees will make it a more enjoyable holiday for anyone on your gift list. Wreaths, boughs, garlands and stands are also offered. Ask about larger trees and Hawaiian shipments.

Excellent Corporate Gifts.

Order Now Thru December 15

Call toll-free

1-800-851-2345

10 a.m. to 7 p.m. EST Mon.-Fri.
Place your order early

Ideal for condominiums and apartments

Please ship _____ 7-foot, _____ 6-foot Laurel Springs Fraser Fir(s) at $75 each for 7-foot trees, $65 each for 6-foot trees plus 10% shipping. Write gift addresses and greeting on separate sheet. Be sure to specify week of desired delivery. We will send advance gift notices at your request.

☐ Check/money order enclosed

Charge to my: MasterCard ☐ Visa ☐

Account # _____ Exp. Date _____

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Telephone ( ) _____

Signature _____

Laurel Springs Fraser Firs
Laurel Springs, North Carolina 28644

ing a small exchange for some old baguettes and a bowl of Brigitte's soup, brought that night to the Oranienstrasse—the news that Hartmut and Brigitte Bitomsky were on a hit list.

The list was posted down the street, off the Heinrichplatz, in an Autonomen bar called SO 36 (after Südost 36, one of the two Kreuzberg postal codes), and the punk had seen it when he went to the bar for a Sunday soup kitchen. There were fifty names on the hit list, and some fifty pictures, representing what the Autonomen at SO 36 called *Kiezfremde*—the "enemies" who were threatening Kreuzberg. There was a picture of Maxwell. There was a picture of a shop with ten-speed bicycles and a shop with handmade silk underwear and a shop specializing in Italian books and a bar the Autonomen considered Schicki-Micki—which means Mickey Mouse chic, and which people in Kreuzberg use to mean anything that offends them, anything affected or pretentious or expensive or simply out of place, like a nouvelle-cuisine restaurant with an English name on a street claimed by freaks and punks and runaways and dropouts whose own affectation it is to pretend to have more in common with a Turkish sheepherder doing piecework in a Berlin factory than with neighbors like Brigitte and Hartmut Bitomsky. The Autonomen had decided that the Bitomskys were part of the enemy culture that was gentrifying Kreuzberg—the culture that was driving up prices, bringing in rich, chic people from Charlottenburg and the other expensive Berlin neighborhoods, ruining a scene that had made Kreuzberg the fantasy of half the teen-agers in West (and East) Germany and on the European backpack circuit, and forcing "the people" out. The message was that Brigitte and Hartmut Bitomsky had to go.

THERE are nearly two million people living inside the Wall in West Berlin, and some of them think of the city as a prison and some of them think of it as a playpen and some think of it as a place to collect their pensions and die and some as a place to dodge the Army, and some as a place they are simply passing through on their way to a sober grownup life a couple of hundred miles away in the prosperous *Länder* of the Federal Republic. Some West Germans have not been to Berlin since the obligatory grade-school trip they took at eleven. The trip is intended as a history lesson, but most of those Germans cannot even remember if their Berlin lesson had to do with the city's history as the real capital of a disastrously united Germany or the symbolic capital of a peacefully divided one—if it was a lesson in shame or pride or in the contradictions of tainted nationality. They do not know what their memories of Berlin should be, or what kind of "German" the city is supposed to awaken in them. A lot of people think that Berlin is the only "real" city in West Germany—that its schizy, provisional character is a much more authentic "Germany" than the sleek, successful cities of the Federal Republic where bluff and politics and money have groomed the past, like silver rinse on the thick gray hair of a Düsseldorf industrialist.

It is impossible to groom Berlin, to make it look like a normal city. This is not just a question of the Wall—although there is no escaping the fact that the Wall is there, at the end of every road. It is not even a question of the lugubrious restorations of the Third Reich that various postwar governments have inflicted on the city. It has to do with the fact that Berlin never recovered in the way that West Germany claims to have recovered. Beyond the trees and lakes of its lovely parks—a third of West Berlin is parks and forests—Berlin is a profoundly scarred city. It manages to look razed in its busiest, most built-up sectors—as if the past were scattering rubble in your eyes, like magic dust. Architects come from all over the world and build libraries and museums and modish and inventive housing, and instead of transforming Berlin they manage to accentuate its ugliness. That ugliness is Berlin's distinction. It is a city under punishment, and there is nothing covert about it, nothing easy or soothing about *its* images. It wears its past, like mise-en-scènes—which may be why people who make movies are so fascinated by it. The director Margarethe von Trotta, who is Bitomsky's age, once said that Berlin is the only city in Germany that looks the way Germany *should* look—the way Germany deserves to look in what is, after all, less than a half century since Hitler.

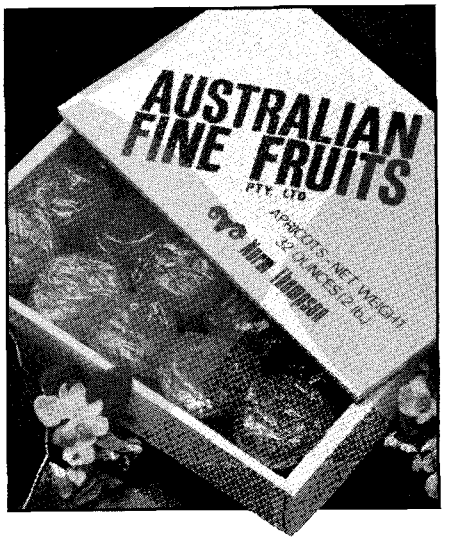
Berlin is provocative. It raises questions, by being there, which give it its vividness and its unnerving license.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

People who go to Berlin, like von Trotta, say that as Germans they *need* Berlin, that stopping every now and then in Berlin is a sort of reality check for them—but "reality" is precisely why other Germans hate the city, and never visit, and say that they could never live here. Those Germans mean something very different by "reality." They mean the relations and responsibilities of postwar German life, and Berlin, for them, is in every way disconnected from that life—a hundred and eighty-five square miles bounded by a hundred miles of barbed wire and white concrete and financed almost entirely by subsidies (by eleven and a half billion Deutsche marks a year directly from Bonn, and another eight billion in tax breaks and business credits and salary bonuses and hardship pensions that Bonn calls "indirect subsidies" and Berlin prefers to call "promotions"). They hate Berlin because Berlin is not accountable, because nothing is asked of Berlin beyond its own complicity in surviving. The city as such is a legal fiction. Officially, Berlin is still occupied. Officially, the mayor of West Berlin receives his permission to govern every morning from the Commander of the Allied Occupation Forces. Officially, the law is still Occupation law, and Bonn's jurisdiction over its half of the city is still "temporarily suspended" by the Allies, but, then, officially Berlin is still the four sectors of an unresolved war zone (and, officially, is intended to stay that way until Germany is united). Bonn, of course, does not know what to do about Berlin, except support it. The closest Bonn has come to a Berlin policy is to fill it with people and pay it to import enough culture and enough conventioneers to keep those people busy while the real Germany grits its teeth and "does" Berlin as a kind of civic duty, like military service—and in the end resents it.

The problem is that West Berlin is not responsible, even to itself. It is a frontier, a way of going west by going east, a place for land grabs and easy money and summary justice like hit lists in soup kitchens, and also a place to experiment, and even fail, beyond the punishing scrutiny of the Germany of economic miracles and bulldozer recovery. Berlin is under another kind of scrutiny. People who like Berlin and try to describe it use words like "stage" and "laboratory" and "social theatre." Foreigners tend to think of it as the stage where the Good West and the Bad East have been having their showdown for twenty-seven years. But for Germans it is a different kind of stage—a radical-workshop stage where the ideas and attitudes of West Germany are improvised. Germany's 1968 began in West Berlin. So did German revisionism and Ostpolitik and the Green movement (the West Berlin Greens call themselves the Alternativen, or Alternative List, and get twenty-five per cent of the vote in neighborhoods like Kreuzberg). Politicians from every party use Berlin to practice their performance. Willy Brandt was the mayor of West Berlin when the Wall went up (and when John Kennedy said, "*Ich bin ein Berliner*"). Richard von Weizsäcker was the mayor here twenty years later—and is the President of Germany now.

There is a big difference between Berlin politicians and the politicians who are passing through on their way to power in the Federal Republic. The Berliners—wherever they come from—belong to a kind of local Mafia. They are here for the cruder, material satisfactions of influence in a city where notions of conflict of interest have yet to be developed—where people describe corruption with the word for felt, *Filz*, because in Berlin the threads of power, politics, and profit are pressed together so tightly that no one can tell them apart. Everyone who has anything to do with Berlin is part of *der Filz*. The Cologne dentist who invests in a construction scheme—construction is the liveliest business in Berlin, though a lot of old buildings here are empty, held by West Germans for speculation—gets so many tax credits and subsidies for investing in Berlin that he ends up paying nothing for his property. The business that opens a branch factory in Berlin gets so many credits and subsidies that it can cancel its costs and write off whatever profits it is taking somewhere else. Officially, West Berlin is the first industrial city of West Germany, but that is really another way of saying there are more workers in Berlin than in, say, Hamburg or Düsseldorf. A shirt woven in the Ruhr may pass through



Plump Dessert Apricots from Australia are guaranteed to be the finest you'll ever taste.

It's a real contradiction to refer to our Australian Dessert Apricots as "dried." That's because this term conjures up images of dense, chewy disks the size of a silver dollar...with just about as much flavor. Although "drying" is the correct term for the production process used to make this delectable dessert, these apricots are moist, sweet, juicy...and anything but dry.

The right variety of fruit, sun-ripened for the finest flavor.

One of the keys to producing these plump, moist morsels is the fruit. You must have the right variety...Travat apricots that will soak up more of the sun's ripening powers on their way to becoming exceptionally sweet and juicy. They must be hand selected at just the right moment...not too soon or too late. Finally, a special patented process is used to preserve their natural goodness.

A wonderful gift idea, our Australian Dessert Apricots are a must to have around your house for holiday entertaining. Net wt. 2 lb. **$17.95 ppd.**

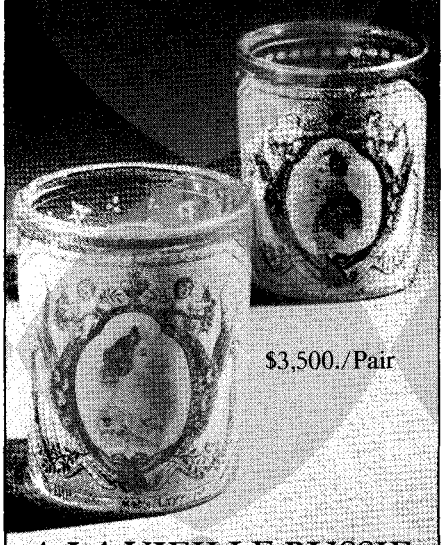
Dept. 01-232, PO. Box 3999, Portland, OR 97208
Apricots **No. 9293F** Qty.____ Total $____
☐ Check ☐ VISA ☐ MC ☐ Am. Ex. ☐ Diners/C.B.
Card # _____
Sig. X _____ Phone _____
Name _____
Address _____
City _____
State _____ Zip _____
Order TOLL FREE 1-800-547-1160
☐ Send **FREE** catalog.

Since 1949
Norm Thompson®

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Russian Glass

Pair of clear glass beakers with portraits of Alexander II (1855-1881) and his wife Maria Feodorovna. Russian Imperial Glass Factory, circa 1860. Height: 3⅛"



$3,500./Pair

A LA VIEILLE RUSSIE
781 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 10022
(212) 752-1727
Open Saturdays from 10 AM to 4 PM

Chef Paul Prudhomme's
Cajun Magic® Cookbook
$2.50
Mail-In Offer
New full color 28 page cookbook by Chef Paul Prudhomme, specially created for use with Cajun Magic® all natural herb & spice blends. Send a check or money order for $2.50 to Cajun Magic®, P.O. BOX 770034, New Orleans, LA 70177-0034.
Free catalogue & coupon towards the purchase of Cajun Magic® included.

Check Home Temp By Telephone

Phone-Stat protects home, cottage, greenhouse, barn or business when away in winter. Check on temperature by phone to avoid freeze-ups, save inspection trips. Write or call for free folder and ordering information: **Phone-Stat, P. O. Box 102A, Shelbyville, MI 49344** (616) 672-9227

Berlin to have its buttons sewn on by a machine in a local branch factory, but it goes back to the Ruhr for its finishing stitches.

The real business of Berlin is Berlin. Nearly a quarter of the people who work here work for the city—which means, in effect, that they are paid by West Germany—and probably more work in subsidized or "guaranteed" jobs. A lot of those jobs have to do with importing culture. (Kreuzbergers say "official culture.") The culture budget for West Berlin is nearly five hundred million Deutsche marks—more than half the federal arts-and-humanities budget in America. Artists and writers and performers come to Berlin as guests of the city every year, and so do hundreds of scholars, because Berlin has a hundred and eighty-five think tanks and *Wissenschaft* institutes to invite them. They settle into free apartments and cash their grant money and get their table at the Paris Bar and are fussed over, like heads of state, for what they are told is their creative presence—and provide the "Berlin culture" for the West Germans who arrive as tourists, book into the Kempinski or the Schweitzerhof, buy their tickets, attend the city, and go home. One of the things they attend is Kreuzberg. This is why, when kids arrive in Kreuzberg with no money and no jobs, Berlin takes care of them, too—and why by way of assurance and insurance the mayor of Berlin writes the foreword to a guide to Kreuzberg and gives the Oranienstrasse his official imprimatur as a cultural happening, another one of Berlin's amazing tourist attractions, like the restored Reichstag or Herbert von Karajan or the Wall.

WHEN Hartmut Bitomsky arrived in West Berlin to study, it was 1962 and the Wall had just gone up and the city was digging in for a siege that would last for the next ten years, until the agreement establishing contact between the two Berlins was finally signed, and life in West Berlin was officially declared "back to normal." In 1962, life in West Berlin was exciting, exhausting, and entirely abnormal—and students like Hartmut, who was an architect's son in Bremen, and restless, he says, and full of art and politics, longed to go there. Hartmut started out at the Free University, studying philology and theatre, but as soon as the film school opened he enrolled. There were only two film schools in West Germany by 1968, the Berlin school and a school in Munich, and for a young radical like Hartmut the Film and Television Academy in Berlin was the serious one, the one where people talked about Marx and Mao and about why socialism worked and capitalism didn't work, the one where people practiced making difficult, provocative movies for friends who already had the right high political standards, the one where May, 1968, was being invented for the rest of Germany. Hartmut was famous, at twenty-six, for occupying the film school and getting expelled—much more famous, he says, than he would have been if the rector had let him stay once the sit-ins and demonstrations and occupations were over.

It never occurred to Hartmut to go home to Bremen. He liked the temper of Berlin. He subscribed to the Berlin maxim that within its Wall Berlin is the freest city in the world. He liked the fact that Berliners were judged, by definition, to be a little crazy. It made them tolerant, and gave them a kind of family solidarity, and, more important, it freed them from the pressures of the economic miracle—from the clothes and cars and the ostentatious proprieties of a successful West German life. One of the editors who worked with Hartmut on *Filmkritik* (which was a collective, with nine or ten editors, each with his own politics and his own theories and his own ideas about making movies) says that Hartmut was a natural Berliner. He was by disposition an outsider. He didn't belong to any of the groups or schools that were preaching a "new German cinema." He was not much interested in fame or money. He was not chic. He lived simply, and —in a city where half the people are in cashmere and the other half are in costumes—he dressed simply, something like a lumberjack, in mud boots and jeans and an old plaid or denim work shirt. He favored the kind of places that people the Autonomen call "the people" frequent. Brigitte, who was a policeman's daughter from Stuttgart, met Hartmut in a bar, at the pinball machine.

Brigitte Bitomsky was another natural Berliner—a dark, fragile, pretty girl who arrived at the age of twenty-one "in black and sunglasses," enrolled in teachers' college, and showed up once, on the first day. Her friends,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

she says, were dropouts and drifters. Or they were "lazybones"—which is how she likes to describe herself. They were always broke and often stoned, and some of them died, she says, and all of them made a point of being *Verweigerer*, of rejecting the conventions of bourgeois German life. Brigitte says that even then she could not imagine living in any other German city. The longest she has been away since she moved here was six months in 1971, when she went to Ibiza. The longest Hartmut has been away was six months in 1980, when he crossed America on Highway 40 West to make a three-hour documentary that Germans refer to as Hartmut Bitomsky's "road movie." After that, the Bitomskys moved to Kreuzberg.

Brigitte was as much at home in Kreuzberg as Hartmut. "I liked everything about it—everything that turned against us," she says now. It was different from Schöneberg, where she and Hartmut had lived before, and from the other neighborhoods they knew, which were either for working or for sleeping and had none of the texture of Kreuzberg, with its mixture of workers and Turks and artists and students and freaky people from the Oranienstrasse scene. They found an apartment on the Ritterstrasse, one block south of the Oranienstrasse. It was in an old and fairly dilapidated building, but there was a room free on the ground floor where Hartmut could store his film and do his editing—an address for Big Sky Film, which was the name he brought home from America for a production company. "It seemed like a paradise," he says. "We knew there was pressure, that there was 'money' invading, but we had no money. We were not chic Charlottenburg people. We didn't know that we were, maybe, part of this invasion—at least, this has been the reproach to us, that we were part of the invasion. For us, it was like a dream. It was like living an idea of cities—an idea we had inherited from writers of the nineteenth century. Kreuzberg, for us, was life lived in the street. It was people talking and hawking. It was children playing."

The year the Bitomskys moved to Kreuzberg, the Copenhagen Filmmuseet sent the West Berlin Kinemathek some twenty reels of old Nazi propaganda film from its archives, and Hartmut started going through them, and then through hundreds of others

SORBARA

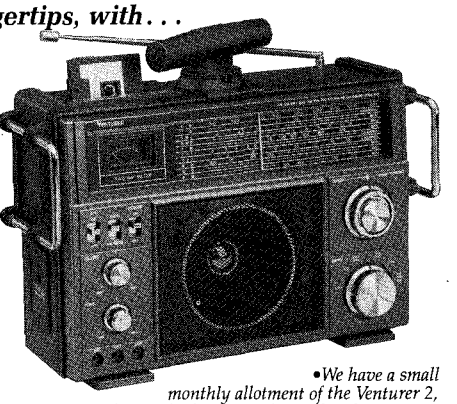
150 WEST 30TH STREET NEW YORK, NY 10001

Put the whole world at your fingertips, with . . .

Venturer MultiBand Receiver

Only $99.95*

But read the ad for an even better deal!



The *Venturer* Receiver gives you crisp reception over the full ten bands of the radio spectrum, including, of course, the entire AM/FM range. But you can also roam the international shortwave and ham radio bands (4 to 12 mHz) for information from all over the world. And you can pick up the TV-audio from channels 2 to 13, a great way to keep up with your favorite programs. But there is more: Listen to 24-hr. reports of the U.S. Weather Bureau, and get news of all support services—police, fire, ships, and civil defense. Then there is the aircraft band, and all 40 channels of the CB band. The *Venturer* works off your 110-volt house current, off batteries, or off any external 12-V. DC source.

We import *Venturers* in container loads and can offer them for just $99.95. But we have an even better deal: ***Buy two for $199.90, and we'll send you a third one, with our compliments—absolutely FREE!*** Take advantage of this special offer and order your *Venturer MultiBand Receiver(s)* today!

•We have a small monthly allotment of the Venturer 2, same as the standard Venturer, but it also plays cassette tapes. It costs $30 more—$129.95. The "special deal"—3 for the price of 2—is also available for this model.

FOR FASTEST SERVICE, ORDER
TOLL FREE (800) 621-1203
24 hours a day, 7 days a week
Please give order **#1195 E794** for the *MultiBand Receiver,* and for the cassette version, give order **#1196 E794.** If you prefer, mail check or card authorization and expiration. We need daytime phone for all orders and issuing bank for charge orders. We cannot ship without this information.

UPS/insurance: $6.95 for one *Venturer MultiBand Receiver,* $8.95 for three. Add sales tax for CA delivery. You have 30-day return privilege and one year warranty.

since 1967
haverhills
131 Townsend Street, San Francisco, CA 94107

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Inn of the Six Mountains

A spectacular new reason to ski Killington

After the thrill of
world-class skiing, come
home to gentler pleasures.
A massage, a sauna,
a dip in our spa,
a swim in our pool.
Or a quiet interlude in
one of our living rooms,
curled up in a cushiony chair.
All perfect preludes to
enjoying the most delectable
dining in Killington.
The Inn of the Six Mountains.
So much to come for,
so nice to come home to.

Killington Road, Killington, VT 05751
Telephone: (800) 228-4676
In Vermont, (802) 422-4302

Lustrous Fresh Water Pearls

Nine strands of genuine, white, high-luster fresh water pearls from Japan with a round filigree clasp in your choice of sterling silver or sterling silver gilt. Traditional 17-inch choker — $125. Six strands — $87.50. Add $3.50 shipping. A beautiful addition to any fashion wardrobe. Special lengths on request. Satisfaction guaranteed. Major credit card, check or C.O.D.

JAS. ROGERS, INCORPORATED
Manufacturer and Importer of fine jewelry
P.O. Box 7032, Columbia, Missouri 65205
314/874-2002

IN SAN FRANCISCO
WINTER SPECIAL—DECEMBER/FEBRUARY

Just two blocks west of Union Square. Complimentary *continental* breakfast. Home of the highly acclaimed Post St. Bar & Cafe. $72 to $90

THE ANDREWS HOTEL
624 Post St., San Francisco, CA 94109
Call for Brochure
(800) 227-4742 • (415) 563-6877
In California (800) 622-0557

that he dug out of the Bundesarchiv in Koblenz. He says there were literally rooms of uncatalogued Nazi propaganda films in Koblenz. It was not military propaganda or political propaganda (which Hartmut thinks is the reason everyone had ignored it) but it was the kind of propaganda that interested him. It had to do with the creation of what could be called an *Asphaltlyrik* of Nazi Germany—a poetry of highways and cars and engineering which Germans would somehow identify with National Socialism and with the triumph of National Socialism. It had to do with the idea of a collective German will expressing itself in industrial culture—in culture at the service of construction and construction at the service of the Third Reich. It was a treasure, Hartmut says, if "treasure" was a word you could use when you were talking about Nazis. He could not get over the energy and intelligence and expense that had gone into making these movies that on the surface looked like ordinary, and even boring, documentaries about things like building a road between two German cities. He had been thinking a lot about cities now that he was living in Kreuzberg. He was reading Roland Barthes and the French semiologists, and he was also reading Baudelaire, who in his own time and his own way had written an *Asphaltlyrik* of Paris—of a poet's life on Baron Haussmann's new boulevards. Hartmut says that sitting at his editing table at the Kinemathek, going over those reels of film, he saw that this was not so different from what Nazi artists had tried to do for Germany, using the image of Hitler's Reichsautobahn, the superhighway of the Third Reich, to create what Hartmut thinks of as a "Reichsautobahn genre." There were Reichsautobahn painters and Reichsautobahn poets and Reichsautobahn printers putting out Reichsautobahn stamps and Reichsautobahn posters, and mainly there were Reichsautobahn movies—movies about how the man who took the highway always got the prettiest girl, the girl who knew what she wanted and liked a fellow who could take over and drive fast and get where he was going before the others.

Hartmut wanted to do something of his own with the footage. He wanted to find a form—something between documentary and essay—that would recreate the experience of those Nazi images. He wanted to give Germans a sense of how images had worked on them in the past and maybe were working now. He says he did not want to "touch" those images—to intrude on them or explain them. He was not interested in making obvious comments about manipulation or duplicity (the Reichsautobahn was, after all, a highway for moving tanks and troops, a highway for conquering Europe, and not just for handsome men and pretty girls in convertibles) or in censoring his treasure from the perspective of a 1968 Berlin radical, turning forty. He wanted the people who saw his movies—he ended up planning a trilogy on the propaganda footage—to come to some sort of appropriate respect for the power of images in the hands of experts like those Nazi filmmakers. He wanted them to feel how susceptible they were. He wanted to make them vigilant. His critics said later that he was very austere and very demanding, but Hartmut says that he was simply working in his own way, and that it helped a lot—given such chilling material—to be living in such a lively, humane, tolerant place as Kreuzberg. It seemed to him then that Kreuzberg was the only place in Germany that fit what he calls "my politics and semiology." He spent the next seven years working in his room at home. He figures that, after seven years, everybody in the neighborhood knew him.

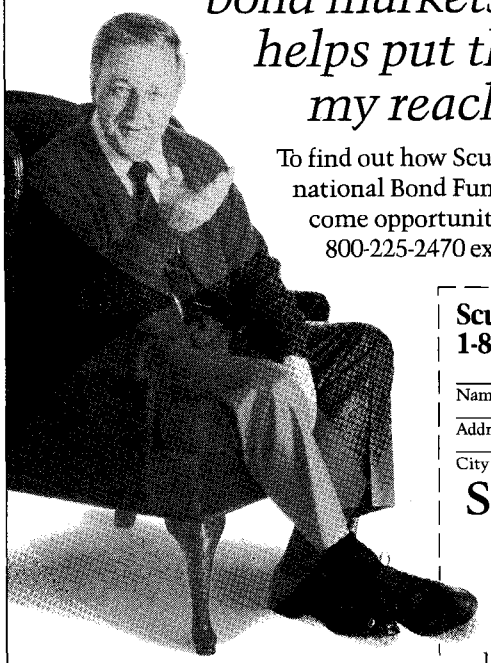
IT is hard to miss Hartmut, even (or especially) in a place like Kreuzberg. He is a big, serious, slow-moving, cumbersome man. He has mild blue eyes and light brown hair and a droopy brown mustache that seems to be his major vanity, and he still dresses like a lumberjack, in his jeans and his work shirts. There is something laborious about Hartmut, like his movies—a diffidence, an awkwardness, as if he were thinking or watching or making up his mind or simply not wanting to intrude. People who were pro-Maxwell put it down to modesty or gentleness and people who were anti-Maxwell say that Hartmut is stubborn and that it comes from pigheadedness. But everyone agrees he is a kind man. He wanted Brigitte to have her restaurant. She had taught herself to cook from a copy of Escoffier, and while she is a nervous person, and shy, she was always confident about her cooking. She likes to say that after

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Escoffier all the cookbooks in the world are only pictures. She went out to apprentice at a big restaurant called Tessinerstube, near the Kurfürstendamm and the big stores, and sat through a couple of obligatory lessons in accounting and hygiene and nutrition at a commercial cooking school. She wanted to see how the pros did it, but the pros in a big Berlin kitchen work a kind of culinary assembly line, like pieceworkers in a factory, and according to Brigitte the ones at Tessinerstube were all "split and stressed"—doing the kind of work you go to Kreuzberg to avoid. So she decided to serve "the right sort of food" in Kreuzberg. She meant crisp vegetables and fresh fish and fine spices and meat that was neither breaded and deep-fried nor soaked in *Schlag*. She meant clear, delicate food—and in Kreuzberg this was something exotic. In Kreuzberg, any food that didn't settle like a weight in your stomach was called nouvelle cuisine, and was definitely Schicki-Micki, but, then, people from the scene ate junk food, and the Turks ate kebabs, dripping fat, and a worker's lunch was wurst, curried ketchup, and as much beer as he could get down.

Hartmut puts it this way. "You see, it was our neighborhood, and part of the impetus for Maxwell was the feeling we had that everything here was going in the direction of junk food. Everything was full of chemicals, and we thought—maybe in a missionary way—that a good restaurant would be uncommon *and* useful. We didn't intend a restaurant for upper-class people. Mainly, for us, Maxwell had to do with a principle of aesthetics. It was like my films, or my house—they share a principle of aesthetics. You know, you see a room, you have your own aesthetic *idea* of that room, and, well, our idea for Maxwell was the concept of minimal art. There would only be a few things, but they would be solid, authentic things, not plastic or shiny or flashy or synthetic. We didn't have the money for being flashy, anyway. I did a lot of the work myself. I had some practice from films, because you have to improvise—you discover you can install your own electricity, you can lay tiles, you can build anything. So I could build Maxwell the way we wanted it. We had one room. We had a wooden bar and seven wooden tables and thirty wooden chairs, and we had

"I've read a lot about the income opportunities available in the world's bond markets. Now Scudder helps put them within my reach."



To find out how Scudder's new *pure no-load*™ International Bond Fund can put these international income opportunities within your reach, call us at 800-225-2470 ext. 8700 or fill out the coupon below.

Scudder International Bond Fund
1-800-225-2470 ext. 8700

Name
Address Apt.
City State Zip

SCUDDER

175 Federal St., Dept. 870, Boston, MA 02110

Currency fluctuations, foreign markets, and interest rate shifts can pose certain risks. Yield and share price will fluctuate. Contact Scudder Fund Distributors, Inc., Underwriter for a prospectus containing more complete information including management fees and expenses. Read it carefully before you invest or send money.

Exercise **More** with **Less**

■*MORE EFFECTIVE* By duplicating the motion of cross country skiing, the world's best exercise, NordicTrack provides the ideal aerobic workout.

■*MORE COMPLETE* Unlike bikes and other sitdown exercisers, NordicTrack exercises all the body's major muscles for a total body workout.

■*MORE CALORIES BURNED* In tests at a major university, NordicTrack burned more calories than an exercise bike and a rowing machine.*

■*MORE CONVENIENT* With NordicTrack, you can exercise in the comfort of your home. NordicTrack easily folds, requiring storage space of only 17″ x 23″.

*Scientific test results included in NordicTrack brochure.

■*LESS TIME* Because NordicTrack is so efficient, you burn more calories and get a better aerobic workout in less time.

■*NO IMPACT* Running and some aerobic workouts can cause painful and potentially harmful jarring. A NordicTrack workout is completely jarless.

■*NO DIETING* No other exercise machine burns more calories than NordicTrack...so you can lose weight faster without dieting.

■*NO SKIING EXPERIENCE REQUIRED* Easy and fun to use.

FREE BROCHURE AND VIDEO
Call Toll Free Or Write:
1-800-328-5888
In Minnesota 1-612-448-6987 In Canada 1-800-433-9582
141 Jonathan Blvd. N., Chaska, MN 55318
☐ Please send free brochure
☐ Also free video tape ☐ VHS ☐ BETA
Name
Street
City State Zip
265K8

NordicTrack
A CML COMPANY © 1988 NordicTrack

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Direct From

The New Yorker

Wants to Talk to You

about what?

A way you can receive personalized information about quality products and services offered in the pages of The New Yorker.

how?

By simply entering a code on an ordinary touch tone phone, you'll hear a free message about the product or service of your choice.

then?

After choosing the information you want, you can leave your name and address, be directed to the nearest dealer/distributor, or even talk directly to a company's representative.

when?

You'll have instant access to voice messages 24 hours a day, 7 days a week.

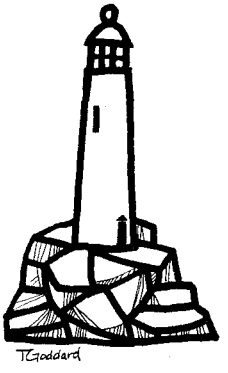
Look for upcoming messages from our advertisers. Start now by listening to The New Yorker*'s own message by entering the numbers shown below:*

THE NEW YORKER

1-800-2 t-i-l-l-e-y

If you wish to find out more about this valuable new service, please call Jeanette Cohen at (212) 536-5492.

white linen tablecloths and white linen napkins. They said later that we had 'gastronomic custom plates,' but we had plain white plates, and our 'silver' was plain Spaten stainless flatware that I bought in a restaurant-supply house when I was in Paris, filming. But they were well chosen, with a certain idea—that nothing should look ordinary. Even the menu—well, the cooking wasn't really simple. It was modern French and fairly refined, but we tried to make the menu simple, to make it an *understatement*, and not use flowery French language. It was the same with the name, Maxwell. We wanted a name that began with 'M,' because 'mmmm' means 'good,' and then because saying 'M' is like eating good food—you open your mouth and right away you have to close it. So we looked up all the 'M's in the phone book, and discovered Maxwell. There was one Maxwell in West Berlin. It sounded nice, it sounded different. You know, you have a certain illusion. You like something now, and then, in six months time, you know how stupid you were."



No one in Kreuzberg thought Hartmut Bitomsky or his wife were stupid. The Autonomen who wanted to force them out called them "imperialists" and accused them of being rich, fast movie people, like the movie people in Munich, and the Autonomen who wanted to let them "do their own thing" said that they were just naïve, and to leave them alone. Brigitte says that she certainly was naïve. She was a small-town girl, she says, like most of the kids in Kreuzberg who turned against Maxwell, and she was not very sophisticated, despite the fact that she looks sophisticated, with her fragile, fine-boned face and her straight black bangs and simple black clothes and big black sunglasses. She believed in Maxwell. She believed in bringing *beurre blanc à l'estragon* to Kreuzberg, and she believed that the plain pale walls and plain white dinner plates and plain stemmed wineglasses—seen from the street through plain plate glass by Turkish workers and punks with orange hair—looked solid and authentic. She believed she was giving object lessons in simplicity to people whose idea of authentically "simple" was Formica tables, mismatched jelly-jar glasses, a stacked sink, and bags of garbage separated from the customers by a beaded curtain. She believed that the neighbors would love and respect what she was doing for Kreuzberg, because she loved and respected the neighbors. She believed in the Kreuzberg scene and in the famous Kreuzberg freedom—she believed that Berlin Südost 36 was indeed the freest corner of the freest city in the world.

There are people here—old friends of the Bitomskys—who say that Hartmut should have warned Brigitte, that Hartmut must have known better, that a man who had spent his career thinking about how cultural images are created and manipulated and communicated, a man who read Barthes and talked about "politics and semiology," should have known that a place like Maxwell would stand out on the Oranienstrasse *because* of simplicity—that Maxwell wouldn't have looked much stranger painted gold with a footman at the door. Somebody all dressed up, like a footman, is in the Kreuzberg spirit; it is the dressing down that is ostentatious. But Hartmut believed in his principles the way Brigitte believed in the neighbors. He walked around Kreuzberg and found the space he wanted, at 170 Oranienstrasse, and the fact that the space happened to be halfway between Heinrichplatz and Moritzplatz, in the heart of the Kreuzberg scene, didn't trouble him at all. It was a wide storefront, and at the time Hartmut saw it, it was divided right down the middle into two thrift shops—providing two rents instead of one to the speculators who owned the building. Once the leases were free, Hartmut took over the storefront. He got a good rent—five hundred marks a month to start, doubling after five years—because, whatever Hartmut may have felt about Maxwell, his landlords thought of Maxwell as part of the gentrification of Kreuzberg, a good thing for the neighborhood, the sort of place that would attract the right people and raise the value of everybody's Kreuzberg property. Hartmut figures that opening Maxwell cost him two hundred and fifty thousand marks, including the cost of his own time and his own work.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Deutsche Bank Berlin loaned him fifty thousand, and a couple of friends invested ninety thousand, but the rest of the money was Hartmut and Brigitte's savings. It was all the money the Bitomskys had.

Maxwell opened for Christmas of 1985. The Bitomskys' friends came, and the friends brought their friends, and then the restaurant critics started coming. A magazine called *Zitty* sent someone who said that Maxwell was terrific, though maybe "a little fine for Kreuzberg," and even the New York *Times* sent a reporter—after which the artists and intellectuals who were spending their year in Berlin as the city's guests began driving out to Kreuzberg to taste Brigitte's good white wines and sample her five first courses and her four main courses and her cheese of the day and her three desserts. Maxwell was rarely full (and barely making money), but it was celebrated. It was a bright (some said aggressively bright) patch of light on a dark (some said aggressively dark) street where most of the eating and drinking took place behind blackened windows or at the back of courtyards, so no one would have to worry when the hash or the coke came out. Brigitte liked to cook and Hartmut liked to help her, and after a busy night they would sit down at the table in Maxwell's kitchen and Brigitte would cook them something soothing and familial—spinach and soft-boiled eggs, mashed together. Hartmut says that at first he had no idea of the "signs" that Maxwell was giving off in Kreuzberg, that he had no way to evaluate its glamour—not with Brigitte working fifteen hours a day, six days a week, with only two people to serve and two people to help her in the kitchen. He discovered just how chic Maxwell was when a group of Americans booked a table and one of them dropped his notebook on the way out—and it was Robert Wilson.

HARDT-WALTHERR HÄMER is an old Berlin architect who has been working in Kreuzberg (he says "in Kreuzberg *for* Kreuzberg") over the past ten years, and for people in the scene he is probably the most important man in Südost 36, because he has put together a team of architects, sociologists, city planners, and economists, and taken on the enormous and exasperating job of restoring the neighbor-

I'll Bet You Know Someone Who's Crazy About Crosswords!

This Christmas give them a full year of delightful puzzles — still only $30!

Every month we send 5 completely original puzzles created exclusively for our members by the world's most talented (and devilish) constructors. Individually printed on fine, heavy paper each puzzle is the same size and caliber as those found in the Sunday New York Times.

Within 24 hours of receiving your instructions, we'll have an elegant gift announcement card on its way to you and we'll start your new member with the January 1989 puzzles.

Your satisfaction is guaranteed.
Act Now! It's Easy to Order!

Send check for $30 (we pay the postage) or charge MasterCard/Visa. *Mail to:*

THE CROSSWORDS CLUB
Dept. 888, 123 Elm Street
P.O. Box 635
Old Saybrook, CT 06475

OR CALL TOLL FREE
(800) 874-8100
(in Connecticut 203-388-6627)

THE CROSSWORDS CLUB ™

Four Full Feet of Lovely Soft White Silk

CLASSIC AVIATOR'S SILK SCARF

EARHART

A Dashing Reminder of the Early Days of Flight And a Great Apparel Accessory Today for Both Women and Men

AN EXTRAORDINARY AVIATOR SCARF OFFER
REG. $19.95 TO $24.95 REAL SILK SCARFS

ONLY $12.95*

But read below for an even better deal!

LINDBERGH

Years ago when planes had open cockpits, the long scarf was tied once around the neck, and flapped snappily in the breeze behind. It had a dashing appearance. Today, this authentic long white double-weight silk scarf is a reminder of those nostalgic days. It is beautiful and feels absolutely delightful around the neck. A wonderful buy only $12.95. Six ft. scarf available for a low $16.95. And now because we import these lovely scarfs in larger quantities, we are able to offer you an even better deal. *Buy 2 four ft. scarfs for $25.90 and we'll send you a third one absolutely FREE. Same with six ft. scarfs, buy 2 and get a third one FREE.*

THE MALL ON FIFTH AVENUE, Dept. NY-263
463 Union Avenue, Westbury, N.Y. 11590

Please send Pure Silk Scarfs indicated below with full 30 day money back guarantee. I understand that for every 2 four ft. scarfs or every 2 six ft. scarfs I order, I will receive one FREE in the same size. I enclose check or m.o. for $_____. N.Y. Residents add sales tax.

___4 Ft. Silk Scarfs (A98) @ $12.95 + 1.85 p.&h. ea.
___6 Ft. Silk Scarfs (A99) @ $16.95 + 1.85 p.&h. ea.

Or please charge my: ☐ MasterCard ☐ VISA

Acct. # _____ Expires _____

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State & Zip _____

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SALKO GENUINE LODEN COATS

PURE LODEN LUXURY, INSIDE & OUT *Two separate layers of incredibly dense Loden cloth, solid outside and plaid inside, are simultaneously woven together to create Salko's exclusive double-faced interwoven 100% Wool Loden cloth. The result is a warm, lightweight fabric (and coat) that feels like Cashmere yet wears like iron.*

Impeccably tailored with flanged shoulders, armhole vents, full inverted back pleat and real leather buttons, the Salko Loden coat is a classic of Austrian engineering. Available in Salzburg blue, Loden green, black, wine red, grey, camel and navy. Length: 50". Imported from Austria.

WC1679. *Women's Salko Loden coat. Cut full. Sizes: 6, 8, 10, 12, 14, 16, 18, 20.* ***$550*** *ppd.*

Order by phone: *CALL FREE 1-800-932-0709 Mon.-Sat., 9am-5pm EST*

Or mail: *Send credit card information or check to:* ***Landau, Dept. 64***
114 Nassau Street, PO Box 671
Princeton, NJ 08542

The Unconditional Landau Guarantee: *It's been the same since 1914, you will be satisfied or your money back.*

LANDAU™
The World's Most Beautiful Woolens

Send $2.00 for our catalog, featuring a swatch of a new Wool. You've never felt anything like it.

Give the gift of Maine.
A fragrant
BALSAM FIR
WREATH

Handmade holiday wreath, fragrant and fresh from the woods surrounding Blue Hill, Maine. Adorned with cones, nuts, berries, reindeer moss and red velvetina bow and measuring approximately 22" across by 4" thick. Card with your message enclosed in gift package along with extra greens and cones. **$29.00** includes shipping. Deduct $1.00 each for orders of 25 or more.

UPS shipped anywhere in continental U.S. for delivery when you specify. Please include recipient's street address for direct delivery. Your order and special instructions will be promptly acknowledged. All major credit cards accepted.

We will gladly refund your purchase price if this gift is not entirely pleasing.

The Christmas Greens Shop Department N28, Blue Hill, Maine 04614
CALL TOLL FREE: 1-800-255-8874 • In Maine: 374-5156 • 9-6 EST Monday-Saturday

hood to the specifications of the people who live here. Hämer himself doesn't live in Kreuzberg. He says if he moved to Kreuzberg he would be taking someone else's place. Giving people a sense of place—a sense of confidence and tranquillity about where they live and the way it looks and the money it costs—is what Hämer means by architecture, and what he seems to be trying to do in Kreuzberg. Hämer was one of three directors of the architectural project IBA—the Internationale Bauausstellung Berlin—which managed to produce eighty new apartment blocks in West Berlin for the city's seven-hundred-and-fiftieth-birthday celebration last year. IBA was sponsored by the Berlin Senat, and the idea behind it—at least at first—was a competition, with the Senat inviting famous architects from all over the world to join. It was "a very Berlin idea," Hämer says, "the idea of importing culture and creativity from the outside." He himself was not much interested in what he likes to describe as "imported aesthetics at the service of German real-estate interests." He was interested in Kreuzberg, and in what would happen to poor Kreuzberg people—immigrants and kids and retired workers living on pensions—who were forced out of the neighborhood by the construction, and who could not afford to come home when the construction was over. Hämer is an old radical, and as far as he is concerned the important dates in his curriculum vitae are the dates he was fired from various Berlin projects for his architectural politics. He was never fired from IBA, but he fought from the beginning and led a kind of alternative IBA that got to be known as "Old IBA," because it had mainly to do with restoring old houses instead of building new ones. Hämer's job was to restore six thousand apartments for fifteen thousand people in Hartmut Bitomsky's neighborhood.

Kreuzberg houses are a prototype of Mitteleuropa workers' housing, grimy memorials to the industrial revolution and to Berlin's place in that revolution. Hämer would say that "Germany" began in Kreuzberg with those houses—that it began a hundred and sixty years ago, when the city of Berlin began recruiting peasants to work in its new factories, and the peasants settled here. Kreuzberg village, southeast across the Spree from the Alexanderplatz and the old city, was the first working-class

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Christmas Sale!

The Tandy® 1000 TL

Save $200 on this powerful PC compatible.

Great holiday savings on this 286-based computer with built-in MS-DOS® and DeskMate® software—only $1099.

The Tandy 1000 TL is a powerful gift idea for the personal or business computer user—now at a terrific low price. Or purchase the 1000 TL complete with a CM-5 color monitor for just $1398.95.

The Tandy 1000 TL features an 80286 microprocessor that delivers extraordinary speed and processing power. But unlike ordinary PCs, the Tandy 1000 TL comes with MS-DOS and DeskMate built into ROM. Just turn it on and start computing on Christmas morning!

DeskMate features ten applications that let you write reports and letters, prepare budgets, file, draw colorful pictures, create and play back songs and more. You even get PC-Link,℠ an on-line information service!

You also get the latest in computer-audio technology. When you use DeskMate's sound editor, you can record and edit voice, music or any analog source onto diskettes.

The 640K Tandy 1000 TL comes with a 3½" disk drive. A parallel printer adapter, RS-232 serial port, two joystick ports, a clock/calendar and five expansion slots are standard.

Come in to Radio Shack and take advantage of this great holiday offer.

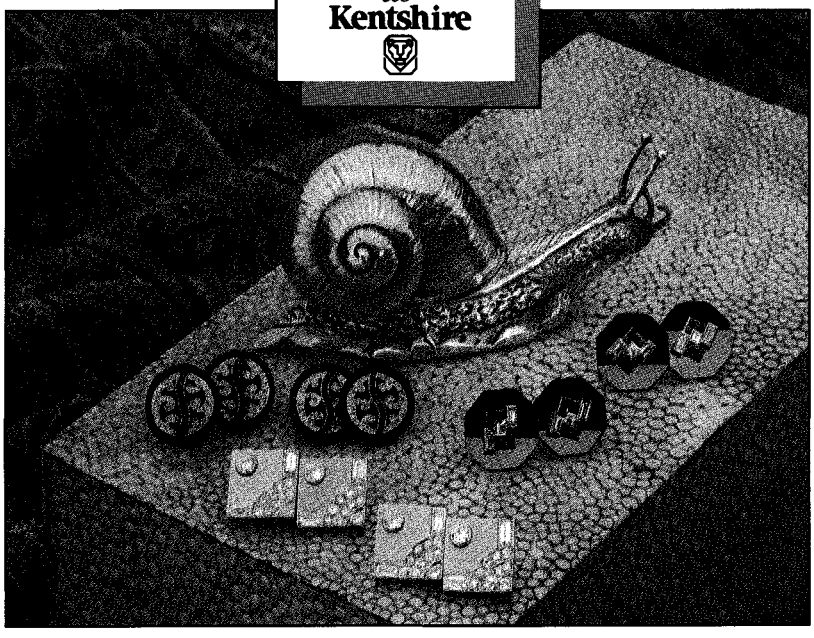
Tandy Computers: Because there is no better *gift* value.™

Radio Shack®
The Technology Store™
A DIVISION OF TANDY CORPORATION

Sale ends 12/24/88. Tandy 1000 TL reg. $1299. CM-5 monitor reg. $299.95. Prices apply at Radio Shack Computer Centers and participating stores and dealers. MS-DOS/Reg. TM Microsoft Corp. PC-Link/SM Quantum Computer Corp.

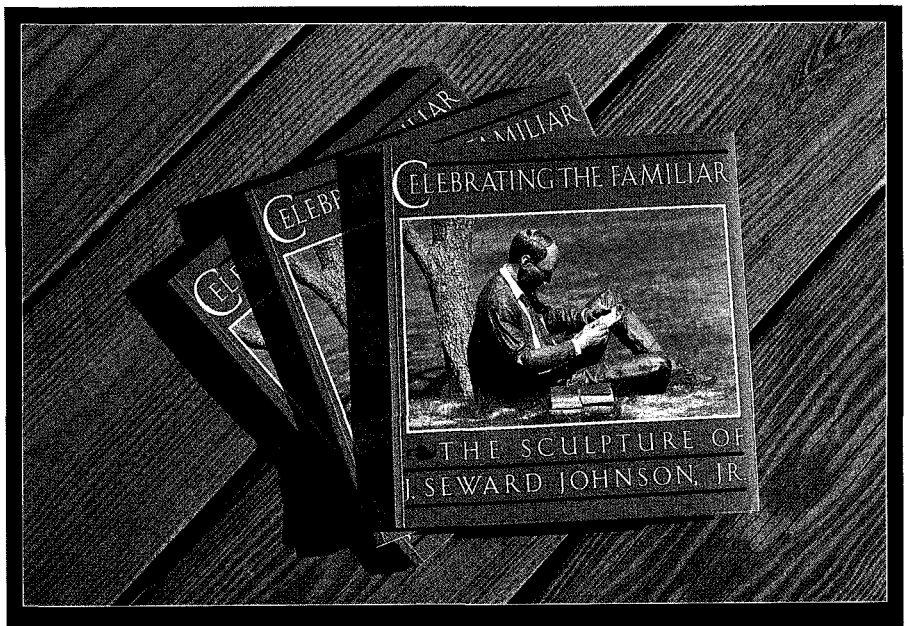
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Collector's Gallery at Kentshire



Antique jewelry and accessories in a setting of unusual luxury and comfort.

37 East 12th Street, New York, NY 10003 (212) 673-6644



THE PERFECT GIFT BOOK

Celebrating the realistic sculpture of J. Seward Johnson, Jr.
HARDCOVER: Clothbound, slipcased ($45.00)
MUSEUM EDITION: Handsigned and numbered, leatherbound and boxed, with an original drawing, limited edition ($900.00)

Sculpture Placement, P.O. Box 9709, Department 6, Washington, DC. 20016
(202) 362-9310 Price includes shipping and handling.

neighborhood in a chain of neighborhoods that eventually ringed the city and housed some ninety per cent of its tenant population, and Hämer says it was a developer's paradise. The real-estate speculators of the eighteen-fifties bought up the land in Kreuzberg and started building for the new workers, and their buildings were known as *Mietskasernen*—rent barracks. Actually, a *Mietskaserne* was not so much a building as a peculiar kind of building complex. In Kreuzberg, it was five floors high and sometimes three rows of houses deep. (The houses ran back from the street, flanked by outbuildings and separated by dark, smelly courtyards—and got darker and smellier the farther back they were.) It was part barnyard, because the peasants brought their animals to Kreuzberg with them; part atelier, because the peasants' wives took in piecework; part factory, because the peasants' bosses found that they could rent loft space much more cheaply in Kreuzberg than in the old city; and, of course, part barracks. People in Kreuzberg's *Mietskasernen* shared their kitchens and their outhouses and their water, if they were lucky enough to have water—and lived the way thousands of foreign workers live in Germany's *Gastarbeiter* dormitories now.

Most of the buildings in Südost 36 were once *Mietskasernen*. The Bitomskys' flat was part of an old rent barracks, and so was Maxwell and the Turkish shops and Autonomen bars along the Oranienstrasse, and Hardt-Waltherr Hämer's huge project offices and drafting rooms are in a building near the Spree that used to house a skirt factory and a machine shop. Hämer says that one of the many ironies of the neighborhood is that these barracks survived the war while "good" Berlin was ravaged by the bombings. Südost 36 was probably the least damaged section of the city. It was full of people in the nineteen-fifties, and probably it would have stayed full if the Wall had cut through some other neighborhood. It was literally up against the Wall. And once the Wall went up it began to be abandoned. Nobody wanted to live in Kreuzberg until the Turks got here. At first it was frightening to live in Kreuzberg. Later it was boring. For years, there was nothing to do in Kreuzberg, and nowhere to go *from* Kreuzberg. It had always looked east, as a neighborhood.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Its natural focus, its *point de repère*, was the old industrial city, and never the new city, to the west, that had been such a large part of Hitler's *Asphaltlyrik*—and that the Americans were busy rebuilding as a city center.

The actor and critic Hanns Zischler, who was a colleague of Hartmut's on *Filmkritik*, once said that West Berlin has a kind of amputation neurosis—that it feels its missing part and overcompensates by turning in on itself, by a kind of implosion. He said that West Berliners have "inskirts" instead of outskirts, that psychologically they have trouble tolerating their outlying quarters like Kreuzberg or Neukölln, south of Kreuzberg (and even poorer). With the Wall, Kreuzberg became the easternmost corner of the city, the outpost of the outpost, Berlin's Berlin in the most surreal way. There are Turks who remember arriving in 1962 and finding all the buildings on their streets boarded up and deserted. Those buildings—they were mainly in Südost 36, although a few were in the neighborhood Südost 61, which runs along the Paul-Lincke Ufer and is farther into town and is considered the "good" Kreuzberg—were held by the city or by speculators who had bought in Kreuzberg believing that the city was going to revive old plans for a traffic system that would make the Oranienplatz, halfway down the Oranienstrasse, the crossroads of two important tangential highways. They were delighted to rent to Turks until the highways came and made them rich, and the Turks were also delighted—because no other landlords wanted Turkish workers in their neighborhoods. There were a hundred and twenty thousand Turkish workers in West Berlin by the nineteen-seventies, and more than thirty thousand of them lived in *Mietskasernen* in Kreuzberg, each barracks, with its yards and its outhouse and its communal tap, creating a closed world, a village world, that was not so different from the world they left behind in Anatolia. If Berlin was imploding, Kreuzberg practiced implosion as a life style. It suited the Turks, who could keep their wives and daughters in what was known as "Kreuzberg purdah"—away from family counsellors and truant officers and the bad example of Berlin women in tight black leather and lacy stockings. It gave them a way to turn

BRUSSELS-GRAND'PLACE

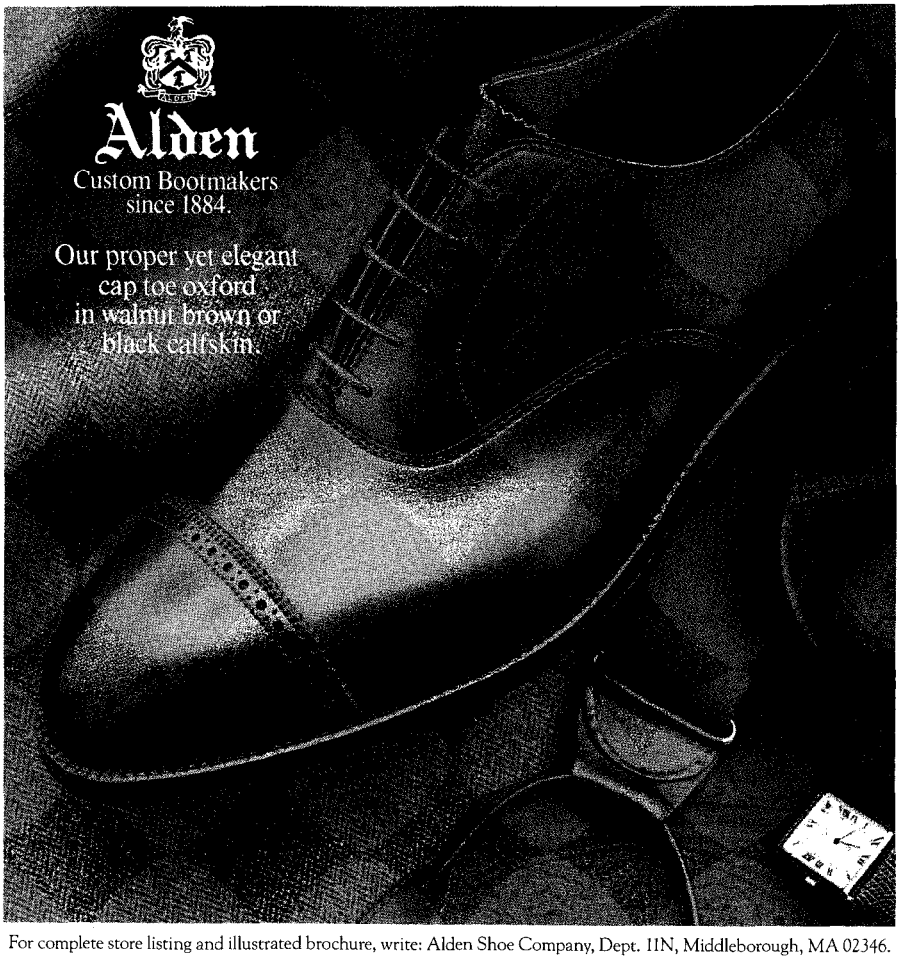
Belgium. The key to Europe.

In Belgium, you'll savor the diversity of the European experience — and yet still feel at home. The warmest of welcomes awaits you, in hotels, restaurants and taverns that are the hallmark of Belgian hospitality in every price range. You'll meet Americans who came here on a visit several years ago — and stayed. It's easy to understand why: because you'll also meet the Belgians, people who speak your language and are happy to share with you the "good life" of their unique country, where traditional values mark time to the heartbeat of modern Europe.

For further information call the Belgian Tourist Office (212) 758-8130, your nearest Sabena office or your travel agent.

Belgian Tourist Office

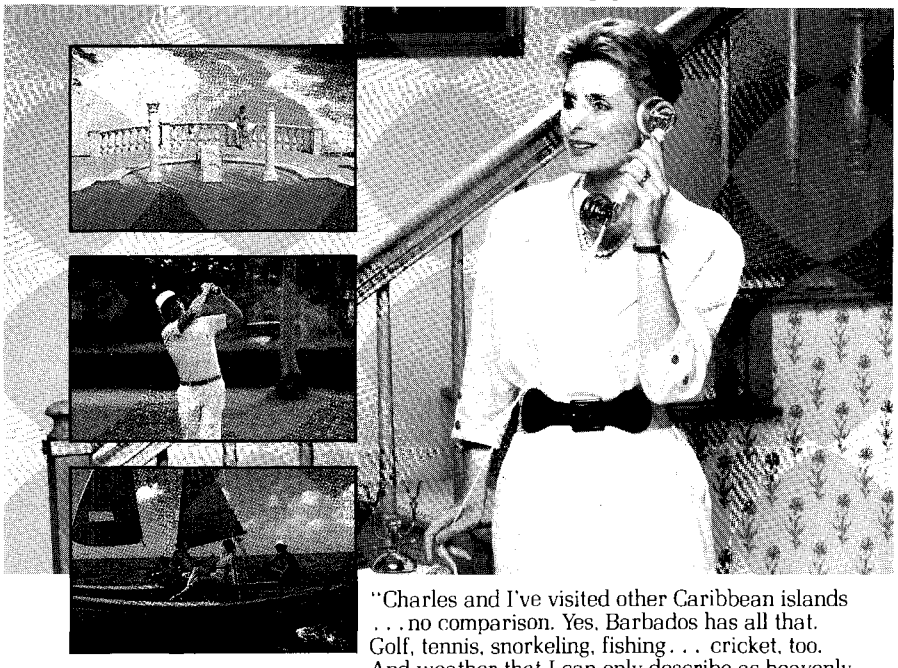
SABENA
BELGIAN WORLD AIRLINES



For complete store listing and illustrated brochure, write: Alden Shoe Company, Dept. 11N, Middleborough, MA 02346.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

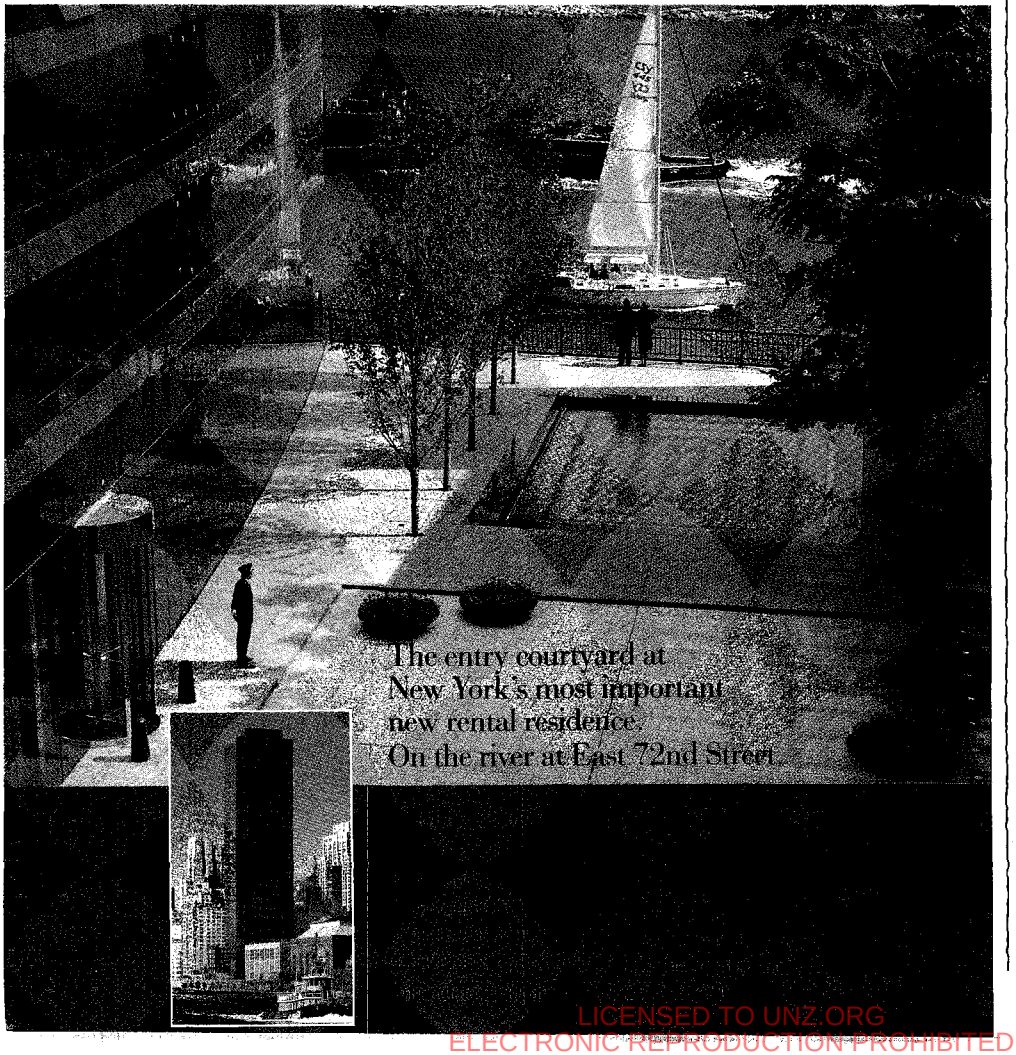
"Barbados was our best vacation yet . . . and I'm not one to exaggerate!"



"Charles and I've visited other Caribbean islands . . . no comparison. Yes, Barbados has all that. Golf, tennis, snorkeling, fishing . . . cricket, too. And weather that I can only describe as heavenly. But the people—they made it so special for us . . . friendly, warm . . . yes, the word is 'gracious.' All four of us in Barbados? A return trip could be better yet . . . and that's no exaggeration!"

BARBADOS
GOODNESS, GRACIOUS

See your travel agent today and find out how perfect a vacation in Barbados can be.
Or write: The Barbados Board of Tourism, 800 Second Ave., New York, NY 10017.



their backs on a city that did not find Turks the model citizens it does now, a city that liked to complain that in getting Turks, instead of Yugoslavs or Spaniards or Italians, it was getting the bottom of the *Gastarbeiter* barrel.

And Kreuzberg suited the squatters, who were the next Südost 36 settlers. The squatters arrived in the seventies, and simply moved into the *Mietskasernen* that were still abandoned. They came in waves. (People in the scene say "generations.") There were the West German *Schlüsselkinder* coming over for their Berlin experience and discovering that they had nowhere to live, and no money for the rent anyway. There were the artists and performers who thought that in Kreuzberg they were going to turn daily life into street theatre. There were the rich radicals, like the nurse who inherited a million marks and used it to put up a big tent, near the Wall, and start a circus, and there were the university radicals, who saw in the squatters' movement a commentary on the corruption here, on a system that subsidized speculators to hold empty houses (or to force the tenants out of full houses) while thousands of people were homeless. The radicals said that if Berlin was literally giving away its houses to speculators it was reasonable to assume that the houses were also theirs for the taking. They encouraged everyone to squat. They said it was obscene for *anyone* to be homeless in a city where more than eight hundred buildings were boarded up. They called themselves *Instandbesetzer*—"house restorers." Their rhetoric gave squatting a politics (which all the squatters took on, as common currency), and inspired a movement all over West Germany. By the beginning of 1981, there were a hundred and sixty-nine squatted houses in West Berlin, and ninety of those houses were in Kreuzberg. Everybody knew somebody who was squatting in Kreuzberg, or whose children were squatting in Kreuzberg, and there was nothing the police could do about them, because the son of the chief of police was squatting in Kreuzberg, too. For a while, the city tried making peace with the squatters. The Social Democrats, who were running Berlin then, offered purchase contracts to various squatter households, offered easy terms and renovation subsidies to the successful squats—squats that were doing something use-

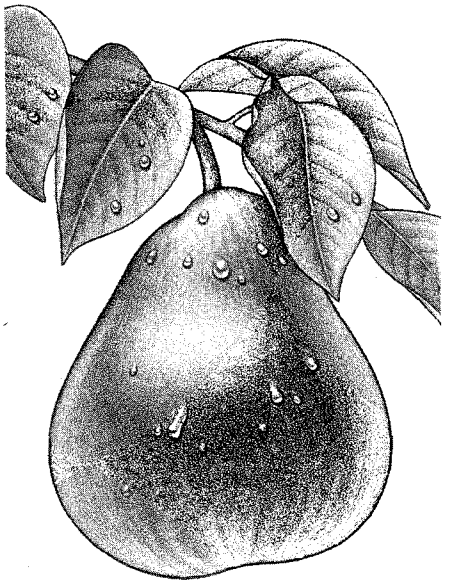
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ful, like taking in runaways, or were starting to support themselves as cottage industries or arts centers. But then the Christian Democrats took over, and *their* mayor—it was Richard von Weizsäcker, doing his obligatory Berlin service—was advised to start evicting squatters. Two thousand riot policemen entered Kreuzberg on orders from the new interior minister (a right-wing local politician named Heinrich Lummer) and shut down the squats, and there were a few bad weeks of street fighting and demonstrations all over town. In the course of one demonstration, a bus drove into the crowd and killed a boy of fifteen—and the squatters, in protest, called a strike that brought thousands of Berliners into the streets. It was the biggest political demonstration in Berlin since the 1968 student riots.

It was the squatters who gave Kreuzberg its radical cachet. Kreuzberg had been dark and dirty, and now, as a reporter named Renée Zucker, who lives in Kreuzberg, puts it, it was dark, dirty, and it had flair. Renée Zucker works for the *Tageszeitung*. Berliners say *Taz*. It is the city's "alternative" paper, and it documents the Kreuzberg scene, and in many ways was responsible for establishing Kreuzberg as a scene to begin with. It drew the artisans here, the printmakers and bookbinders and the serious young men who publish Derrida on hand-pressed paper, and then some young painters from a group the city was promoting under the name Neuen Wilden—the New Savages—bought studios around the Moritzplatz, and *they* drew the art-gallery people, and the trendy young lawyers and stockbrokers and businessmen who were their clients. Kreuzberg became a way of buying into bohemia, a way for the children of the economic miracle to live next door to a bar that charged double for the beer—and apologized with a sign saying "Our beer is expensive so you won't drink it and get drunk and give the imperialists power over you." Those children were instinctive investors. They used the services and the subsidies of the Old IBA to rebuild their houses, and the streets changed with them, and the rents went up around them. Hämer says that when the cleaning up of Kreuzberg started, people were renting in the *Mietskasernen* for two marks, three marks at the most, a square metre, and that now the price is six or seven—more than *his* young Kreuzbergers can possibly afford.

Hämer's young Kreuzbergers are the children raised on stories of a squatters' paradise in Südost 36. They get confused when they arrive here. They begin to associate the density and the poverty in Kreuzberg with their own freedom. The things that make the Kreuzberg natives leave when they have children—the lack of parks, of what Berliners call "green spaces," the lack of kindergartens, and even schools—are precisely the things that Hämer's Kreuzbergers cherish as what *they* call the "authentic infrastructure." They like using the word "infrastructure." They see in parks and kindergartens and central heating, and even in an advocate like Hardt-Waltherr Hämer, what they see in the new Kreuzberg rich and what they saw in Maxwell—a challenge to themselves, and to the scene, and to the infrastructure of the scene. They mean, by infrastructure, everything that keeps it cheap to live here.

Hämer says that sometimes he is very ambivalent about Kreuzberg, and about his mission in Kreuzberg—despite his ten years defending Kreuzberg to the Berlin Senat, despite the five thousand apartments he has managed to return to Kreuzberg without having to send away a single family, despite the long nights sitting up with "the people" while the people argued the pros and cons of indoor plumbing or changed their minds for the tenth time about having heat. He is ambivalent because every time he makes Kreuzberg a little more livable, a little more attractive, the more expensive it gets. "The people—the *young* people—look at me and at this office, and they see the head of a bourgeois institution. And all they know is that they are against bourgeois institutions. Especially bourgeois institutions so close to them. I don't welcome being the enemy, but I welcome the conflict. I want to know what's on their minds—to know what's going on in Kreuzberg. The fact is, these Autonomen people change when you build together with them. They are very unformed, you see. They are not political like the squatters were. It was easy to help the squatters, because they had a politics, but these young Autonomen have no concept of politics, just a lot of words they inher-



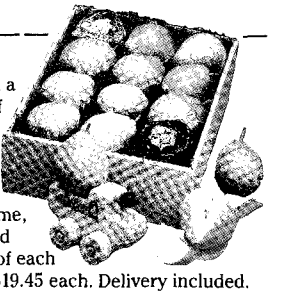
Meet a sweet little thing from Oregon.

The juiciest, sweetest pear you've ever tasted.

There's still time to discover luscious, world famous Comice Pears, the sweetest, juiciest pears you've ever tasted, ordered from around the country since 1937. So smooth and creamy, we guarantee our Pinnacle Comice Pears will be the best you've ever eaten or your money back! Perfect gifts for the choosiest friends.

Order these impressive gifts now and finish your holiday shopping.

CALL TOLL FREE
1-800-547-0227
with credit card.



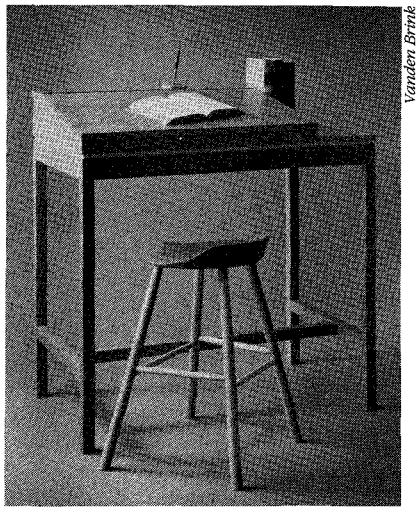
☐ Yes, please send a No. 1 Gift Box of sweet, juicy Comice Pears to each person on my list. Included are name, address, apt. and phone number of each recipient, plus $19.45 each. Delivery included.

☐ Yes, I want to enjoy my own No. 1 box of sweet, juicy Comice Pears. Just $19.45. Delivery included.

☐ Yes, I want to receive your free Holiday Catalog of scrumptious orchard fruits and gourmet gifts.

PINNACLE ORCHARDS
441 S. Fir, Rm 34, Medford, OR 97501

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED


Vanden Brink

High Standing Desk

Handcrafted solid cherry furniture for the home and corporate environment.

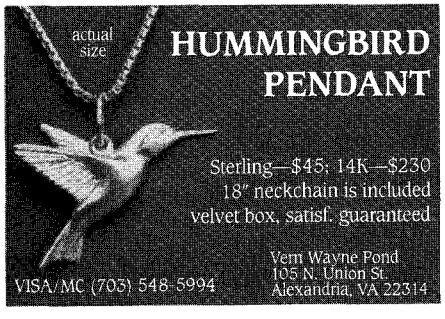
THOS. MOSER

CABINETMAKERS

SHOWROOMS
Inquiries: 415R Cumberland Avenue
Portland, ME 04101 (207) 774-3791
210 West Washington Square
Philadelphia, PA 19106 (215) 922-6440
Residential Catalog $5.00

MORE LITERATE T-SHIRTS!

Dickens, Shakespeare, Sherlock Holmes, Billie Holiday, Van Gogh, Gandhi, Kafka, Dostoevsky, K. Marx, Jung, Mozart, Che Guevara, Nietzsche, Cheshire Cat, Mark Twain, Thoreau, Darwin, Bach, Da Vinci, Freud, Rimbaud, Beethoven, James Joyce, Hemingway, Kerouac, Jane Austen, Poe, Sartre, J.F.K., others.
Sizes: S, M, L, XL.
T-Shirt: (white, lt. blue or red) $11.75, 4/$42.
Sweatshirt: (white or grey) $20.00, 2/$38.00.
Shipping: $1.75 per order.
Illustrated brochure: 75¢ (brochure free with order)
HISTORICAL PRODUCTS
P.O. Box 220 Dept. X3
Cambridge, MA 02238
(617) 787-1176



HUMMINGBIRD PENDANT

Sterling—$45; 14K—$230
18" neckchain is included
velvet box, satisf. guaranteed

VISA/MC (703) 548-5994
Veni Wayne Pond
105 N. Union St.
Alexandria, VA 22314

MARLEY'S GHOST DOOR KNOCKER

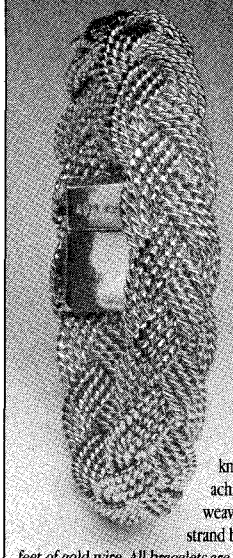
Heavy solid brass, 7¾" x 6".
Guaranteed. Postpaid in U.S.
Send check to: $89.95
GRS BRASS WORKS
3035 Poppy Way
Louisville, KY 40206

ited. Either they grew up here, in the slums, with no possibility of finding their way, or they grew up in beautiful, clean West Germany, with no possibility of finding their way. Their only identity is to be against something—and how can a human being get self-confidence being against something all the time, and never *for* something? It's a chaotic situation for them. For one thing, they are always provoked. The politicians provoke them. The Interior Minister shuts down the U-Bahn here and says he is researching 'demonstration potential' or he is 'determining the potential for violence.' And the mayor—well, I go to the mayor of Berlin and I ask if he could find another street for something he wants to build, or maybe have a discussion of what the people there want, and he says something equally stupid. He says, 'No, not possible. We cannot discuss. To discuss is to accept the Wall!' So these Autonomen try to provoke back. They look for things to criticize. They say the Schicki-Micki people are coming. They say that if Kreuzberg changes too fast the Schicki-Micki people will take over—and to a certain point I agree with them. But what happens to the Autonomen is not the Schicki-Micki people taking over. What happens is their own fear taking over. They have no resources, they have no knowledge, and, remember, they have no real politics. They react with violence. They call themselves Commandos or Redskins or Indians. They talk about 'actions.' Their politics is knocking people down. They threaten me. They threaten my assistants. They beat up my assistants. They knock out my assistants' teeth. So everybody is scared, and the good things here, the special intimacy and the great tolerance and freedom—all this disappears the moment the violence starts."

HARTMUT BITOMSKY began to feel afraid after May Day last year. There are May Day demonstrations every year in Kreuzberg. People from the Autonomen meet at SO 36 and in a bar called Pinox, down the street at 45 Oranienstrasse, to plan their actions and talk about liberating Berlin from the imperialists and the Schicki-Micki professors, and then they cover the scene, handing out flyers and distributing posters with the year's themes and the year's instructions and the year's quotes. ("*Die Revolution ist grossartig,*

A. G. A. CORREA'S

HANDWOVEN TURK'S HEAD JEWELRY



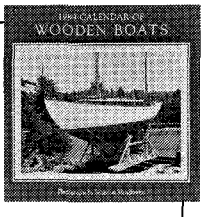
Creating solid gold Turk's Head jewelry occurred to me the moment I saw my child's nylon string bracelet of the same design. Perfecting the concept was very difficult and finally, after determining the exact characteristics needed to draw and twist the gold wire, my idea became reality. I have found this very old design in various forms, including wood, ivory, stone and in illustrations by Leonardo da Vinci, but to the best of my knowledge, we were the first to achieve this apparently endless weave in solid gold. The four strand bracelet requires forty-eight feet of gold wire. All bracelets are individually woven, therefore, no two are exactly alike. Prompt delivery and unconditionally guaranteed.
4 strand bracelet 14k $2450. ppd. 18k $2950. ppd.
Please write or call for our complete catalogue.

A. G. A. CORREA
PO Box 401NY, Wiscasset, Maine 04578
1-800-341-0788 882-7873 in Maine
© A.G.A. Correa 1988. All Rights Reserved.

NUMBER SIXTEEN

has won a CESAR award for Excellence.
NEVERTHELESS
it's not a 'Grand Hotel',
so you'll find, your dollars go further.
16 SUMNER PLACE **LONDON** SW7 3EG ENGLAND
Tel. 01-589-5232 Telex 266638

1989 CALENDAR OF WOODEN BOATS



The perfect gift, acclaimed for its combination of fine art and beautiful boats. 12 breathtaking color photographs of everyone's dream boats.
Please send check or money order for ***$10.95*** *plus $2.50 for priority mail (ME res. add 5% tax) for each 1989 Calendar of Wooden Boats to:* **NOAH Publications Box 14N, Reach Road • Brooklin, ME 04616**

Hannah's Fudge Brownies
"delicious, dark, moist...and well worth waiting for." —*N.Y. Times*
Shipped UPS 2nd day air; MC/VISA
one dozen box $17.95; two dozen box $29.95
ESSENTIALLY™ CHOCOLATE
P.O. Box 8743 Santa Fe, N.M. 87504 (505)983-8260

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

alles andere ist Quark," was this year's quote. Rosa Luxemburg said it: "Revolution is magnificent, all the rest is rubbish.") But mainly what people in Kreuzberg do on May Day is go to the little park in Lausitzer Platz, across from the Lutheran church, with their children and buy ice cream and popcorn and kebabs and drink beer and listen to speeches and have a party. Celebrating May Day in the park at Lausitzer Platz is an old tradition among Kreuzberg workers, and it has not changed much now that the workers are Turkish and half the children have green hair.

No one can explain exactly what happened last year in the park on May Day, except to say that early that afternoon a couple of policemen who claimed to be making a census count (they were in fact counting heads at Autonomen hangouts) parked their patrol car around the corner from the Lausitzer Platz and walked off looking for ice-cream cones, and that while they were gone some Autonomen trashed the car—which everyone agreed later was just what you would expect to happen to an empty police car parked in Kreuzberg. Minutes later, there were two hundred riot policemen in the Lausitzer Platz. They arrived with water cannons and tear gas, and they gassed everybody at the party. They gassed women and babies and old Kreuzberg pensioners who were out mainly for the sun, and people panicked because of the gas, and because children were crying and girls were fainting and Autonomen were starting to throw up barricades—and then, suddenly, the police pulled back. Hartmut says that for a while the neighborhood was quiet. He and Brigitte opened Maxwell, and customers came, and for a couple of eerie hours the only noise anybody heard was the sirens on some police cars cruising the Oranienstrasse. Then the police invaded Kreuzberg. At eleven that night, eight hundred policemen arrived in armored vans, and the rioting began in earnest.

Brigitte says that the night was like a terrible dream—that the Oranienstrasse seemed to burst, like a dam bursting, and thousands of people came pouring down it. She was so astonished, she says, that it took a few minutes to see that people were running for their lives. There were about twelve customers left in Maxwell, and

Do your *last-minute* gift shopping the free & easy way!

With one TOLL FREE phone call, send the perfect, most impressive gifts — tender, juicy Omaha Steaks. **Unconditionally Guaranteed to thrill!**

They'll be delivered, in your name, in an attractive gift box — carefully placed inside a rugged, totally reusable cooler. **Order by December 9th to assure delivery in time for the Yuletide Season! After December 9th, call for Federal Express delivery (extra charge).**

SAVE $20.00
#678P Four (6 oz.) Filet Mignons, & One (4 oz.) Pkg. of Seasoned Butter Sauce
Reg. $49.95 **NOW $29.95** (plus $5.50 shipping)

SAVE $22.00
#623P Eight (6 oz.) Filet Mignons, & One (4 oz.) Pkg. of Seasoned Butter Sauce
Reg. $71.95 **NOW $49.95** (plus $5.50 shipping)

Offers expire 12/31/88. Additional shipping charge to Alaska/Hawaii.
Use major credit cards and . . . Call TOLL FREE 1-800-228-9055.

Ask about other exciting last-minute gift specials!

Omaha Steaks International®

Dept. 1379, 4400 So. 96th Street, Omaha, NE 68127

Available at

57 JOHN F. KENNEDY ST.
HARVARD SQUARE
CAMBRIDGE

423 PARADISE RD.
VINNIN SQUARE
SWAMPSCOTT

LEATHER WORLD

LUGGAGE • BUSINESS CASES • GIFTS • HANDBAGS

30A LANGLEY ROAD
NEWTON CENTRE

1372 BEACON STREET
COOLIDGE CORNER
BROOKLINE

50 NEEDHAM STREET
NEWTON HIGHLANDS

The Hugo Bosca Company, 1905 West Jefferson St., Springfield, Ohio 45501 — (513) 323-5523

Waldhaus

CH-7514 Sils-Maria
Tel. 0114182 - 4 53 31 Tx 852 244
Maria + Felix Dietrich-Kienberger
Sils ★★★★★ ENGADIN

An extraordinary hotel with turn-of-the-century charms and modern day comfort.

- All winter sports
- Free bus service to the cableways
- Orchestra
- Indoor pool and tennis
- Children's nursery
- Tower suites

Winter season: Dec. 20th - April 8th
Summer season: June 10th - Oct. 15th

Personally managed by the owners

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Goose down robe

Surround yourself in warm, lightweight elegance. Superblend fabric for easy care. Contrasting piping, shawl collar and roll back cuffs. Fully guaranteed. Order cream, peach, light blue or salmon. Sizes XS, S, M, L Regularly $160 **Sale $89** Shipping and handling, $4

Goose Down Slippers match robes in cream, peach, light blue or salmon. Sizes XS, S, M, L. Regularly $38 **Sale $22** Shipping $2.50

☐ Order by phone with MC or VISA, call 415/472-2154.

☐ Use MC, VISA or check for mail orders. CA residents add 6% tax

WARM THINGS

180 Paul Dr., Dept. NY /San Rafael, CA. 94903
415/472-2154 —48 Hr. Service — MC and VISA

Give the Gift of History

SEAPORT MAGAZINE

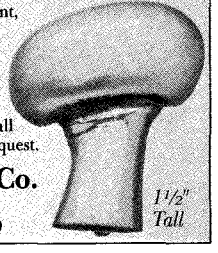
New York's only illustrated history magazine

A $25 subscription includes membership in the South Street Seaport Museum

207 Front Street
New York, N.Y. 10038
VISA/MC/AMEX 212-669-9464

Silver Mushroom

Highly polished, simply elegant, James Breakell's garden produces the perfect mushroom. A tasteful indulgence. The brooch in sterling, $30.00; in 14K gold, $458.00 Add $3.50 handling. MC/VISA/AMEX call (401) 849-3522. Catalog on request.



1½" Tall

J.H. Breakell & Co.
69 Mill Street, Dept. NYMU
Newport, Rhode Island 02840

Samuel French
theatre & film bookshops

free **Film Book Catalogue**

call (800) 7 ACT NOW in California
(800) 8 ACT NOW elsewhere
or write: 7623 Sunset Bl., Hollywood, CA 90046

screenwriting producing cinematography tv etc

they spent the night there. Outside, people were getting crushed by the crowds, beaten by the police, hit by rocks and stones. People would knock at the door, injured, and Brigitte would take them in and she and Hartmut and the customers would nurse them. One man's leg was badly broken. He was from the scene, and frightened about getting arrested if he went to the hospital, so Hartmut braved the riot to find a doctor who would come back to Maxwell and treat the man anonymously. Hartmut says it was the worst night in Kreuzberg since the squatters rioted. He says that the police were brutal and the neighborhood went wild. By all accounts, *everyone* went wild. It was not just that the police were attacking everyone, Hartmut says, it was that everyone fought back, everyone reacted. People went up to their roofs and started hurling bricks at the police vans. They started burning cars. They set fire to the police barricades. By the middle of the night, old Kreuzberg *Frauen* were robbing thrift shops and Turkish elders and Oranienstrasse punks were out together looting candy stores. By morning, the biggest supermarket in Kreuzberg was on fire.

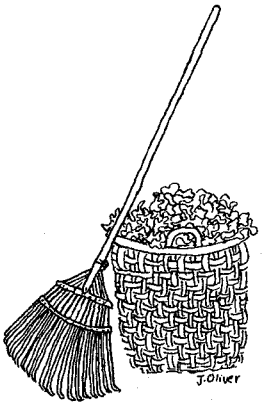
Hartmut says that the trouble in Kreuzberg never really stopped that spring and summer. There was more rioting in May, and serious rioting in June, when Ronald Reagan visited Berlin and a new Christian Democratic interior minister decided to protect the President from Kreuzberg by stopping the subway in and out of Kreuzberg and literally sealing the neighborhood. The new minister is a law professor from Köln named Wilhelm Kewenig—a smooth conservative who looks and talks like William Buckley. He arrived in 1981 to campaign for the Christian Democrats, and seems to have been kept around to remind the rest of the country that there is a "new right" in German politics, that the fractious caricatures of the German right like Franz Josef Strauss (who died last month) and Friedrich Zimmermann and Alfred Dregger are being replaced by civilized, attractive men who can talk about art and books while dispatching police with water cannons to a May Day picnic or sealing a neighborhood so that no one can leave to demonstrate against an American President. Kewenig claims that in June last year twenty or thirty thousand "contemptible people" arrived in West Berlin from the "outside" with the clear intention of setting fire to the city during Reagan's visit, and that there was nothing a responsible interior minister could do but lock them up, so to speak, in Kreuzberg where they were being sheltered. He would happily seal off Kreuzberg permanently if he had the chance. He likes to say that security is a very complicated business, and that security decisions are very complicated decisions—and not the ordinary sort of Berlin decision, which he describes as deciding whether or not to hire Herbert von Karajan for a concert. He does not believe in waiting around for the worst to happen. When the International Monetary Fund and the World Bank met in Berlin this fall for their yearly conference, he borrowed twenty-seven hundred riot policemen from West Germany to add to the six thousand who were in the city already. He said he wanted to protect the delegates. He protected them so well that when a couple of hundred masked Autonomen (they said they were the "Black Commandos") joined a protest march against the I.M.F., every Autonomer had a riot policeman of his own marching beside him.

Wilhelm Kewenig is not the most popular man in Kreuzberg. The only Kreuzbergers who actually can be said to admire him are Wolfgang Krüger, the mayor, who dotes on him, and the Turkish elders he is trying to woo to compliance by telling them what hard-working, upscale people Turks are—"like the Irish in New York." He takes a long view of what he calls his Kreuzberg policy. There were three or four streets, at most, involved in the Kreuzberg riots, and as far as Kewenig is concerned it was simply Hartmut and Brigitte Bitomsky's "misfortune" to have been on one of those streets instead of on some quiet little street around the corner. This is the one conviction Kewenig shares with people from the scene in Kreuzberg—the conviction that if Maxwell had been one block away from the Oranienstrasse the terrible things that happened would have been avoided.

HARTMUT figures that at some time during the riots that summer he and Brigitte became "the enemy"—that something happening in Kreuzberg was turning them into outsiders. People rioting or running away from

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

rioting would pass Maxwell and spit at the windows or stick their heads in the door and shout something like "You're next" or "We're going to get you." Or people would stop Hartmut on the street and ask him about the "infrastructure" at Maxwell, or the working conditions there, or the ratio between the salaries and profits. Then the Autonomen had their "exhibition of enemy culture" at SO 36. After that, people (as Brigitte puts it) started "visiting." Four or five men in black leather regalia—they were boys, really—would arrive at night and claim an empty table. They would order the most expensive food on the menu and sit around for a couple of hours staring down the customers, making everybody nervous, and in the end walk out without paying. The visiting went on like this for a few weeks. Then, one day—it was July 19th, a month after the police sealed Kreuzberg—the punk who always brought them news appeared with a warning. He told the Bitomskys to lock their door that night, because the visitors were coming back. The visitors were going to tear Maxwell apart.



"They came late," Brigitte said one day this summer. She and Hartmut were at home, and they were talking about what happened at Maxwell. Hartmut is used to talking—he has been a kind of family spokesman since the first visitors—but it is still hard for Brigitte to talk about Maxwell. It was a year before she could talk about Maxwell at all. Even now she tells the story slowly, detail by detail, date by date, stopping as she tells it, repeating, reflecting, straining for something—some hidden meaning or forgotten fact—that will make sense of the experience. "It was about twelve-thirty, and there were four people left in the restaurant, and suddenly twenty people—I counted nineteen men and one woman—ran in. I remember thinking they must be skinheads, right-wing skinheads, because they were dressed like the British skinheads, in jeans and bomber jackets and fighting boots. And I got hysterical. I said, 'We're closed, go away.' But they were drinking beer and shouting, and they wouldn't go. Some of them threw beer cans at the lights, and the others started throwing furniture. They threw everything. Tables, chairs, lamps, glasses, even jars of mayonnaise. And then, just like that, they left. They took some brandy and left, and I saw that there were people standing around outside, watching. That was the worst of it. The people watching. There was a gallery—the Endart Gallery—across the street from Maxwell, and it was open, and even the people from the gallery, people we knew, just watched and did nothing. Hartmut went over to them. He said, 'Please, you must know these people who attacked us. Please put us in contact with them.' But they denied knowing anybody. They were a little ashamed, and reticent, and I know they had a bad conscience. But they wouldn't help us, so the next day Hartmut went to see the people at SO 36, the people who had the soup kitchen. They wouldn't give us any names either, but they said there were about fifty people involved, very militant, very radical people from the gang called Redskins, and that maybe we would have to give them a little money, that maybe they would leave us alone if we contributed some money to help the May Day prisoners—you know, the people who were arrested during the May Day riots. So all week Hartmut ran around, trying to make contact, leaving messages. He said we were willing to talk about anything, even money. It was our neighborhood, and we were *solidaire* with the prisoners. But we wanted to make sure that the money was really for the prisoners, and not for beer, because, you know, there's a lot of protection money paid in Kreuzberg, a lot of blackmailing. The people are threatened, and afterward they say they are paying their 'rent' to the Autonomen.

"Well, they came back on Sunday, when Hartmut was at home, working on his movie. They were all West Germans. There wasn't a Berlin kid among them. They came in and sat down and told me that I was on trial. It was a *Volksgericht*, they said. A people's trial. Well, you can imagine! There I was alone with fifteen guests—they were like stone, my guests—and the cook and two girls serving. I

The J. Peterman grip.

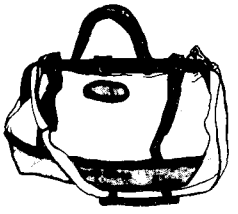
My search for something small enough to throw under the airplane seat, but big enough to hold the ridiculous amount of stuff you actually need with you for meetings around town, or across the country, led me to discover the obscure but noble American plumber's bag.

With certain cautious modifications, it now seems exactly right in its new role. Immensely strong natural cotton duck. Soft and supple leather. Zippered outside pocket. Detachable shoulder strap.

Slightly dashing, without trying too hard. And just enough different from everything else.

Dimensions: L:19" x W:9" x H:14."

Price: $146. We pay shipping.



The J. Peterman coat. Unintentionally very flattering.

Classic horseman's duster protects you, your rump, your saddle and your legs down to the ankles.

Because it's cut very long to do the job, it's unintentionally very flattering. With or without a horse.

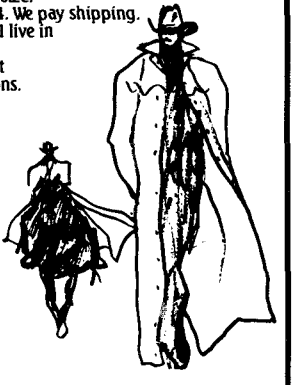
High-count natural cotton canvas. Washable. Natural color. Light weight waterproof lining. Nine pockets. Corduroy collar. Heavy duty zippers. Metal snaps permit adjustment of length.

Men's and women's sizes: XXS, XS, S, M, L, XL, XXL. Include height and weight when you order. I'll advise best size.

Price: $174. We pay shipping.

Although I live in horse country, I wear this coat for other reasons. Because they don't make Duesenbergs anymore.

J. Peterman



Call (800) 231-7341 (outside Kentucky)
(606) 231-7064 (from Kentucky)
Free shipping anywhere in U.S.A.
Visa and MasterCard accepted.
Absolute satisfaction, or your money back.

Rush Delivery $6.50

The J. Peterman Company
257 Midland Avenue, Lexington, Kentucky 40507

© 1988 The J. Peterman Company

Suspenders/Braces

The largest selection anywhere of the finest, hard-to-find suspenders/braces! Free brochure.

BERNARDO, 2400 Westheimer, 108-N West Court, Houston, TX 77098 (713) 526-2686.

TOUR de FRANCE

A personal newsletter of unusual travel ideas... monthly from France

Useful and imaginative travel suggestions for inquisitive travelers who seek the out-of-the way: villages, châteaux, resorts — what's new and still worthwhile; cuisine and restaurants — provincial and Parisian.

YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION $50. CHECK TO: **TOUR DE FRANCE, 931 LES GLACIERS, 73210 LA PLAGNE, FRANCE.** AMEX ACCEPTED. CALL 1-800-292-2984.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

had called the police this time. As soon as I saw them coming, I ran to a phone, next door, and called, but it was twenty minutes before the police came, and during those twenty minutes they had their 'trial.' One guy did the talking. He said stupid things. He said, 'What are you doing in Kreuzberg? You're destroying the infrastructure of Kreuzberg.' And then another guy asked for *Schutzgeld*—for protection money. But when the police came they didn't really take it seriously. Three policemen walked in, and one of them said, 'Ach, what's happening here?' and another said, 'Little lady, don't take it seriously,' and it was absurd theatre, with the policemen smiling and patronizing, and the gang leaving and calling, 'Yoo hoo, till next time!,' while out on the street, for the whole neighborhood to see, there were these big police vans and dozens of riot troops waiting.

"You know, we are not friends of the police. That made it difficult. That, and the fact that we would go out and see the people who attacked us. Once, I saw some of them eating in Exil. The people from the Paris Bar used to own Exil, and Exil is an institution. So they wouldn't attack Exil. But they attacked us. Why us? We kept asking the neighbors—Why us? And the neighbors— there is a word in German, '*Schadenfroh*.' It means malicious. It is used to describe people who enjoy the damage done to others. Well, there was a lot of that in Kreuzberg, and, you know, you get fed up, you don't want to see that every day. I thought that maybe if we went away it would get better. So we closed up. We went to an island in the North Sea called Sylt. We were going to try to forget everything, have a vacation, but we were too nervous. It was not right—our 'vacation.' We stayed a week and came home, and reopened Maxwell.

"We opened on a Tuesday, and waited for our first Sunday. We figured there would be trouble on Sunday. It was hot, and August, and we had only four customers—plus Hartmut, sitting by the door, waiting, and, of course, the whole street watching. But they took us by surprise when they came. You see, we were watching for twenty Redskins. We were watching for motorcycles and boots and bomber jackets, and this time it was different. There were only three of them, to

Want to brush up on a foreign language?

With Audio-Forum's intermediate and advanced materials, it's easy to maintain and sharpen your foreign language skills.

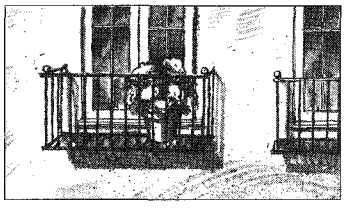
Besides intermediate and advanced audio-cassette courses—most developed for the U.S. State Dept.—we offer foreign-language mystery dramas, dialogs recorded in Paris, games, music, and many other helpful materials. And if you want to learn a *new* language, we have beginning courses for adults and for children.

We offer introductory and advanced materials in most of the world's languages: French, German, Spanish, Italian, Japanese, Mandarin, Greek, Russian, Portuguese, Korean, Norwegian, Swedish, and many others.

CALL **1-800-243-1234** FOR FREE 32-PAGE CATALOG, OR WRITE:

AUDIO-FORUM

Room **1487**, 96 Broad Street, Guilford, CT 06437 (203) 453-9794



ALEXIS
DISTINCTIVE HOTELS

Denver: Oxford Alexis 1-800-228-5838
Portland: RiverPlace Alexis 1-800-227-1333
Seattle: Alexis 1-800-426-7033/
Inn at the Market 1-800-446-4484

Skeleton Watch

The beautiful 18-karat gold plated, 17-jewel, manually wound Swiss timepiece by Itraco makes a timely gift or self-indulgence. Men's and Women's models $359 each. Pocket watch $319. Satisfaction guaranteed.

Call 800-422-4208

to order or for more information, 24 hours/day.

Gabanshire Co.
Importing Innovators
4105 E. Madison, Suite 350, Seattle, WA 98112 206/328-4732

WOMANSHIP
Learn to Sail Cruises
for and by women
Virgin Islands • Chesapeake Bay • Florida
Long Island • Pacific Northwest
"Womanship . . . the unique philosophy that confidence and team work are as important as the skills learned."
Yacht Racing and Cruising "Who's Who in Sailing," June 1985
137 Conduit St., Annapolis, MD 21401 (301) 269-0784

The Best Gift Of All

Flowers In Winter

Our offering of fine house plants includes Clivea, Hibiscus, Abutilon, Acalypha (that's Chenille Plant), plus Rosemarys which are sheared into handsome little Christmas trees. All are full-sized plants in lush growth and ready to bloom if they're not blooming already. We also offer Paperwhite Narcissus, top sized Amaryllis, Freesias, Lily-of-the-Valley, potted Hyacinths, and Herb and Holly Wreaths. Every item is shipped with all necessary supplies and detailed cultural instructions to assure success. Of course, satisfaction is guaranteed without condition.

If someone on your gift list loves flowers, give us a call at (203) 496-9600 from 8 to 8 weekdays, 10 to 6 weekends, and find out how easy it is to deliver a touch of spring in the dead of winter. By using Federal Express (required for the house plants) we can assure timely delivery right up to the last minute. We look forward to hearing from you.

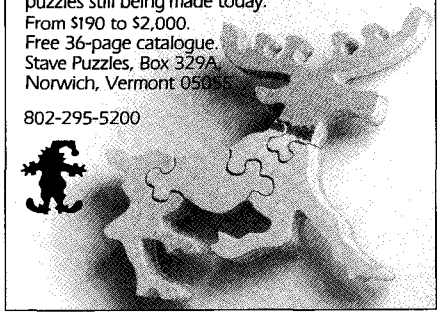
Sincerely, Amos Pettingill

White Flower Farm
Litchfield 8307, Connecticut 06759-0050

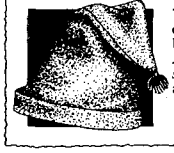
Certain gifts simply must be extraordinary.

The Famous Stave Jigsaw Puzzles

The only fine, handcut, mahogany-backed puzzles still being made today.
From $190 to $2,000.
Free 36-page catalogue.
Stave Puzzles, Box 329A,
Norwich, Vermont 05055
802-295-5200



The Traditional Nightcap



The red cotton flannel classic in luxurious double layers to really keep you warm in bed. *(Physiologists have measured that 30% of body heat is lost through the scalp!)* **Home-made and hand-finished;** adjustable for snug fit. **$7.95 ppd.**

Putnam Antiques
3 Pond Rd., Middlefield, Mass. 01243

Santa Fe Gift Baskets
MEMORABLE GIFTS WITH THE SANTA FE TOUCH
$30-120 INCL. SHIPPING (505) 989-7757
Heaven Sent
P.O. BOX 112, SANTA FE, NM 87504

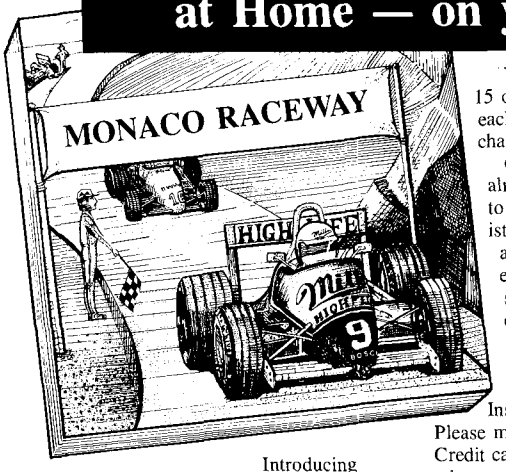
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

begin with. Three men with dark sunglasses and woollen caps pulled low on their foreheads—and carrying buckets. Three men carrying three buckets full of shit. They ran in with their buckets of shit and emptied the shit in my restaurant and then they vanished. At that moment, it was all over. We cleaned up and closed the restaurant for good. Who would ever want to eat in Maxwell again?"

BY all accounts, there are no more than a few hundred active, organized Autonomen in Kreuzberg, and no more than a few thousand *Sympathisanten*—which is what Kreuzbergers call the people who form an Autonomen community, a community in which Autonomen can operate and flourish. The Autonomen do not run Kreuzberg. Not even the Alternativen run Kreuzberg. Wolfgang Krüger is a backslapping Christian Democrat, and his idea of the proper Kreuzberg Zeitgeist is best expressed by the collection of toy Berlin bears in his office at the town hall. But the Autonomen dominate Kreuzberg. They maintain its dark, dirty flair and its disquieting tone and they make the rules—or, rather, the taboos—for the neighborhood. Don't have jobs. Don't make money. Don't deal with any institution. No matter what happens, don't call the police.

People in the scene say there are probably ten active Autonomen *Gruppen*, but no one can be sure, because as people move in and out of Kreuzberg the gangs keep changing, and because one of the Kreuzberg taboos is, Don't belong to anything—which makes it a point of pride among Autonomen to deny being Autonomen in the first place. Most Autonomen prefer to describe themselves as revolutionaries. They get their slogans from bookshops off the Oranienstrasse that have not moved or even dusted their stock since the seventies—bookshops with stacks of mimeographs about Albanian Leninist factions and Armenian Maoist factions—and they talk endlessly about capitalists and imperialists, but when they get violent they deal in what Hartmut Bitomsky would call Fascist images. They practice persuasion. They enforce a kind of neighborhood "volunteerism" that people anywhere else would say was neighborhood terrorism. They are (if political categories apply) the vigilantes of a local left-

Master the Grand Prix Circuit at Home — on your PC



Introducing *Grand Prix Circuit*® — the first Formula One racing simulator for your PC.

You've trained long and hard for this opportunity and now it's your chance to make all that hard work pay off. Hit warp speed in the powerful V12, 3.5 litre Ferrari. Put the pedal to the floor in your screaming V8, 3.5 litre Williams. Or experience the ultimate power and performance of a 900 horsepower racing machine — the McLaren.

Race all three of these high performance Formula One racing cars on the most famous Grand Prix circuits in the world. Shift through the gears and hug the corners of the glamorous Monaco. Blast down the straightaways of Germany. Snarl through the tunnels of Japan, or select from 13 other courses.

You'll be competing against over 15 other cars all with world class drivers, each with his own individual driving characteristics — and ego.

Grand Prix Circuit is so realistic you'll almost feel the G-force of being pinned to your seat. The lifelike animation, realistic racing sound, and authentic graphics allow you to experience the raw power of each racing machine. Special inset screens show your location, lap number, current position, and race time. Dual rearview mirrors keep tabs on that Ferrari nipping at your spoiler.

Please include $3.95 for Shipping/Insurance. 30-day money-back guarantee. Please mention product code when ordering. Credit card holders may call our toll-free number when ordering. Or mail your check to the address below. CA residents add 6% sales tax.

Requires CGA, VGA, EGA, or Hercules graphics card. Available for IBM PC (or compatible) only. Order *Grand Prix Circuit* today and order a magnum of champagne for the winning driver tonight.

■ Grand Prix Circuit GP#18 $44.95

Order toll-free 24 hrs. a day

800-443-0100 ext. 690

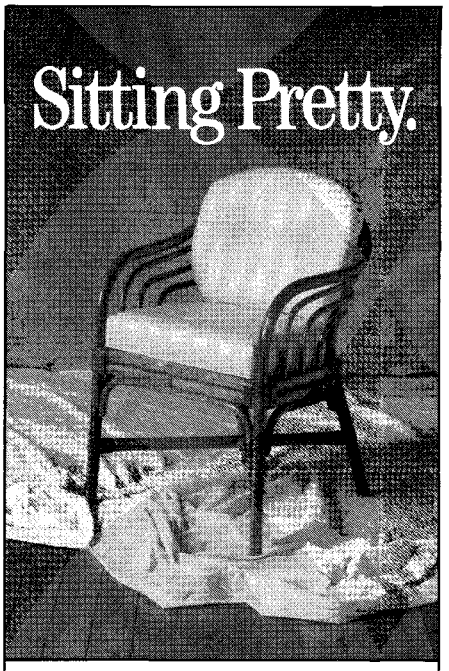
RYANS®

BY ♦ MAIL

23010 Lake Forest Dr., Suite D321
Laguna Hills, CA 92653

WHAT DO YOU GET WHEN YOU MIX LONDON AND AMSTERDAM?

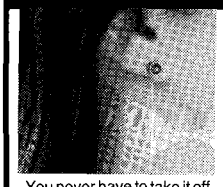
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Discover the beauty of our handcrafted rattan and wicker, as well as the value of buying direct. Send $5, (deductible from your first purchase), for our full color catalog.

Ocean Rattan
Manufacturers & Catalog Dealers of Premium Rattan & Wicker Furniture.
P.O. Box 9498 • Virginia Beach, VA 23450
Call Toll-Free: 1-800-544-8959

TOGETHER AT LAST: COMFORT & STYLE



NEW CONCEPT
In Earring Design
HANDMADE
AFFORDABLE

—Rests Flush on Ear
—One-Piece Construction
No Posts • No Backs
Telephone-Proof
—Slides in Easily
—*Brilliant Hand Finish*

You never have to take it off, & you don't feel you have it on.

	Sm	Lg
14k Gold	$75	$83
Sterling	$32	$40

(Prices incl. shipping & handling in USA)

Pearl	Onyx	Carnelian
Coral	Lapis	Turquoise
Beads	Hematite	Zirconium
Garnet	Amethyst	Moonstone

(Prices on request for Birthstones, Diamonds & other precious gems)

Great Holiday Gift Idea!

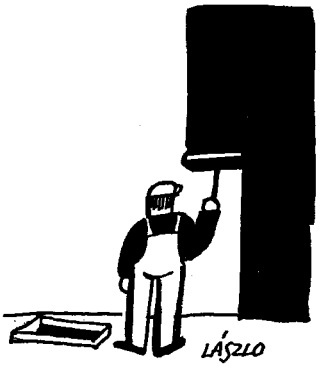
Present Perfect Productions, Ltd.
1-800-448-4551 (orders only) • 1-914-246-3477
6071-31 Malden Turnpike, Saugerties, NY 12477
Allow 2–4 weeks delivery MC/VISA/AMEX/Money Order
— NY State residents add appropriate sales tax —
For a full range of additional earring designs from Present Perfect Productions, Ltd., send for our brochure at $2.00 each.

SOUNDTRACK FOR EXTRAORDINARY LIVES

WQXR 96.3 FM 1560 AM
The Classical Music Stations of The New York Times

wing moral majority. They punish their neighbors, to set an example.

The "action" against Maxwell was known in Autonomen circles as the *Kübelaktion*—the bucket action. It was widely discussed in the scene, and a number of groups took credit for it. Hartmut himself has no proof of who was really responsible. He can identify the first visitors they had—the kids who arrived on motorcycles and threw beer cans at the lights and put his wife on people's trial. It was accepted in the scene that they were Redskins, and Hartmut thinks they probably were Redskins. But the three men with the buckets didn't look like Redskins. Their bucket action was not what Hartmut would call a Redskin sort of action, the way Brigitte's trial was a Redskin action, or collecting money for "political prisoners" was something Redskins would do. Hartmut tried to explain this when the police showed up at Maxwell. He hadn't called the police, or intended to call them. The police had read in *Taz* about the *Kübelaktion*. Someone at headquarters had put together a dossier of pictures called "known Redskins" and had come to Hartmut with the pictures, and—as Hartmut suspected—none of the pictures fit the three men who had visited Maxwell on August 23rd. Hartmut says that, at the time, it crossed his mind that the Redskins might have recruited people for the *Kübelaktion*. He knew that some of the most violent Autonomen in Kreuzberg—the police say fifty Autonomen—were not, properly speaking, part of any gang but rented themselves out for actions, like hit men in the movies, and were known in the neighborhood as *Kiezpolizei*, Kreuzberg policemen, and did the dirty work that other Autonomen opposed.



On the other hand, there were people in the scene who swore to Hartmut that it was not *Kiezpolizei*, and *they* said it was the gang called Hönkel. The Hönkel were the self-appointed clowns of the Autonomen movement. They were around in Kreuzberg for a year or so (and then, for all practical purposes, disappeared), and they did things like crash Berlin's official seven-hundred-and-fiftieth-birthday parties and drink up all the champagne, knowing that no one would throw them out in front of the foreign celebrities, or they wrote open letters on the mayor's stationery, which a friend at the Rathaus stole for them. They were a kind of poltergeist gang. People "saw" them everywhere, practicing "humor as revolution." Hartmut does not think that depositing three buckets of human excrement in the middle of his wife's restaurant is either humor or revolution, but he can see that the Hönkel might have considered it very funny and very political.

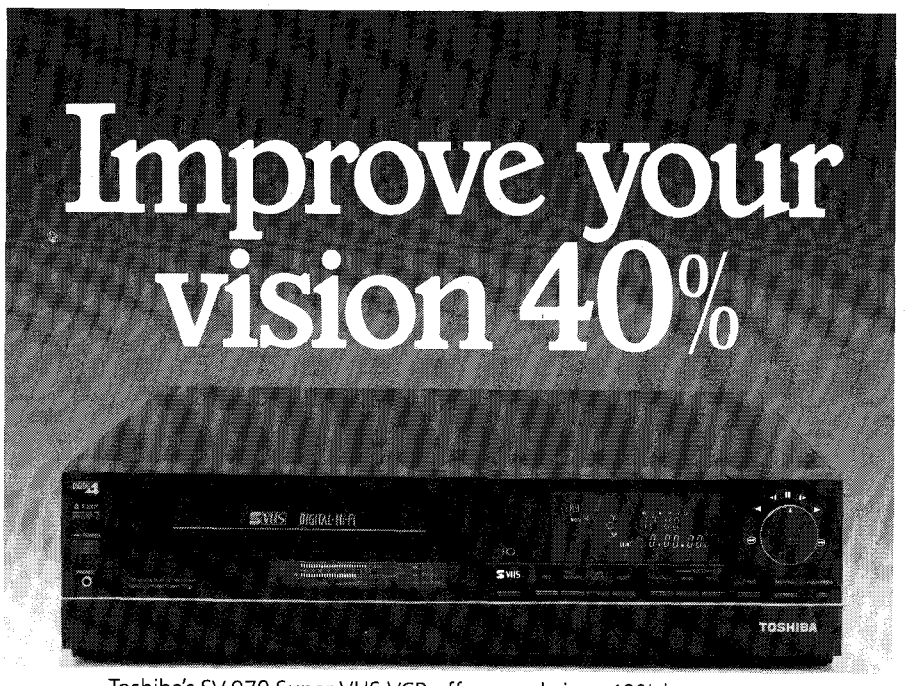
The trouble with identifying a Kreuzberg action is that whenever anything bad happens here so many people take the credit. For instance, there was the action against the Eiszeit Kino. The Eiszeit is a little theatre on the Zeughofstrasse that shows underground movies, and last spring it was showing a movie called "Fingered," directed by a Miss Lydia Lunch, which some Kreuzbergers considered pornographic and some sexist and some violent—although apparently not too pornographic or sexist or violent to have been shown a few weeks earlier at a theatre in town. Twelve masked men and women broke into the Eiszeit during the movie's run to deal with "Fingered." They destroyed the projector, and the film in the projector (which turned out to be some other movie), and then they emptied the cash register and fled. The action was called Por No. The bulletins that circulate in the scene described it as an action against the pornography industry, and said that the stolen money was now in the hands of an "international women's project," but no one knew for sure *whose* action Por No was because so many Kreuzbergers claimed it. First a radical lesbian group claimed it, and then a couple of anti-imperialist groups said no, it was *their* action, and after that it seemed as if half the Autonomen in Kreuzberg were involved.

People, of course, assumed that Autonomen were responsible. When anything happens in Kreuzberg that is not obviously the work of the Italian Mafia or the Turkish Mafia or the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

construction Mafia or the local political Mafia, people blame it on the Autonomen. A year and a half ago, a new and undeniably ugly kindergarten burned down here, and everyone, including the Autonomen, called it an "Autonomen fire." (The kindergarten was on a dead-end street where some Autonomen had a "children's farm," consisting of a little log barn and a couple of goats and turkeys; the city had put the kindergarten there under considerable protest from the Autonomen, and the Autonomen, for their part, had threatened to burn it, and had even sent out invitations to a bonfire.) The fact is that there are fires all the time in Kreuzberg, and that some of the Autonomen set some of those fires. Last year, Autonomen set fire to the cellar of a house that Kreuzberg's deputy in the West Berlin Parliament, a jeans-and-buckskin Alternativer by the name of Volker Härtig, shares with a *Taz* reporter called Gerd Nowakowski. Autonomen had already stoned Nowakowski's car, because they didn't like his columns, and beaten up Härtig, because they didn't like his politics—Härtig is considered by Autonomen to be pro-kindergarten and anti-squat and, like all Alternativen, to have sold out to the government. There was a lot of talk about the actions against Härtig, and about Härtig's reaction to the actions. It was suspected that he and Nowakowski had gone to the police and asked for an investigation (which they had), and Härtig himself admitted "carrying a gun in self-defense" (he meant a gas pistol) for the next six months. This was considered a very "un-Kreuzberg" thing to do.

There is, in Kreuzberg, what could be called an etiquette of retaliation. Wiglaf Droste, the arts critic at *Taz*, says that when people pay you a visit, the way the Autonomen paid Volker Härtig a visit, you make a few phone calls, get your friends together, and visit them. This, in Kreuzberg, is called having a discussion. Droste himself has been visited. He came home one afternoon to find his door smeared with blood (the blood said "666" and "Heil Satan") and twenty pounds of dead fish and rotted meat on his doormat, and the people who did it bragged in the scene that they were Autonomen, but Droste knew that they were just disgruntled musicians who didn't like what he had to say about



Toshiba's SV-970 Super VHS VCR offers an obvious 40% improvement in picture quality over conventional VCRs. It may even offer an improvement over *all* VCRs.

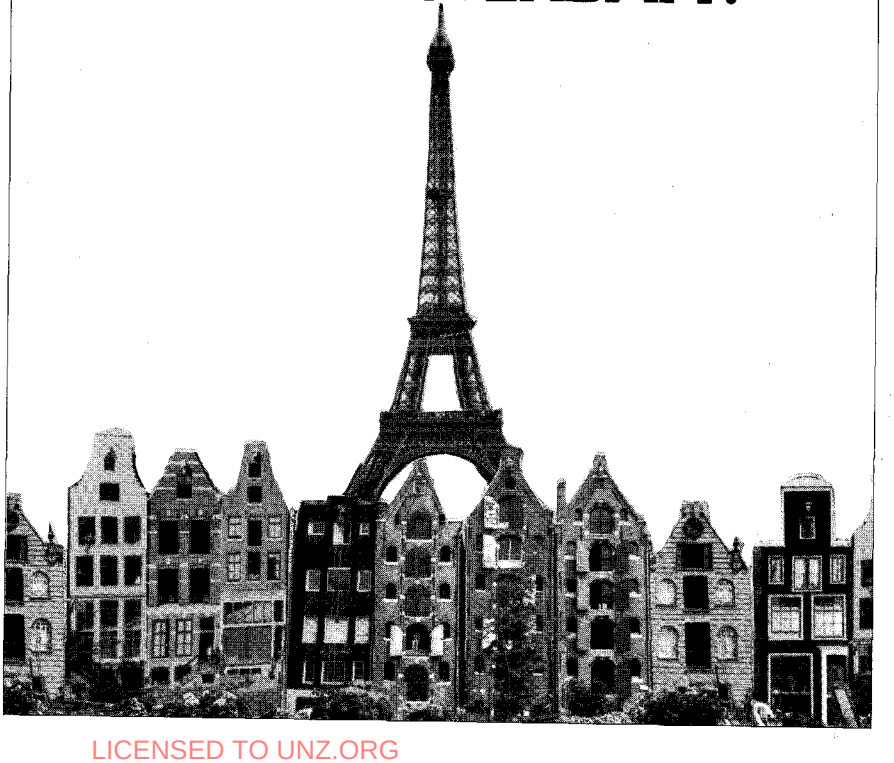
According to *Video Review*, the SV-970 "...stands out from the rest." With "...every digital special effect worth considering, including zoom, shuttle-controlled variable slow-motion and on-screen multiple channel scan."

And "...just about every feature and technology that engineers have been able to shoehorn into one model."

In other words the SV-970 hardly has room for improvement.

In Touch with Tomorrow
TOSHIBA
Toshiba America, Inc., 82 Totowa Road, Wayne, NJ 07470

WHAT DO YOU GET WHEN YOU MIX PARIS AND AMSTERDAM?



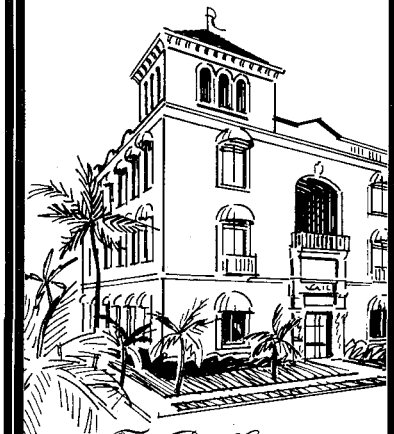
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

their rock group, so he never "visited back." Droste is one of the most measured and astute chroniclers of the Kreuzberg scene (though strangers would find it hard to distinguish him from that scene, dressing, as he does, in baggy striped circus trousers, a black dinner jacket, a torn T-shirt, a piece of red string for a belt, and ancient sneakers with the laces untied). He arrived in Kreuzberg five years ago, at the age of twenty-one, after touring West Germany with a rock band, looking for what he calls "a city of big dreams."

"There is one unwritten law in Kreuzberg," Droste says. "If there is a quarrel, we don't need the state, the Senat, or the police. We are artists and Turks and normal people and people from the street, and for ten or fifteen years the balance between us has worked and it's very special. It's not something you see in Hamburg. For instance, I'm interested—that's a stupid word, 'interested,' but I'm interested in avant-garde music. Well, the music here in Berlin is quite disappointing. It sounds like the wet cellars where the bands practice. But the point is, year after year so many musicians come to Kreuzberg and carry all their inspiration with them, and it makes a special atmosphere of creativity. Many of them fail, but to me it's not important what comes out of Kreuzberg, it's that atmosphere of creativity, of work-in-progress that's important. I think this has something to do with what happened to Maxwell. The Oranienstrasse is holy territory for some of the people here. I never cared about the Oranienstrasse, but they do. They say it has to be dirty, like we are. When they say keep Kreuzberg clean, no Schicki-Micki, no rich people, that's what they're really saying—keep it dirty, like we are. Keep the atmosphere, keep the balance. The kids who come over from provincial villages in West Germany to 'protect' May Day, or to protect the Oranienstrasse, or to protect what they call the infrastructure—they've grown up on the myth of that holy territory. It's their identity. You ask them, 'Who are you? What do you do?' And they say, 'We come from Kreuzberg. It's dirty, like us.' So they take on Maxwell. They think they're fighting against capitalism, against imperialism, against blah-blah-blah, but—and this is only what I think—it's not a fight against capitalism, it's a fight against symbols, and it's easier to

PALM BEACH

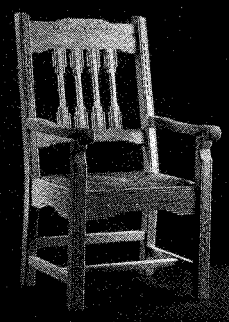
To stay in Palm Beach is to stay at The Palm Court



The Palm Court

A step up from Worth Avenue.
Grand Service Excellent Cuisine
800-233-8277 407-659-5800
Operated by Hotels of Distinction Inc.
363 Cocoanut Row, Palm Beach, Florida 33480

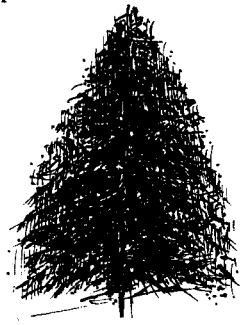
Come to the source.



DOOLINGS OF SANTA FE
Fine Furniture from America's Southwest
525 Airport Road • Santa Fe, NM 87501
Catalog available, $3.00 (505) 471-5956

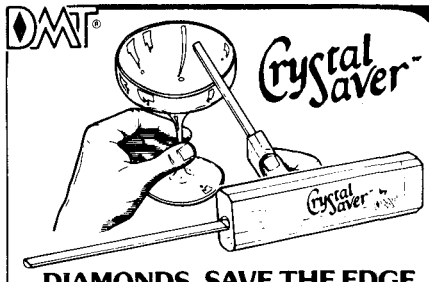
DISCOVER THE HIDDEN RIVIERA
7 Adventures on the French Riviera
A new guide from France, by an international team of journalists. 76 pages of useful and unusual information for travelers who want more than just the beach. Great reading!
For holiday giving, call toll-free, Mon.-Fri. 1 (800) 365-7827, Visa/MC.
$9.99, plus shipping $2 (1st Class), $9 (Overnight Mail). Or send check. California residents add 6%.
FRENCH ACCENT PUBLICATIONS
2443 Fair Oaks Blvd., Suite 341, Sacramento, CA 95825

Enjoy the warmth of an old fashioned Christmas with a live pine from Winterset Tree Farms.



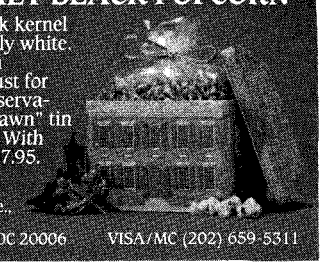
You will love the luxury of having a beautiful live tree delivered to your front door. Each suburban sized pine is specially pruned for extra fullness, which makes decorating a pleasure.
To ensure your holiday is fragrant and full of life, Winterset Farms does not pre-cut. Your Christmas tree is prepared when your order is received.
We offer 2 types of select fresh trees:
Cut — Scotch pine, 26" - 36", free standing with attached wooden base. $44.95 (S&H incl.)
Potted — White or Scotch pine, 36" - 48", ready for planting. $69.95 (S&H incl.)
100% Money Back Guarantee.
Order Now Thru December 15
1-800-235-6646 Ext. 330
24 Hours a day.
In California Dial 1-800-235-6647, ext. 330
Place your order early
We accept MasterCard, Visa, Personal Checks, or Money Orders.
Winterset Tree Farms
4340 State Route 204
Mount Perry, Ohio 43760

DMT®



DIAMONDS SAVE THE EDGE
The Crystal Saver™ easily smoothes the jagged edges of fine crystal, china, ceramics, mirrors and any hard material. Convenient light-weight ¼" half round steel shaft permanently coated with microscopic diamonds. Major Credit Cards. Satisfaction guaranteed.
Crystal Saver . . . $16 3 for . . . $43
Add $2 Shipping
PARKER'S Box 81241 NY128
Wellesley Hills, MA 02181

GOURMET BLACK POPCORN
Hulless black kernel pops perfectly white. Presented in National Trust for Historic Preservation "Woodlawn" tin 5" x 3" x 4". With note card $17.95.



Perfect Gifts
818 Conn. Ave.,
Suite 1020
Washington, DC 20006 VISA/MC (202) 659-5311

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

fight symbols than the things behind them.

"To the kids, Maxwell was this fishbowl that was trying to teach them a life style. You know, you weren't allowed to sit around and have a couple of drinks, you had to have a meal—which in Kreuzberg is very pretentious. Having a meal is something you do at home, in your parents' house, in *Germany*. So to them Hartmut Bitomsky was like a tourist from Germany, even though he lived in Kreuzberg. To them, he was like the guy from the magazine *Wiener* who showed up for the discussions at Pinox—there were a lot of discussions at Pinox about what happened to Bitomsky—and was scared of the punks and tried to borrow a bad leather jacket so nobody would spot him. Don't forget, these kids are pretty stupid. It was stupid—it was absolutely idiotic—to destroy a restaurant where Hartmut Bitomsky was working. But I don't think the guys who did it knew who Hartmut Bitomsky was—that this was the man who made 'Highway 40 West.' All they knew was that Bitomsky broke the Kreuzberg taboo with a restaurant about life style and good manners and *behavior* on the Oranienstrasse.

"There was a lot of hysteria, on both sides, after the *Kübelaktion*. The people on the list, the people with the stores and the restaurants—some of them were very scared. After the action, a lot of journalists came and said 'Aren't you scared?' and they said 'Yes, we're scared'—and then they *got* scared, whether or not they were before. And on the other side, the people who made the list were not necessarily supported by the rest of the scene. You'd go to Pinox—Pinox is a collective, and it's the place the political scene meets, every day the same people talking about the same thing. They were against the Maxwell action at Pinox, and they put out a leaflet about it. Anyway, you'd go to Pinox and everybody would be arguing: Should we throw them out? Shouldn't we throw them out? But nobody really knew who *they* were. Some of the Autonomen said, 'Well, *they* need to pay to be here, because we need to raise money for the political prisoners.' And the fact is that there are still May Day people in prison in Berlin"—Droste was arrested himself, covering the May Day demonstrations this year, and spent ten days in prison—"and I know two guys, one in Dortmund and one here in Berlin, who are in on twenty-two-month sentences. So some people from the scene said that because of the prisoners the action against Maxwell was a 'justified aggression.' And it was generally agreed that *those* people were stupid. You read that in Kreuzberg a few hundred people are potentially violent. That's what the politicians like to say, 'potentially violent.' Well, it depends. Maybe there are others who are violent against the police, but not against a theatre or a restaurant. I know that the violent groups try to control their members, and lately there's been this development—I mean that more and more people refuse to be controlled by any group, and nobody really knows those people. Not even the potentially violent groups know them."

THERE are people who think that West Berlin is dividing into two cities—"Kreuzberg and the rest," Hartmut's friend Hanns Zischler calls it—the way Berlin is divided and Ger-

AMSTERDAM'S SALE OF TWO CITIES.

For centuries, Amsterdam has provided visitors to Europe with the perfect welcome—an English-speaking city with Venetian-like canals, French-influenced art and architecture, and samples from practically every other culture on the continent.

Now Amsterdam is providing the same welcome—along with several added attractions.

We've designed week-long vacations that let you combine Amsterdam, Europe's most European city, with your choice of London, Paris or Vienna.

All for prices that would be remarkable if these were "budget" excursions, except they're anything but.

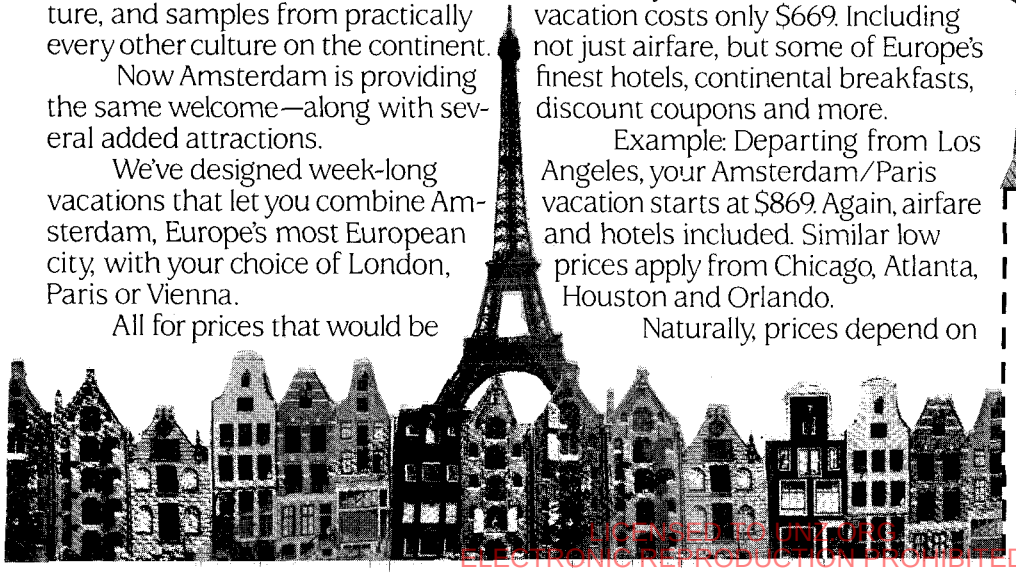
Example: Departing from New York, your Amsterdam/London vacation costs only $669. Including not just airfare, but some of Europe's finest hotels, continental breakfasts, discount coupons and more.

Example: Departing from Los Angeles, your Amsterdam/Paris vacation starts at $869. Again, airfare and hotels included. Similar low prices apply from Chicago, Atlanta, Houston and Orlando.

Naturally, prices depend on where you depart from, and our offer is good for a limited time only. So for details, call your travel agent or mail the coupon today.

Or call KLM Royal Dutch Airlines at 1-800-777-5553.

Restrictions: Prices are per-person, double occupancy and subject to change without notice. Airfare is non-refundable. Other significant restrictions apply. Offer expires 3/15/89.



Mail to:
The Netherlands Board of Tourism
280 Midland Ave., Saddle Brook, N.J. 07662

Holland

Please send me information on the "Europe-On-The-Double" Value Packages NR11-28

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State____ Zip____

The Reliable Airline KLM Royal Dutch Airlines

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

They'll Never Forget This Gift !!!

The World's Only Limited Edition Fruit®

They'll always remember the indescribable juiciness of Cushman HoneyBells™... and your thoughtfulness in sending them! Exclusive to Cushman's, they're available only once each year, so it's important to order now. Reserve a special shipment of world-famous Cushman HoneyBells today, and get:

- a generous 20-lb. box of 30 or more HoneyBells picked fresh from the tree, delivered in January
- special HoneyBell bibs for eating juicy Cushman HoneyBells, and suggestions on how to eat them
- a beautiful gift announcement card before Christmas

ORDER TODAY! Our gifts are backed by the Cushman Family Guarantee... since 1945. If you're not happy, we'll cheerfully and immediately refund your money—no questions asked.

1-800-999-3636 DEPT. 311

DEPT. 311

☐ YES! I want to order Cushman HoneyBells as a holiday gift. Please ship to gift list enclosed. Sorry, no shipments to Arizona

☐ MasterCard ☐ VISA ☐ American Express

Card No. _____ Exp. Date _____

Name Address

City State Zip

$24.95 plus $4 shipping and handling

Cushman's Since 1945

3325 Forest Hill Boulevard
West Palm Beach, FL 33406

BASEBALL

This is Photo-graphic's Second Annual ultimate poster for the ultimate fan. It is the great, great 'Pennant' races, that went the distance!!

It is a multi color poster (23 x 35) with headlines, box-scores, and loads of trivia artistically displayed.

The price is still $25.00 plus $3.50 for shipping and handling.

Please Note: There has been a limited number printed which will be signed and numbered by the artist, and these will be the only signed copies.

Mail Check or money order to

The Photo-graphic Corporation of N.E.
Post Office Box 581
Concord, MA 01742
(508) 369-3002

GETAWAYS:

FAMILY VACATIONS

A unique gift idea for your favorite family, a quarterly newsletter devoted exclusively to family travel.
P.O. Box 11511, Washington, DC 20008
(703) 534-TRIP
One year $20 Two years $36

PERSONALIZED CARTOUCHE

Your name or initials translated into ancient Egyptian Hieroglyphics

18k Gold Pendant from $150
Sterling Silver $40

1-800-237-3358

Discoveries

Free Brochure Available
Cartouche shown: "Jane"

207 Ramsay Alley, Dept. NY1
Alexandria, VA 22314 (703) 548-9448 (in VA)

HANDMADE IN EGYPT

many itself is divided. They think of Germany as a kind of hologram, an endlessly defracting set of images, with Kreuzberg as the fragment that carries all the information in a couple of streets, leading nowhere. They are interested in Kreuzberg because in Kreuzberg, with its symbols of enemies and its cycles of retribution, they can see the historical claustrophobia of Germany being reënacted. It may be that all bohemias are symptoms of claustrophobia—Zischler thinks so—but Kreuzberg is Germany's particular symptom, because the Wall is there, around it, and because there is something clearly familiar about the ease with which the neighborhood slips from claustrophobia into panic, and about how fast the language slips with it and becomes a language about enemies, a mob language, undiscerning and provocative.

Karl Schlögel, the East European social historian, lives in Kreuzberg and has started writing about the neighborhood—he says he was driven to write about it—from the point of view of someone who spends his professional life thinking about what he calls "the history of urban culture." He has come to the conclusion that Kreuzberg has nothing to do with urban culture anymore. Schlögel spent five years here as a student, and then went over to West Germany and dreamed about coming back to live in Kreuzberg because it had such a symbolic significance for him—because it was close to the old historical center of the city and was all, really, that was left of Mitteleuropa Berlin in the western sector. He says that, looking down the Köpenicker Strasse toward the Wall from his living-room window, he could feel a "postwar spirit" that he missed in the cities of the Federal Republic. The problem now is that he can feel the same spirit looking out of his back window, into his courtyard, because the courtyard looks as if it had not been cleared since the bombings. It is filled with rubble, and the back buildings of his *Mietskaserne* are skeletons of buildings—there are no windows or moldings or doors or even staircases. The owners stripped them when they were trying to clear the place for speculation, and then some Autonomen moved in and "claimed" the courtyard for making rock videos, and they stole everything that was left.

Schlögel's own building is due for restoration—it was one of the buildings earmarked by the Old IBA, and now it is under the protection of Hardt-Waltherr Hämer's Kreuzberg project—and he is determined to stay there, though he does not know how the tenants are going to agree on anything when the only people in the building who seem to respect what he calls "the rules of close urban space" are he and his wife, who comes from Moscow, and a Turkish family on the third floor. The rest of the tenants are drifters out of the Autonomen scene, and they do not live what Schlögel would call neighborly urban lives. They play soccer in the rubble at two in the morning. They weld their "found objects" at three in the morning. At four, they turn their amplifiers up and get stoned and have a disco party. Schlögel says that he tried to talk to them at first. He told them about his daughter, who is four years old and awake all night with the noise, and about his wife's frayed nerves and his own problem, trying to finish his book on Russian intellectual history on two or three hours of sleep a night, but his neighbors told him he was a crazy professor and ought to live in Dahlem, where there were big private houses with plenty of space around them, and after that—to "discipline" him, they said—they gathered in the courtyard with pots and pans and tin boxes and garbage pails and radios and record players and subjected the Schlögels to what they called a "noise concert." The scene refers to it as the *Professoraktion*. Schlögel says that it was "terrible but interesting." It was a breakdown of all the arrangements and understandings that make life in cities possible, and it came down to something very simple. It was a matter of people demanding for themselves more rights than they were willing to concede to anybody else.

Schlögel likes to say that, as an old radical from a Maoist faction of one of West Germany's wilder communist parties, he was not much fazed by what his neighbors called their ideology. (It had to do with claiming Kreuzberg for "the new proletarian class.") What troubled Schlögel was that in his Kreuzberg building the usual forms

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of communication between neighbors seemed to have stopped working, and people existed side by side with no reference to one another. It was the neighbors, he says, who really belonged in Dahlem. It was the neighbors who lived as if they were all alone in a big villa in the suburbs—where no one cared about the volume on their Yamahas, or the bass vibrations that felt like a minor earthquake. "A lot of young people come here, the way I came in the sixties," Schlögel says. "They come to the metropole. They have a specific if naïve ideology—which is that the city is a place where you can shake the provincial regulations of your old life. But they are wrong in this case. One of the achievements of Kreuzberg—and it's not a positive achievement—has been a deurbanization of city life. Kreuzberg today is a village world, and this rebirth of the village in Kreuzberg means that the urban culture is being destroyed. It's more like Turkey here than Germany—except that it's the Germans and not the Turks who are responsible. It's the Germans who make this cultivation of provincialism into an ideological demonstration. You see it in the way the German kids try to speak in dialect. Schwäbisch dialect. Bayrisch dialect. It used to be 'Speak Schwäbisch, you don't have to hide your roots.' Now it's 'Speak Schwäbisch, you don't have to communicate.' "

Schlögel says that most of the intellectuals he knows are leaving Kreuzberg, that the friends who moved here with the same enthusiasm he had—the friends who borrowed a room in the Schlesisches Tor, the last Kreuzberg subway stop before East Germany, and held "evenings" about Lvov and Vilnius and Budapest—are moving to Schöneberg or Charlottenburg. They are moving into the "real" world of West Berlin the way other Berliners go over to the Federal Republic—to get on with their lives and their careers and families, to settle down to plumbing and heating and good kindergartens and parks for the children, and all the other things that people in the Kreuzberg scene find alarming. The problem of schools is critical in Kreuzberg. The Autonomen want their own schools, and Autonomen ideals of scholarship are not apt to appeal to people like Dr. Schlögel, with four languages and a doctorate in sociology and a new book out called "Beyond the October Revolution"—or, indeed, like Frau Schlögel, a biologist who spends her spare time writing about Osip Mandelstam's poetry. Sonja Margolina Schlögel used to like Kreuzberg. She was shocked by the poverty, but she felt at home here. She thought that the neighborhood—with what she took for shortages in the stores, with its grimy kaleidoscope of people from so many places—was something like Moscow. But now she worries about things like kindergartens. She does not think that a children's farm with a couple of goats and turkeys is a substitute for schools where her daughter could learn to read and write, let alone prepare for *Gymnasium* and university.

Intellectuals, of course, have the privilege of leaving Kreuzberg. So do the more prosperous children of old Kreuzberg workers who want to raise their own families in respectable neighborhoods—in neighborhoods where there are no punks, and no for-

BREAK THE SOUND BARRIER.

Strauss Previn/Vienna
The acclaimed conductor André Previn and the Vienna Philharmonic perform Richard Strauss's masterpieces: *Also sprach Zarathustra* and *Death and Transfiguration*. Impeccable Telarc sound!

At Telarc, we believe a recording should faithfully capture all the finest elements of a live performance. Nothing lost. Nothing added.

Most recording companies manipulate and reshape sound. That puts a barrier between the listener and the performance.

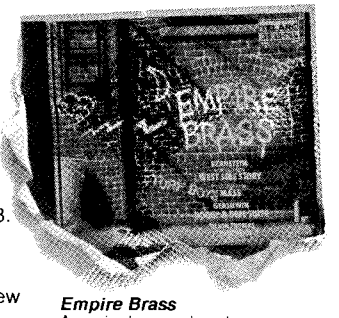
At Telarc, we've been breaking the Sound Barrier since 1978. By combining the incredible sensitivity of digital recording with our own unique engineering and production techniques, we capture sound as perfectly as possible. Pristine. Natural.

Ten years of breaking the Sound Barrier have brought us new artists, critical acclaim and loyal listeners.

And imitators. But our quality and techniques are still one of a kind. Only Telarc breaks the Sound Barrier.

Now that you've heard the story, hear the music. Break the Sound Barrier with one of the new releases or bestsellers you see here.

Call 1-800-321-7152 for the 1988-89 catalogue and free subscription to Telarc's *Quarternotes* newsletter.

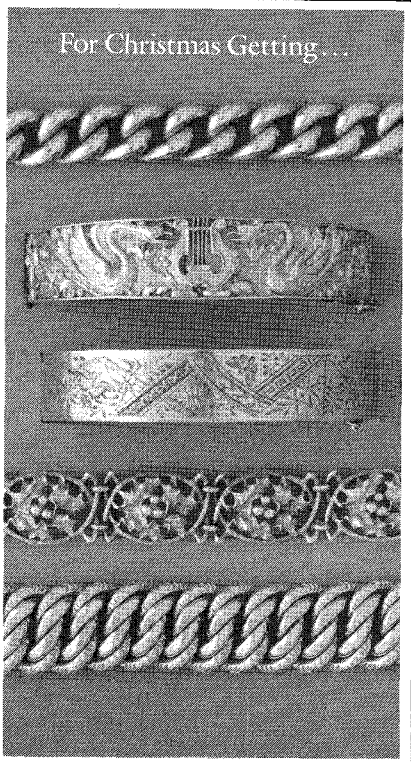


Empire Brass
America's premiere brass quintet plays their most popular showpieces: selections from West Side Story, Porgy and Bess, Bernstein's Mass, and a new work, *Street Song* by Michael Tilson Thomas. All new arrangements.

The Sound of Music
After 25 years, the songs you love now resound in an all new performance. The only digital recording featuring all the music from the stage and film. With Frederica von Stade as Maria.

TELARC DIGITAL **Decade of Digital**
BREAKING THE SOUND BARRIER

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Send for illustrated (A) Antique silver or (B) Jewelry catalogues, each $5. ppd.

J. MAVEC & COMPANY, LTD.
Antique Silver and Jewelry
52 East 76th Street, Third Floor, New York 10021
Telephone (212) 517-8822

★ AutoTech Leasing ★
New York's Comprehensive Car Leasing Service
1989's ARE HERE!
ALL MAKES • ALL MODELS
CALL FOR HONEST QUOTES ON THE CAR OF YOUR CHOICE
NOBODY ELSE OFFERS ALL THESE PLUSES:
- Pick Up and Delivery
- Complete repair work in our own shop . . . Maintenance contracts available
- Convenient parking available at any of our 50 Manhattan Locations.
- Detailing service to keep your car looking its best.
- Attention to any problem with just one phone call to one of AutoTech's experienced leasing coordinators.

GMC Garage Management Corporation 914-948-4212 212-988-8400

Since 1973
SOBEK EXPEDITIONS Inc.
Worldwide Safaris, Adventures & Excursions
Box 1089-32, Angels Camp, CA 95222
(209) 736-4524

ADIRONDACK CHAIRS
Handcrafted from the finest hardwood.
TEAK, MAHOGANY, BIRCH
To request a FREE CATALOG, call or write:
Classic Country Chairs
710 So. Spring Street
Northfield, MN 55057
(507) 645-9070

eigners living in the house next door. According to the Mayor, a third of the Kreuzberg population changes every three or four years, and that figure is an understatement. Gustav Roth, who was the Lutheran suffragan bishop here, says that every three years a third of *his* old congregation leaves Kreuzberg. He says that they have their fun in what he calls "the Free Republic of Kreuzberg" and head back to the Federal Republic. "The strong leave," is how Roth puts it. "The young, powerful, interesting people" leave, and surface in a few years in powerful, interesting jobs somewhere else, and the scene people who are "not so strong" stay on—which means that there is now a generation of Kreuzbergers who have lived their whole lives without working, who have no chance of working now, and who are getting desperate. They are cut off—by the politicians, by their own poverty, and by the Wall. They may live at the Wall, but most of them have never been to East Berlin or even tried to cross a checkpoint. They do not have the twenty-five marks they need to cross. They hear about Prenzlauer Berg, which is considered the Kreuzberg of East Berlin, the scene across the Wall, but not from one another. They get their information from the kids who are passing through, the ones who know when it is time to leave Kreuzberg, like the student who lived a couple of blocks from Maxwell and went to the Pinox discussions and said, "Look, I know if I were to go very seriously into something—into *anything*—I'd have to leave Kreuzberg. There is a certain avant-garde here, but it always moves out. You have *fun* here, but you don't get anywhere." They are left with the Turks, whom they claim to defend when they reject kindergartens and parks and plumbing in the name of the infrastructure. But the Turks want kindergartens and parks and plumbing as much as the Kreuzberg professors do. There were fifteen hundred Turkish children on the waiting list for the kindergarten that was burned down.

THE Bitomskys sold Maxwell—sold the lease and everything in the restaurant—last December, and in July they moved to Schöneberg and Brigitte opened a new Maxwell and Hartmut began to work on the last movie in his trilogy about Fascist images. He wants to call the movie "Volkswagen." It tells the story of how Hitler opened a factory called Volkswagen to produce "people's cars" for his great German highway, and how the cars, like the highway, entered the ideology of Nazi Germany and are now part of the ideology of a democratic West Germany. Hartmut is already thinking about his next movie. He says that some people expect him to make a movie about Kreuzberg, but he thinks that maybe it is too soon for Kreuzberg, that maybe Kreuzberg would be dangerous for him—and, besides, most of the time he wants to forget Kreuzberg. After more than a year, he is still incredulous about his neighbors' behavior. His neighbors said they were sorry but they just didn't want to get involved in Hartmut Bitomsky's problems. In the end, they talked about Maxwell to everybody but him. They went on television in hoods and masks, as if they were Baader-Meinhof informers putting their lives at risk by talking. "They sat in their masks and acted as if we had been serving oysters and caviar while people on the streets were starving," Hartmut says. "They said we should have known better, or should never have come, or should have opened around the corner, or should have served worse food. They said our reputation was 'too good'—these people we thought were just like us said this. They seemed to think *we* should apologize to the neighborhood. So you see, nobody was very disgusted, and the Autonomen got what they wanted."

In the end, it was a question of morale. It was that everyone was a little embarrassed by the Bitomskys. Even the articles in *Taz* (which had had its share of Autonomen actions, and had nearly lost its printing presses during one of them) implied that somehow Maxwell had been at fault for being there, and being itself, in the first place; they seemed to be saying that if Maxwell stayed closed for a year or so everything would be forgotten, but that if Hartmut Bitomsky got stubborn and tried to reopen he was asking for trouble, he was upsetting the famous Kreuzberg balance, he was being insensitive. This is what the Mayor seemed to be saying, too. Wolfgang Krüger was very nervous after the *Kübelaktion*. He had lived through May Day and Ronald Reagan's visit, and now here was Hartmut Bitomsky's

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

restaurant calling more attention to Kreuzberg, making the Mayor look bad (or weak or stupid). Television crews would move their cameras into his panelled office, and the Mayor would sit in front of his Berlin bears, looking jovial and a little sick, and saying that it was all a big fuss over nothing—that Maxwell wasn't really in the Kreuzberg spirit anyway, that Maxwell was one of those fancy *liberal* restaurants selling dishes, he had heard, at sixty marks—and then he would apologize to the Bitomskys and a week later he would go on television and say the same thing.

The Bitomskys never really expected much of Krüger, but they did expect the local Alternativer to help them. They thought that surely an important Alternativer like Volker Härtig would be able to do something. Hartmut called Härtig, and Härtig agreed that, yes, the *Kübelaktion* was a terrible thing to have happened. He went on record saying that the *Kübelaktion* was certainly against the liberal atmosphere so dear to Kreuzberg and Kreuzbergers. He told the newspapers and the magazines and anybody else who asked him. But he didn't really *help* the Bitomskys. He didn't rally the Kreuzberg Greens to the Bitomskys' cause (giving some weight to Daniel Cohn-Bendit's statement about Germans being more passionate about saving trees than saving people). He said he understood that Hartmut Bitomsky might have had it with Kreuzberg—he himself had nearly had it, which was why he was walking around with a gas pistol in his pocket—but, politically speaking, it made no sense to take the *Kübelaktion* as a symbol. Kreuzberg was against violence, and everybody knew it.

Hartmut says it is hard for someone who is making his third movie about Fascist images not to be sensitive when it comes to neighbors like his old neighbors. In the end, he says, there was probably as much concern among Autonomen about what had happened to Maxwell as there was among most of the respectable Kreuzbergers. A lot of Autonomen told him they were disgusted by the *Kübelaktion*. They were disgusted by the propaganda that went around defending the action—the flyers that said, "Throw the liberals out, throw the artists out, throw IBA and the architects out" and "We warned Maxwell, we asked them to pay and they said no." They did not much like the fact that people were working the Oranienstrasse, in the name of the scene, demanding money—that people were hitting galleries and shops and bars, saying, "Here's our collection box. If you don't have money, raise your prices." One of the rules of the scene has always been discussion. You plan your actions. You get the scene together and talk things over and find out what the scene thinks about what you plan to do. But nobody discussed the *Kübelaktion*, and when it was over some of the Autonomen got together and publicly denounced the violence, saying that trashing Maxwell was not "political"—that the people who had trashed Maxwell had not reflected properly on the political implications of what they were doing to the neighborhood. Those Autonomen put out their own propaganda. Some of them—the Pinox collective among them—called the *Kübelaktion* a Fascist action and said that maybe the Kreuzberg scene should be less militant and more "con-

Fly Supersonic Around The World, Set Nine New Speed Records And Have Entire Islands Greet You.

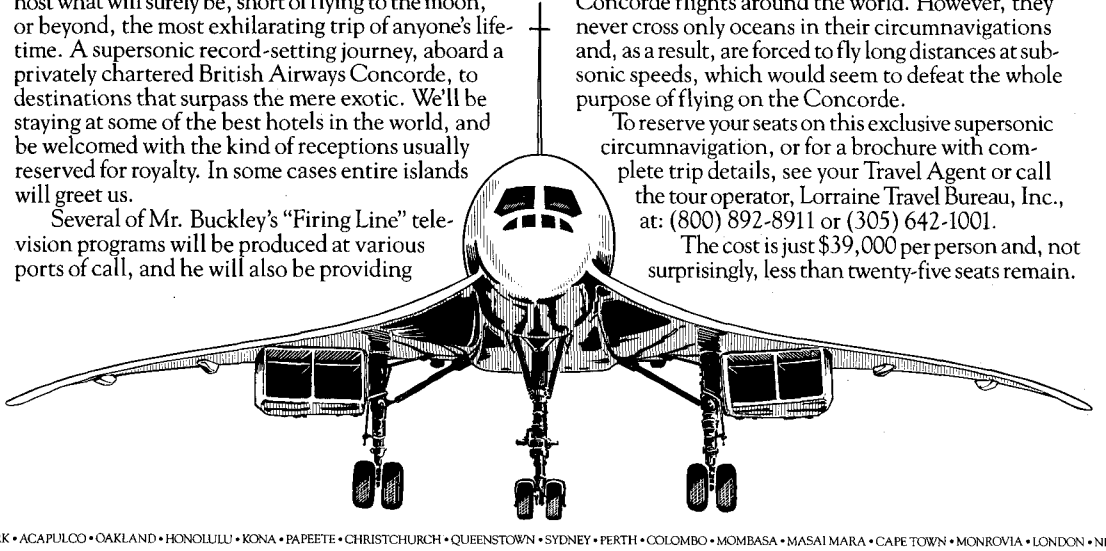
For almost the entire month of April, 1989, noted author, journalist and TV personality William F. Buckley, Jr. will host what will surely be, short of flying to the moon, or beyond, the most exhilarating trip of anyone's lifetime. A supersonic record-setting journey, aboard a privately chartered British Airways Concorde, to destinations that surpass the mere exotic. We'll be staying at some of the best hotels in the world, and be welcomed with the kind of receptions usually reserved for royalty. In some cases entire islands will greet us.

Several of Mr. Buckley's "Firing Line" television programs will be produced at various ports of call, and he will also be providing political and cultural commentary throughout the trip.

Like any good idea, of course, there are other Concorde flights around the world. However, they never cross only oceans in their circumnavigations and, as a result, are forced to fly long distances at subsonic speeds, which would seem to defeat the whole purpose of flying on the Concorde.

To reserve your seats on this exclusive supersonic circumnavigation, or for a brochure with complete trip details, see your Travel Agent or call the tour operator, Lorraine Travel Bureau, Inc., at: (800) 892-8911 or (305) 642-1001.

The cost is just $39,000 per person and, not surprisingly, less than twenty-five seats remain.

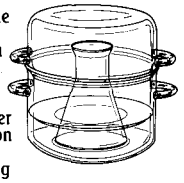


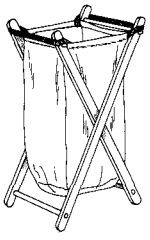
NEW YORK • ACAPULCO • OAKLAND • HONOLULU • KONA • PAPEETE • CHRISTCHURCH • QUEENSTOWN • SYDNEY • PERTH • COLOMBO • MOMBASA • MASAI MARA • CAPE TOWN • MONROVIA • LONDON • NEW YORK

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

VERMONT BEST OF
HANDCRAFTED QUALITY PRODUCTS

CLEAR GLASS VEGETABLE STEAMER. This indispensable utensil allows you to view foods as they cook. Now you can steam to perfection and preserve the vitamins and minerals at the same time. This versatile 2-quart steamer will make a valuable addition to your kitchen.
☐ **$41.50** Including shipping





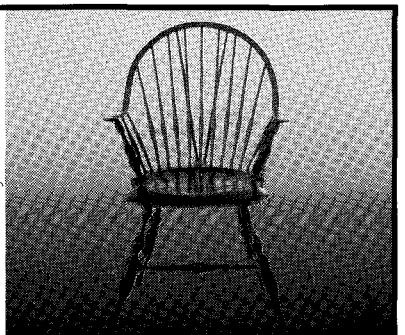
LAUNDRY BAGGER. Sturdy—handsome—no nonsense—this laundry bagger collapses for easy storage. The hunter green or navy blue laundry bags are of sturdy poly/cotton twill, the stand of natural pine. Just the right complement to your laundry room. Lightweight and washable, it *measures 11 x 4 x 23 inches.*
☐ Hunter Green ☐ Navy Blue
$36.50 Including shipping

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED OR YOUR MONEY BACK
(Vermont Residents add 4% Sales Tax)
☐ Personal Check ☐ American Express ☐ Visa
☐ Master Card
Call toll-free: **1-800-537-0225**

Card Number Exp. Date
Name
Address
City State Zip

Vermont Best Of®
Handcrafted Quality Products
309 County St., Bennington, Vt. 05201

Traditional Windsor Styles & Methods



PETER FRANKLIN
1 COTTAGE STREET P.O.BOX 1100 B
EASTHAMPTON, MA 01027
Catalog $3.00

750X PROJECTING MICROSCOPE

Explore the miniature world of nature

- Individual or Group View
- Projects and Traces

Including:
- Slides & Samples
- Live Brine Shrimp Eggs
- Hatchery
- Dropper & Cover Slips

$48

Send $48 check or money order to:
Galaxy of Wonder Toys, Inc.
2859 Hedwig Drive
Yorktown Hts, NY 10598

Send for FREE Catalog

TASCO

FREE Food *for* Wild Birds

No wonder wild birds flock to our feeder bells! Pure suet from prime beef (cooked, won't spoil), #1 bird seed, and **no preservatives.** Try one and chances are you'll become a regular customer. For your **FREE** ready-to-hang 13 oz. bell, send name, address and $2 shipping to:
(1 per address)

maine manna, inc. P.O. Box 248-N Gorham, ME 04038

structive." They said that the scene should spend its time taking peaceful actions against real enemies. They wanted to know what good it did to take on Hartmut Bitomsky when there were things like the International Monetary Fund for Kreuzberg to worry about.

AT first, and from the street, nothing looks much different at 170 Oranienstrasse. From the street, there is the same "minimalist aesthetic." The four big windows look just as severe as they did when the Bitomskys were there (and maybe more severe, now that Brigitte's dark-green woollen curtains, hung low on the windows from thick brass rods, are gone). It takes a while to see the changes, to notice, say, this year's May Day poster in the window—the one about revolution being magnificent and everything else being rubbish—or the posters for a Turkish variety act called Putsch in Bonn and an evening with the Three Tornados at one of the Autonomen factories. It takes a while to notice that the name, discreetly painted in the bottom corner of one window, has been changed from Maxwell to Anton.

Anton is ten. His mother is Gabi Loher and his mother's boyfriend is Karl-Heinz Kraus—known in the scene as Strumpf—and Gabi and Strumpf are the people who bought out Maxwell from Brigitte and Hartmut Bitomsky. Occasionally, Anton comes to the restaurant. He sits at a table with his comic book, and sometimes he is joined by an old wino who spends the mornings there, dressed in rags, reading the paper and nursing a cup of coffee and generally keeping warm, and sometimes by a large Rottweiler that wanders over to the restaurant from Strumpf's house whenever it wants company or food. Strumpf's house is an old squat on the Leuschnerdamm, near the Wall, which was turned over to the squatters while the Social Democrats were in power. The rules of the scene are the rules at Strumpf's, and now they are the restaurant's rules, too. The place is still a fishbowl (which was one of the accusations against it), but now the people looking in and the people looking out are pretty much the same people, and they come and go as they are hungry or thirsty or simply spot a friend inside and feel like talking. Anton is open all day long. You can go in in the morning and have a "Day After"—two aspirin and a cup of coffee—or, if you want a Gitane, an "Existentialist." For hard-core Kreuzberg drunks, there is the beer-and-vodka breakfast at six marks, and for the Kreuzberg bodybuilders—the leather crowd—there is juice, fruit, pot cheese, toast, and Ovaltine at eight marks. This is not exactly a people's breakfast. Six marks is over three dollars, and eight marks is nearly $4.50, and it is doubtful that Brigitte Bitomsky would have charged much more. But Brigitte wasn't open mornings. The people who came to Maxwell came for dinner. They did not come to sit around and plan a squat or discuss an action or spend a couple of hours with a cup of weak coffee listening to the reggae and the American rock that now blare from the stereo speakers Strumpf and Gabi installed to make the restaurant "friendly."

It is generally agreed in the scene that the restaurant "looks the same, but different, because the freaks are there now." It is more of a piece, people say, with the other places on the block—the junk shop specializing in Coca-Cola signs and fast-food menus, the Turkish merchant with the net bridal gowns and the strippers' feathers, the underground T-shirt shop, the old beer hall draped, whatever the season, with dusty Christmas decorations—and with the freaks who use them. The freak style is androgynous—hair sliced short and spiky and bleached pale yellow in the front, leather jeans, leather jackets, black T-shirts, white socks. And the transportation is motorcycles. (The Mercedes parked up and down the Oranienstrasse belong to Turkish merchants and not food lovers from Charlottenburg.) There is one terrible painting on Anton's wall—giving the finger to art, and to thinking about art, and to choosing art—and the white linen has been replaced by paper napkins and brown laminated tabletops. "Why not brown?" is Strumpf's position. The Anton banquettes have all been covered with wrinkled Naugahyde. Strumpf has put a chrome counter on the wooden sideboard that Hartmut built along the back wall, and he has added a big chrome-and-glass display cabinet—the kind of cabinet that holds the cheesecake and the banana-cream pie in American diners—and Strumpf uses the cabinet as a kind of menu. The day's dishes are on

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Travel Insurance . . . Your Spare Ticket Home.

Before you travel the world, think about what you'll do if you (or your traveling companion!) get injured or become ill.

Your "spare ticket" is a comprehensive travel protection plan that includes:

- . . . a worldwide network of assistance centers to make sure you get the help you need *at the time you need it*
- . . . medical evacuation back to the U.S.A.
- . . . medical insurance that pays your medical bills *on the spot*
- . . . optional trip cancellation/curtailment and baggage coverage.

Get your "spare ticket" NOW, Health-Care Abroad for as little as $30.00 for 10 days.

(800) 237-6615 Ext. 245

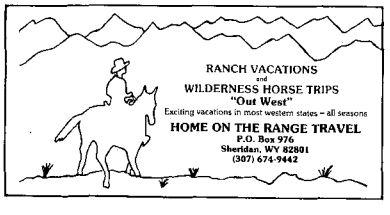
HEALTH CARE ABROAD

Travel Insurance Programs Corporation
243 Church Street West, Vienna, VA 22180

The high-tech sharpener acclaimed by world class chefs, cooking schools and serious cooks.

ChefsChoice® Diamond Hone Sharpener *for incredibly sharp kitchen knives*

for a store in your area, call Edgecraft Corp., (800) 342-3255



CHAPEL HILL, NORTH CAROLINA

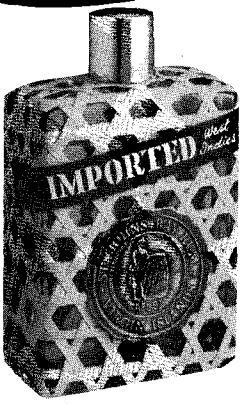
Retire to the Village of Fearrington

Be neighbors with bluebirds, hollyhocks, shops, a country inn, and fascinating people of all ages. For complete information – 1-800-334-5475 or Box 111-N, Chapel Hill, NC 27514.

display there, announcing right off that there is no fancy food at Anton, that there is only plain Kreuzberg fare, like cold leek pie and frankfurter-and-mayonnaise salad. Half the people at Anton don't bother to eat at all, which may be just as well, because the food is leaden. They come to Anton because Strumpf's Anton, in Kreuzberg in 1988, is something like what Hartmut's Dziga Vertov film school must have been in 1968—an easy, authentic image of the Zeitgeist, a place that reflects and protects the mood around it. Strumpf does not use the word "authentic," although his friends at Heilehaus, the "social-medical natural-therapy center" on Waldemarstrasse, use "organic" when they talk about Anton. Strumpf prefers "letting things happen" or "saying O.K." It is hard to determine what Gabi says, because, regardless of Rosa Luxemburg and the women's groups and the radical-lesbian coalitions, the rule in Autonomen Kreuzberg in 1988 seems to be that the women do the work and the men do the talking. It is a function of that village ethic that Karl Schlögel discovered in the middle of his cosmopolitan Mitteleuropa city, the way Strumpf conferring with his friends in his old Freiburg dialect is a function of the same ethic.

Strumpf's real village is called Ulm. It is a hundred miles into the Black Forest from Freiburg, and Strumpf has not been back much since he moved to Kreuzberg, six years ago—long enough to have acquired the requisite leather and the spiky haircut and three-day stubble and the little silver earring in his left ear, and long enough to have taken up his parents' language. His father drives a truck in Freiburg. His mother works in a printing factory. They were like all the other parents in working-class West Germany, Strumpf says. They expected him to learn a trade and get a job. They sent him to Freiburg to apprentice as an auto mechanic, and he apprenticed for three years, and then one day, he says, "I decided to change my city"—which in Kreuzberg means that he decided to change his life. He was twenty when he left. He took his car and drove straight through West Germany and East Germany and into West Berlin—like a homing pigeon—to the door of a squat in Kreuzberg. He asked to sleep in the squat. He had no money and no job and no intention of going home and

$100 GIFT CERTIFICATE



The classic all-purpose lotion. Leaf oil of the Bay Tree with an accent of orange peel combine to create this traditional fragrance.

St. Johns Bay Rum is pleased to be able to offer you the opportunity to cruise the Caribbean with this special offer.

To receive your $100 Gift Certificate toward a 7 day CARNIVAL CRUISE LINE vacation look for specially tagged bottles of ST. JOHNS BAY RUM wherever fine fragrances are sold. For location of store nearest you call (800) 4-BAY RUM.

St. Johns® Bay Rum

A product of the United States Virgin Islands

Carnival Cruise Line Ships are registered in Panama and Liberia

UNDERWORKS CORPORATION

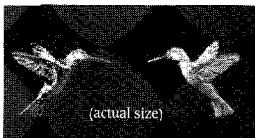
furniture and toys made fresh daily™

FREE DELIVERY

call or write for FREE 16 pg Color Brochure

1-800-448-1550

From: **ALL BUT GROWN-UPS™**
P.O. Box 555
Berwick, ME 03901



(actual size)

HUMMINGBIRDS
Pierced Earrings:
Sterling—$30; 14K—$65
Tie Tack:
Sterling—$20; 14K—$35

Hand-made, satisfaction guaranteed.
Catalog Available.
VISA/MC (703) 548-5994

Vern Wayne Pond
Studio 3, 105 N. Union St.
Alexandria, VA 22314

"For The Traveling American"

Passports and Visas
Processed Quickly
Reasonable Rates

CIBT, Inc. 800/424-2429

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TENNIS BRACELETS
from $89

7 Inches of Dazzling Cubic Zirconiums
Set in 14K Gold Plated Sterling Silver:
10 carats total weight–$ 89
15 carats total weight–$139

Matching Solitaire Pierced Earrings
2 carats TW– $ 29
4.3 carats TW–$ 39

Matching 16 Inch Necklace
15 carats TW– $249

Add $4 S&H and insurance each shipment. New York residents add sales tax. Visa, M/C, A/E or check. Each item Gift Boxed.

Sterling Guarantee–30 day money back return privilege. You can believe it–we've been advertising in *The New Yorker* over 8 years.

R.D. Grimm Marketing, Inc.
Dept. 603, P.O. Box 20094
Dag Hammarskjold Conv. Ctr.
New York, N.Y. 10017
212-490-5776

Ristras!
From New Mexico.
18" $14.00
24" $16.50
36" $21.00
48" $25.00
60" $27.50
Wreath $24.50
All ppd.
Shipping late October.
Artesanos Imports Co., Inc.
P.O. Dr. G. Dept. NY
Santa Fe, NM 87501

Saltwhistle Bay Club
A private paradise... on an unspoiled tropical island
Mayreau, St. Vincent Grenadines West Indies
For reservations call collect (416) 366-8559

Put your favorite seashells into a melon glass ball and make a lamp. 19" tall, fully wired, natural burlap shade. $55, shipped prepaid UPS. Hilo Steiner M-35, Rte. 35, Shrewsbury, N.J. 07701 – yes, major credit cards. Shell Lamp catalog, $2.

getting one—and especially no intention of showing up at the Ulm draft board for his year in the West German Army. Strumpf is an exceptionally peaceful person. He likes to say that some people want to destroy everything and some want to keep things peaceful, and that he is with the peaceful people. He does not believe in armies, although "if you do, that's O.K., too." He does not believe in jobs, either—not, at least, in the kind of jobs his parents wanted for him. His parents gave him three weeks in Kreuzberg. They thought he was "doing his Kreuzberg," like everybody else's children—but he never went home. He opened a coffee bar in the squat, and then for a while he had a small garage there, and *then*—it was when he decided that repairing cars was too cold and too dirty—he decided to sail around the world. He and a friend went to Bremen and started building a seventeen-metre schooner. When he and the friend "split," as Strumpf puts it, he kept on building. Two years ago, he and Gabi got together. They have a Kreuzberg arrangement. She lives in their old squat with Anton, and he lives in another converted squat with the dog and a couple of roommates—his partner from the squat garage and a friend named Andi from the social-medical natural-therapy center—and sleeps wherever he happens to end the day. "That's O.K.," he says. "That's O.K." sums up his philosophy.

Strumpf has what is often described as a "South German mentality." It means he thinks things over slowly and comes to conclusions slowly—and afterward is very settled inside, very sure, and never skeptical. Strumpf says that he "came to a conclusion about Anton." It involved the neighborhood and the Autonomen, and what the relation between Anton and the neighborhood and the Autonomen would be. Strumpf thinks of himself as a kind of Autonomen alumnus. He used to be "organized" is how he puts it. His old squat was an Autonomen squat, and his friends at the natural-therapy center are what most other Berliners would call a "good" Autonomen group, but Strumpf does not know whether, properly speaking, you can call a group of friends a group or whether you can even call *him* part of that group when he is the owner of a prosperous restaurant with people working daily shifts, and spends his own day buying cheese

SHOOTIES™
The Perfect Blend Shoe and Down Bootie
SIERRA DESIGNS can keep your feet toasty this winter with a pair of down SHOOTIES.™ Durable, leather outer soles, dense foam innersoles and warm goose down fill make SHOOTIES the ideal companion for padding about in a ski chalet or your city apartment. Asst. bright colors (w/brown suede); red, teal, royal, purple, tan, navy and more.
Sizes: XS, S, M, L, XL
Price: $32.00 (postage + handling included).

At your local Sierra Designs dealer, or for same day service call 1-800-635-0461.
If ordering by mail, indicate shoe size(s) and 3 color choices to: SIERRA DESIGNS, Dept. S, 2039 Fourth Street Berkeley, CA 94710
Visa—Mastercard—American Express Checks accepted.
SIERRA DESIGNS

Blue Note
WORLD'S FINEST JAZZ CLUB-131W.3rd ST-475-8592
PHIL WOODS QUINTET
GARY BURTON QUINTET
Tue thru Sun Dec 6-11 at 9 & 11:30
Third Show Fri & Sat 1:30am
PHYLLIS HYMAN
Dec 13-18
MONTY ALEXANDER & HARRY "SWEETS" EDISON
"Christmas Songs" - A Celebration of Nat King Cole
Dec 20-25
WEEKEND JAZZ BRUNCH SAT. & SUN.

THE WHALE TAIL
Hand made and Finished
Sterling Silver $78.00
14 K Gold $185.00
¾" wide x ⅝" high
RICHARDS & WEST
1-800-234-9378
1255 University Avenue
Rochester, N.Y. 14607
MasterCard, Visa, American Express

Victoria's Recipes
Recipes from around the world. A taste of tropical paradise—the **White Chunk Macadamia Nut Cookie** recipe from **Victoria's Recipes**. Order now. Send check or money order for $3.00 to: Dept NY-3
PO Box 25367 Albuquerque, New Mexico 87125

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

at the supermarket and bread at the bakery and checking supplies from the wholesaler and paying bills and, all in all, being a successful businessman. The question makes him reflective.

"With Maxwell, I asked my friends what *they* wanted," he says when he tries to explain how Maxwell turned into Anton—why, for example, he kept the Bitomskys' plain white plates but took away their napkins. "It was important for me to have friends speaking frankly. I had to know what to do about the tables, what was the right color for the neighborhood. And I had to know this: what was the right behavior for the boss of a restaurant in Kreuzberg? I didn't know how to be a boss. I didn't know how to tell anybody what to do, or how to give orders without shouting. I had to be straightened out. I had to admit that, because of working, I had become less of an Autonomer and more of a liberal person—that something had changed in my mind since I came to Kreuzberg. At first, I thought it wasn't so important to work. Then I thought it was O.K. to work, but only in a collective. Now I think it's not so important—a collective. It's more important to look at work in terms of what's going on in the whole society around you. I'm not so interested now in daily political discussion, in all this talking about the revolution. For instance, all the people who work here are my friends. They're like me, they don't want a lot of money or cars or holidays. But I accept that if I'm here I have to be the boss, I have to control. Because I know now that people don't work without control. At first, I had a guy in the kitchen—he was a waiter in Charlottenburg, but he quit for a month and came here to train the girls for me and get the kitchen going—but once he left there was no chief in the kitchen and none of the girls would work and finally I had to say, 'Look, you have to vote and elect a chief of girls, and she gives the orders,' and that's what's happened. So here I am, a boss in Kreuzberg. And I know that if, because of this, I change my mind—if I decide, 'Let's put off the revolution until tomorrow'—I have to say so. But I also know that if I go to a meeting and the people say, 'What are you doing here, being a boss? You have to make Anton a coöperative'—well, that's O.K., too. What's important is this: what I think has to be the same as what I do. That's all that's important."

Strumpf is a lot like Hartmut Bitomsky, despite his being South German and twenty-six and dressed in leather and Hartmut's being North German and forty-six and dressed in jeans. Strumpf is small and fair and Hartmut tall and dark, but they share something almost physical, a deliberate calm, an almost willed mildness in their eyes. They come from different worlds—the apprentice shop and the university had divided Berliners long before the Wall—and the revolutions they talk about are certainly different, but in the little contact they had they got along. Strumpf was looking for a bar when he found Maxwell. He was thinking of a place for food and jazz concerts, but then he saw Maxwell, boarded up, and a few days later he began to ask around. He heard all about the discussions in the scene—how some Autonomen said that Maxwell was O.K. and others said it wasn't O.K. because of all the Schicki-Micki people looking out of the windows at the scene

Helsinki, Leningrad & Stockholm from $999

Discover 3 different cultures at one low price on this 10-day tour around the Baltic. The Three City Special includes roundtrip airfare, 4 nights in Leningrad, 2 nights on a cruise to Stockholm, and 2 nights in Helsinki. Also included are all of your meals in Russia, a theater performance in Leningrad, and daily sightseeing. The rest of the trip includes full breakfasts daily, smorgasbord dinners on the cruise, sightseeing and much, much more. It's been called our best tour bargain.

Also ask about our Two City Special to Helsinki with a cruise to Stockholm for 8-days from only $699* and our exciting 8-day visit to the Arctic Circle and Santa Claus Land from only $1199*.

For reservations or more information, call your travel agent or Finnair at 800-223-5700. In New York, 212-889-7070. Or send the coupon.

Finnair Adv. Dept.
10 East 40th Street
New York N.Y. 10016

Please send me more information on your Three City Special and other tours.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

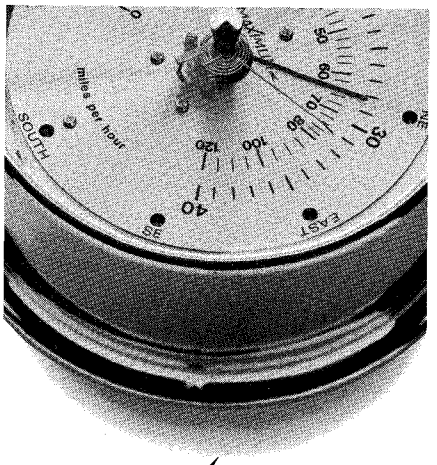
State _____ Zip _____

FINNAIR

*Price per person based on double occupancy, departing New York. Price varies depending on date of departure.

NYRK-191

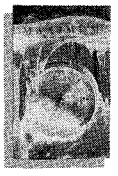
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



MAXIMUM®

WIND AND WEATHER INSTRUMENTS

Elegant 6½" solid brass casings surround our professionally accurate instruments. Suitable for home, office or presentation, Maximums are both beautiful and functional. Instruments for wind, weather, time and tide, now including both digital and analog. Available through select dealers, or direct from us. Write for our free catalog. Maximum, Inc., Suite N-1128 30 Barnet Blvd., New Bedford, MA 02745 (508) 999-2226



THE SMALL LUXURY HOTEL
OF
NEW YORK

The Lowell

ELEGANT SUITES
FIREPLACES
IMPECCABLE SERVICE

28 EAST 63rd STREET (212) 838-1400

Sugar Plums

A Victorian Holiday Treat

Bits of tangy fruits and walnuts dipped in rich milk chocolate

Box of 12–$9.00 2 Boxes–$17.00

Plus $4.50 postage

Send for our free catalog:

Harbor Candy Shop

P.O. Box 498Y • Ogunquit, Maine 03907

207-646-8078

8" x 10" x 14"

$85.00 (plus $8 shipping)

THE PORTMANTEAU

Get a headstart on 1989

A UNIQUE SYSTEM TO CONSOLIDATE INCOMING MAIL & ORGANIZE BILLS ALL YEAR LONG. IDEAL FOR CREDIT CARDS, LOANS, UTILITIES, INSURANCE, ETC.

HARDWOOD HANDCRAFTED IN THE U.S.A.

Please send check/money order to: S. Mitchell, 858 Neptune Ave., Leucadia, CA 92024. Allow 4-6 weeks for delivery

as if they were in a fancy glass lodge in a treetop in Africa, looking at animals. He had not known much about those discussions before, being one of the "peaceful people." When there is fighting in Kreuzberg, when the scene turns violent, Strumpf goes home and makes a cup of coffee. "That's just for me," he says. "I don't know what the others do." One thing he does not do is keep his restaurant open on May Day, the way Hartmut Bitomsky did. He closes the shutters and goes home. He is not a skeptic, but he is a realist—more of a realist, anyway, than Hartmut—and this perhaps is the real difference in the Kreuzberg generations. He is not even especially interested in restaurants. He says that Anton is something to do now, for a few years. When he is tired of Anton, he will move on to something else.

Strumpf is sensitive to what he calls "the mind control" in Kreuzberg, but he says that after the *Kübelaktion*—after all the discussions, and all the notices in the windows of Autonomen bars saying the *Kübelaktion* was good or the *Kübelaktion* was bad—the people who did it "had to accept the discussions in a self-reflecting way," and that, from Strumpf's perspective, is a kind of democracy. There is not much doubt that he knows who planned the *Kübelaktion*. People in the scene know these things, they know by instinct. They know the signals and the signs—they are alert to the signs—in ways that Hartmut, for all his semiology, did not. Semiology is not a word in Strumpf's vocabulary, but he probably would be amused to learn that there are people writing books about the semiology of Kreuzberg, and he certainly would be amused to learn that Hartmut Bitomsky considers himself a semiologist. What Strumpf thinks about are codes. "We are a few hundred people without politics but with a code" is how he describes his world.

Strumpf says that he "studied" Maxwell. He read the *Kübelaktion* clips in a scrapbook at the Autonomen bookstore M99, just off the Oranienstrasse, and decided that the problems at Maxwell were problems of code—that they had to do with whether you handed a beggar scraps in the kitchen or fed him in the dining room, like any other customer. He thinks that Hartmut Bitomsky broke the Kreuzberg code, but he thinks that Hardt-Waltherr Hämer probably broke it first when he tried to make the neighborhood clean and attractive. He says that "clean" and "attractive" are contradictions in a place where people are homeless or squatting. Officially, the squats have stopped, but the fact is that every few months people in Kreuzberg start squatting, and "squat spies" in the scene report them, and Wilhelm Kewenig sends the police to arrest them. Strumpf thinks that people without homes should squat. Two of his Kreuzberg friends—Kurdish refugees—are squatting now.

It is hard to imagine Strumpf talking about a minimalist aesthetic. Aesthetics have nothing to do with what he regards as an artful life, and, anyway, Strumpf would say that talking about aesthetics is something bourgeois people do. He admires Hartmut but not for his taste or his movies. He has never seen one of Hartmut's movies. He admires Hartmut for being able to take two dilapidated secondhand shops and turn them into one big room all by himself. When he talks about Hartmut's good work, he means the plastering and the painting and the way the fixtures at Maxwell were secured and the fact that the kitchen Hartmut built was practical. When he talks about Hartmut's style, he means that Hartmut was friendly and straightforward in their dealings, and never resentful. He says that the people behind the *Kübelaktion* were "small" and that "by throwing shit at Maxwell they were throwing shit in all their neighbors' faces." They should have gone to Hartmut, he says, and made him part of the discussion, because "Maxwell was a little part of a whole story going on in Kreuzberg." His version of the story is simple. "Bitomsky was nice," Strumpf says, "but he didn't change the kind of eating at Maxwell, so he had to close."

—Jane Kramer

•

Wedding Dress

Has pearls on front of dress. All white, all lace. Beautiful, $300. Oxygen small tank with carrying case. $50.—*Adv. in the Waukegan (Ill.) News-Sun.*

Marriage is not for the weak.

•

Several Vikings hit with intestinal infection; more color photos. Page 14C. —*Sports-news listings in the Minneapolis Star Tribune.*

Black-and-white will do, thanks.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Arizona? Better pack your shootin' irons."

And your woods and golf shoes too. Because the real Arizona has plenty of magnificently gorgeous—and exquisitely challenging—golf courses. Today's Arizona is a land of bustling cities, fine restaurants and world class resorts; as well as mysterious Indian ruins, old Spanish missions and romantic ghost towns.

Arizona is all the natural beauty you can imagine. And more luxuries than you'd ever dream. It's fishing, waterskiing and exploring. Dining, dancing and shopping. Soaking up clear blue skies and good times. That's Arizona today, and if you knew it, you'd *do* it.

ARIZONA

If you knew it, you'd do it.

For information, write the Arizona Office of Tourism, 1100 West Washington, Phoenix, Arizona 85007

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Our commitment to quality goes back a long way. And ahead even further.

It started with the genius of Alexander Graham Bell. And from the beginning, AT&T has been committed to helping the people of the world communicate better.

To fulfill this commitment, AT&T has always placed quality at the heart of everything we do.

To us, quality is what our customers say it is. So every product and service we provide has to live up to what they expect.

Tomorrow, this dedication will enable us to provide this same quality to the people of the world in new ways.

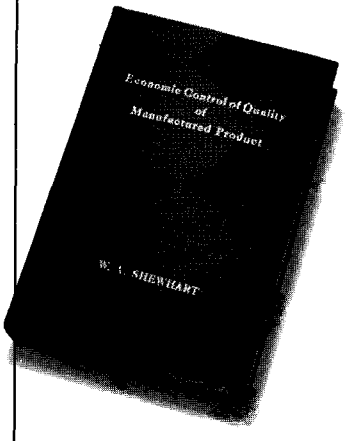
Funny, how the future seems to repeat itself.

The 1920s
Quality Control

Walter A. Shewhart of AT&T Bell Laboratories pioneered in quality control during the 1920s. His book, *Economic Control of Quality of Manufactured Product,* provided a foundation for the science of statistical quality control and has become an industry standard.

Today
The AT&T Worldwide Intelligent Network

Today's AT&T network is the most advanced telecommunications network in the world. The quality of your call is checked even before you start speaking. In effect, today's AT&T network actually performs 75 million service checks per day. That's how many calls we complete.



Tomorrow
Global Telecommunity

In the future, we envision a world where people can communicate information in any form as easily as making a phone call today–even gathering information from the libraries of the world at the touch of a button.

AT&T
The right choice.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE CURRENT CINEMA

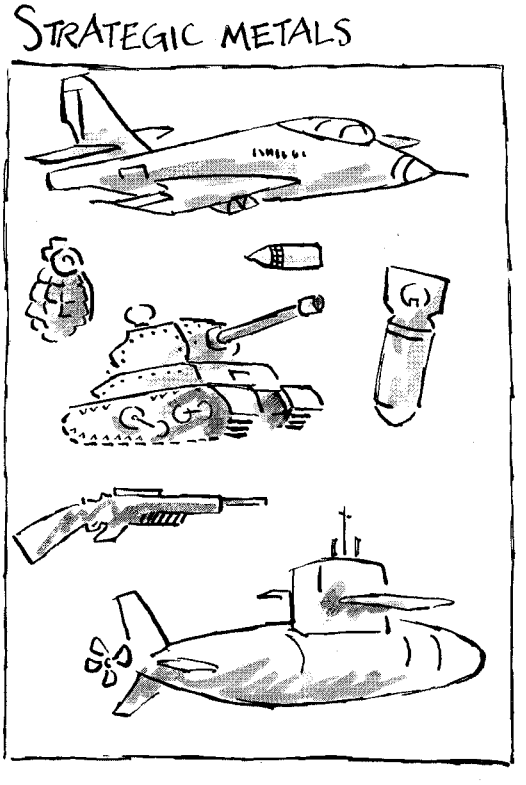
Trials

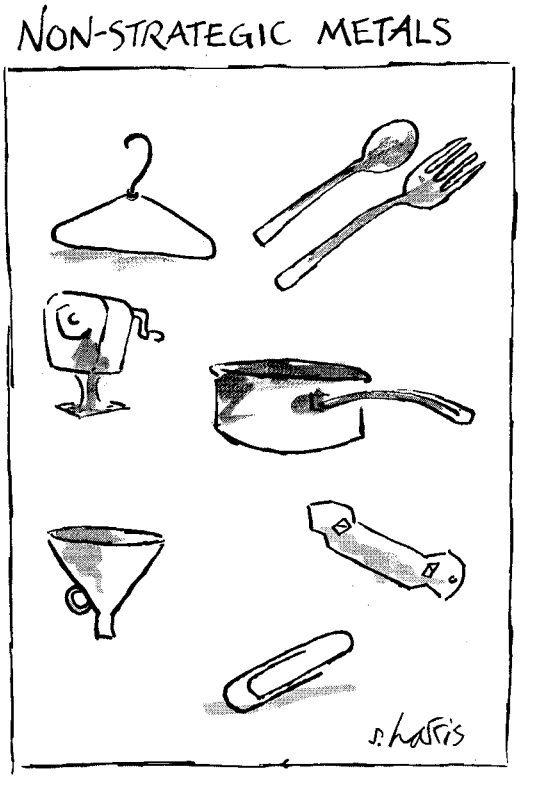
IF "A Cry in the Dark" had been called "A Dingo Ate My Baby!" that would tell moviegoers what it's about—it would be a Cry from the Heart, and they might line up around the block. But "A Cry in the Dark," directed by Fred Schepisi and starring Meryl Streep, isn't the kind of movie they would expect to see. Schepisi uses the case of Lindy Chamberlain, who was tried for murder and convicted, to ask why the press and the public jeered at her account of seeing a dingo (the Australian wild dog) slink off from the tent the baby was in. The film asks why Australians were so eager to believe that Lindy, the wife of a Seventh Day Adventist minister and the devoted mother of two little boys, had killed her nine-week-old baby girl, while the family was camping near Ayers Rock, in the Outback, in 1980.

To begin with, there's a lurid, *National Enquirer* ring to her story. And it met with the derision of a rough, cynical people and jangled their national pride. Dingoes are an Australian mascot, and they're not very large (they resemble coyotes), and Ayers Rock, the great monolith in the desert which has been a sacred site for the aborigines for over ten thousand years, is a chief tourist attraction. Australians like to say it's the biggest rock in the world. And, as Seventh Day Adventists (and so vegetarians), Lindy (Streep) and her husband (Sam Neill) were "different," and before long were rumored to be members of a cult with blood rituals. Perhaps the most damning thing, the thing that made the penniless and once again pregnant Lindy the most hated woman in Australia, was that her stoic, matter-of-fact manner was not what the public expected. TV had accustomed people to grieving mothers who showed their frailty and their naked pathos, and here was Lindy on TV—distanced, impersonal, and bluntly impatient at the endless dumb questions.

It's this that makes the role work so well for Meryl Streep. She's a perfectionist who works at her roles from the outside in, mastering the details of movement, voice, and facial expression, and this thinking-it-all-out approach gives her an aloofness. Of course, she's got the accent; at least, to American ears she's got it—the flatness, the low pitch, and the combative swing of the phrasing. It seems more fully absorbed than her meticulous accents generally do. And she's devised a plain, inelegant walk for this woman who has no time for self-consciousness, and no thought of it, either. The walk may be overdone: the actual Lindy Chamberlain, when she appeared on "60 Minutes," didn't move this heavily, as if she'd just put down a washboard. And Streep definitely overdoes the coiffure—witchy black hair with the bowl cut you sometimes see on little boys. But Streep's Lindy has a consistency—she's practical and unrefined, with no phony aspirations. And what gives the performance its power is that Streep can use her own aloofness and make it work in the character. (Even her lack of spontaneity works for her here, though sometimes she does seem overcontrolled.) Streep has psyched out Lindy Chamberlain and seen that her hardness (unconsciously, perhaps) serves a purpose: it saves a part of her from the quizzing and prying of journalists and lawyers. Lindy, who's scrappy and reacts to fools with comic disbelief, needs her impersonal manner to keep herself intact. (Maybe the professionally gracious and intelligent Streep has learned this from her own sessions with reporters and TV interviewers.) From time to time, Streep suggests the strong emotions that Lindy hides in public, and we feel a bond with her—we feel joined to her privacy.

Schepisi, who worked on the script with Robert Caswell (it's based on John Bryson's study of the case, "Evil Angels"), may have got too many things going. He's a superb moviemaker, but in his attempt to do an epic dissection of how superstitions can spread, and how false the public perception (based on the media) can be, he put together more elements than he could develop. There are wonderful scenes: early on, at the campsite, a dingo snaps up a mouse so fast it's like the whirring of the wind; at dusk, right after Lindy screams that her baby has been taken, the people in the camp,





LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

in panic and confusion, hunt for the *infant in the darkness; and then there's* a gigantic, organized search, with men and women carrying torches seen from a distance, lined up across the wide screen. (The image has an awesome horror.) Schepisi introduces the Aussies' casual cruelty to the aborigines. (Their dogs are ordered shot, though they're nothing like dingoes.) And when public opinion has shifted, and the self-contained Lindy is thought to be an icy, tough customer, he gives us vignettes in homes and bars and glimpses of the workings of the yellow press. (These are perhaps the weakest scenes: too many uncouth, boisterous shouts, too much hubbub, and we're not told enough.) He provides a quick rundown on the forensic scientist far away in London who has never seen a dingo but concludes that one wasn't involved. And he keeps briefing us on the Chamberlains. When the trial starts, Lindy is seven months pregnant, and she keeps letting out her dress; by then, her husband is rattled and almost incoherent. He's losing his faith and doesn't want to be a pastor anymore. Sitting in the courtroom, he digs his fingernails into his scalp and bloodies them. The two try to hide from the hostile public, and press helicopters fly overhead, spying on them, the wind blast buffeting them. You can see why she tells off the lawyer who advises her to be demure on the stand.

"A Cry" is never less than gripping, and toward the end, when new evidence is found, the picture is powerfully affecting. That's a surprise, because the steadiness of tone and the couple's religious fatalism don't lead you to expect this wave of pure emotion. But "A Cry" is scaled to be a masterwork, and it isn't that. It's more like an expanded, beautifully made TV Movie of the Week. And partly this is because Streep, remarkable as she is (she does some of her finest screen acting), seems to be playing a person in a documentary. This is also true of the very accomplished Sam Neill. Everything that Schepisi does shows integrity, but he doesn't seem to go down deep enough. The picture doesn't have the ambiguities or the revelations of drama; basically, you don't learn much more than you did from the "60 Minutes" segment. And "A Cry" doesn't show the kind of affection for the Australian people that would give it a

The perfect gift . . .

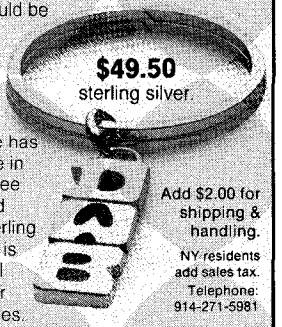
A **Maine Holiday Wreath** for you, your loved ones or as a business gift. Beautifully handcrafted of freshly cut fragrant balsam fir boughs, pine cones, red apples and a weatherproof red velveteen ribbon. About 22" diameter. Order early. Price: **$24.95** (within the 48 USA) includes UPS delivery and an optional gift card. Business quantity prices available. Tel: 207-667-5561. Guaranteed.
FAX 207 667-8315 TELEX 950066
Master Charge, VISA, M.O. or Check Accepted

Card No. _____ Signature _____
Send to:
Mr/Mrs _____
Address _____
Town/City _____ State _____ Zip _____
( ) Enclosed a gift card signed: _____

Maine Holiday Wreaths
P. O. Box 536 · N Ellsworth, ME 04605

What to Give a Key Person

A key ring you would be proud to use or to give as a gift. Leonore Doskow has designed many hundreds of key rings but none has exceeded this one in popularity. The three letters form a solid block of heavy sterling silver and the ring is equally solid. Ideal for friend, family or business associates.



$49.50
sterling silver.

Add $2.00 for shipping & handling.
NY residents add sales tax.
Telephone: 914-271-5981

Send your check/money order to:
Croton Crafts
P.O. Box 437, Croton-on-Hudson, NY 10521

FLOWERING DUTCH GARDEN
A unique and exciting gift.

Just add water . . .19 carefully selected bulbs (5 varieties) are potted, rooted, and ready to **bloom in stages** for weeks. Only **$21.95** ea.
NEW! Compliment your Dutch Garden with a beautifully handcrafted New England Ashwood basket (not pictured). **$15.00** ea.
Available Dec. 7-Mar. 15.
Order now for Christmas delivery.

Please send ____ Dutch Gardens @ $21.95 ea. ppd.
____ Gardens w/basket @ $36.95 ea. ppd.
Total $ _____ ☐ Payment enclosed ☐ MC ☐ Visa
Card # _____ Exp. _____
Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____
MARLBOROUGH GREENHOUSES
P.O. Box 32-NY • Marlborough, NH 03455 • 603-876-3741

Give him the actual newspaper printed the day he was born

Request Free Brochure

It's the ORIGINAL COMPLETE EDITION! Not a reprint.

Just think how he or she will thrill when reading of the other events that occurred on the day they were born or married. Valuable and rare, these **old, original** newspapers make an elegant gift **for birthdays, anniversaries**—and for every commemorative occasion! Not just front pages or reproductions, but ***ACTUAL*** and complete* editions of newspapers printed in major US cities 1880—1986. Each comes with a certificate of authenticity.

Authentic Newspaper in **Clear Vinyl Portfolio $34.50†**
Authentic Newspaper in **Personalized Leatherette Case $65.††**
Enclose name of recipient to be embossed in gold.
Authentic Newspaper in **Classic Gold-Leaf Frame $89.50†††**

AN IDEAL GIFT FOR CHRISTMAS

ORDER TOLL-FREE
1-800-221-3221, Ext. 110
In N.J. 1-201-381-2332 Ext. 110

By Mail: HISTORIC NEWSPAPER ARCHIVES
Dept. 110 1582 Hart St., Rahway, NJ 07065
†Add $3.95 UPS. ††Add $4.95 UPS. †††Add $6.95 UPS.
(NJ residents add 6% sales tax) Major Credit Cards accepted.
Sun papers(main sect only). Historical dates priced higher.

The Adams Family's
Cartwright Hotel
San Francisco

We've transformed our little hotel into a home. Antiques and fresh flowers in every room. Complimentary afternoon tea. One block from Union Square. $70 to $140.

(800) 227-3844

524 Sutter at Powell, San Francisco, CA 94102

ESCAPE TO CAMDEN
Relax on the coast of Maine
Enjoy holiday shopping, dining and scenery
LORD CAMDEN INN
Camden, Maine 04843 ⚓ Info/Resv. 207-236-4325

LOCATORS INCORPORATED

SPECIALISTS IN DISCONTINUED CHINA • CRYSTAL • SILVER
908 Rock Street
Little Rock, Arkansas 72202
800/367-9690
Call today to speak with our customer service representative.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

documentary meaning. You come out moved—even shaken—yet not quite certain what you've been watching.

IN "The Good Mother," Anna (Diane Keaton), the diffident young divorced mother of a six-year-old girl, remains on amicable terms with the lawyer husband who never aroused her physically. But when she discovers sexual pleasure with an Irish sculptor (Liam Neeson) and begins to live a more bohemian existence, her ex-husband sues for the child's custody on the ground that Anna has allowed sexual irregularities and is an unfit mother. (Once, when she was away, the child touched the lover's penis.) In court Anna's life is spread out and subjected to scrutiny, and she's forced into the humiliating position of claiming that her attempt to raise her daughter without repressive modesty and concealments has been wrong, a mistake. Fearful of losing the child, she buckles under to the court's morality, even offering to give up her lover.

The movie almost gets at something urgent and unsettling that's just below the surface of the material: if we go to court, we may be held to the rules and values we no longer live by. The movie almost goads us into considering what our own lives might look like if they were exposed to legalistic examination. Would they seem as uncentered and weightless as Anna's life? And if we nervously tried to justify the way we live would we sound like amoral weaklings? But the movie, directed by Leonard Nimoy, from Michael Bortman's adaptation of the 1986 Sue Miller novel, sticks to a more specifically feminist view. Nimoy and Bortman ask us to see Anna as a victim of generations of patriarchal domination. The (pre-Keaton) prologue, which starts with Anna's childhood summers in Maine—her grandfather (Ralph Bellamy) bullying her sweet grandmother (Teresa Wright) and crushing her defiant red-haired aunt (Tracy Griffith)—sings a wan, stale tune. The family pattern of men mistreating women seems to be laid out for us so we'll understand why Anna is inhibited and frigid, but when Diane Keaton appears, it's clear that we didn't need all that apparatus just to read Anna's character. Keaton reveals Anna's repression in a few abject glances; the apparatus has been

If you can't get to Lutèce, you can still drink the coffee.

It's the world's finest coffee—Café La Semeuse. Hand-roasted in Switzerland, then jet-expressed to Lutèce—and you. It's remarkably full-flavored, yet never, ever bitter. In your home (or as a gift), great taste is always welcome.

Two 8.8 oz. bags whole-bean coffee, $14.00 delivered. Regular, water-processed decaffeinated, or one of each.

Send check or money order to:
Café La Semeuse
P.O. Box 429
Brooklyn, NY 11222.
Or call 1-800-24-COFFEE to charge.
Our quality is guaranteed.

Café La Semeuse

SHOPS
GALLERIES
CAFES
RESTAURANTS
TOURS
GIFT CERTIFICATES
PARK&LOCK
GARAGE

Lincoln Center

IT'S MORE THAN YOU CAN IMAGINE

CALL (212) 873-3685
FOR MORE INFORMATION

NEW

H&H GIFT ITEMS

NEW *FINEST MARZIPAN *FINEST CHOCOLATES *LOW CALORIE BISCUITS *COSTA RICAN COFFEE *FINEST PORCELAIN *DESIGNER T-SHIRTS. SEND $3.00 FOR COLOR CATALOGUE OR REQUEST FREE BROCHURE.
H&H EXOTIC PRODUCTS INC.
P.O. BOX 111909 NYN28 MIAMI FL. 33111

MAPS OF BRITAIN
Ordnance maps for travel or genealogy, to enhance history or literature.
Send for our unique catalog.
Telephone (206) 485-2132
David Morgan
11812 Northcreek Pky. N., Suite 103
Bothell, WA 98011

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

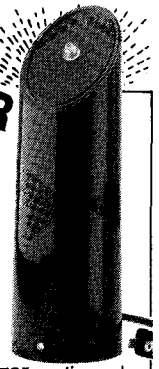
set up to prepare us for the plot.

Keaton goes right to Anna's dissatisfaction with herself. Anna admires women who are passionate—that's what she has always wanted to be. But, despite her vibrancy, she has a schoolgirl look, and she feels mousy, apprehensive, a hopeless case. She feels ridiculous. Anna, who lives in Cambridge, has no real commitment to her work as a piano teacher, and her part-time job (she washes test tubes in a lab) is strictly drudgery. Her only real pride is in being a good mother. Her daughter has been her joy, her art work; her maternal passion has been her only passion.

Keaton goes through changes here the way Bette Davis did in "Now Voyager." Anna comes into her own when she abandons herself to the Irishman. She's reborn as part of a family—man, woman, child—in which all three love each other. She looks sensational, and she's recklessly happy; carnality is everything she hoped for, and more. Then, when the turnaround comes and she has to go to court, she's stunned, cowed. Knowing what she means to her daughter, she's scared of what a separation could do to the child. Her new confidence dissolves: facing the judge, she's flushed and self-distrustful. She doesn't know what the right words are. And in the next phase she's a hysterical wreck until she dims her own light. For the sake of her child, she accepts the limited role in her daughter's future which the court grants her. She learns to live with her loss.

That's where "The Good Mother" loses a sizable chunk of the audience. As moviegoers, we're conditioned to want Anna to shred the thinking behind the court proceedings, to become impassioned and denounce it, and to walk out victorious, with her child and her lover. We know that this sort of heart-swelling triumph is "only a movie," but seeing the protagonist put up a heroic fight against injustice lifts our spirits; we come out feeling high, as if *we'd* won. And if a heroine loses the first round we expect her to keep on fighting, or, at least, to recognize how she's been had. What's the point of presenting melodramatically conceived characters like the stick of an ex-husband (James Naughton) if we're given none of the satisfactions of melodrama—if we're asked to accept a "realistic" ending? Anna just goes limp on us; she

BREATHE AIR FREE OF SMOKE POLLEN POLLUTION



Powerful EnergAire® Ionizer continuously purifies up to 4,000 cubic feet (a large room) of polluted air and makes it breathable and invigorating. Restores natural ion balance to unhealthy environments caused by industrial pollution, automobile exhaust, central air conditioning and heating, smoke, dust, pollen, animal fur... removes microscopic pollution particles not removed by any other method of air purification.

EnergAire was rated **Number One** for removal of cigarette smoke by the leading consumer protection magazine.

EnergAire works the way nature cleans the air during a thunderstorm. Like lightning, it produces a concentration of negative ions which attach themselves to pollution particles in the air causing both to fall harmlessly to the floor. It has no noisy fan, costly filter, and requires no maintenance.

EnergAire produces 450,000 or more negative ions/cc./sec. (at one meter). Uses less than 2 watts. 9" high, 3" dia., 1 lb. Plugs into standard 110 volt outlet. Complete instructions included. Manufactured by Monadnock in the U.S.A. *Immediate shipment.*

30-DAY MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE... 12 MONTH MANUFACTURER'S WARRANTY

TO ORDER: Send $59.95 plus $3.50 each shipping and handling (in Mass. add 5% sales tax) by check, money order, MasterCard or Visa number and expiration date to **MONADNOCK SALES COMPANY, Dept. 259,** 201 Common St., **P.O. Box 189, Dedham, MA 02026,** or Call **TOLL FREE (anytime) 1-800-334-0854, Extension 651.** (for information, call 617-326-8675.) **ASK FOR PRODUCT NUMBER 259.** (201 Common St. is not a local retail location.)

Ask us about apartments in

PARIS

Color catalogue of rentals throughout France—$12

CHEZ VOUS
220 Redwood Highway,
Suite 129-N
Mill Valley, CA 94941
Phone: (415) 331-2535

Distinctive Blazer Buttons
Extraordinary Pure Silk English Neckwear
Classic Blazers
and Other Fine Furnishings
for Gentlemen of Impeccable Taste
Write or call for our new color catalogue today.

BEN SILVER™
CHARLESTON LONDON

America's foremost designer & manufacturer of jewelry Blazer Buttons
149 King Street Charleston SC 29401 1-800-221-4671

UTAH SKI LODGING!

PARK CITY • DEER VALLEY • PARKWEST

Select from a wide variety of accommodations ranging from economical studios to luxurious four-bedroom, ski-in, ski-out condominiums. And we'll be happy to arrange your transportation and special activities!

Park City Reservations
800-453-5789

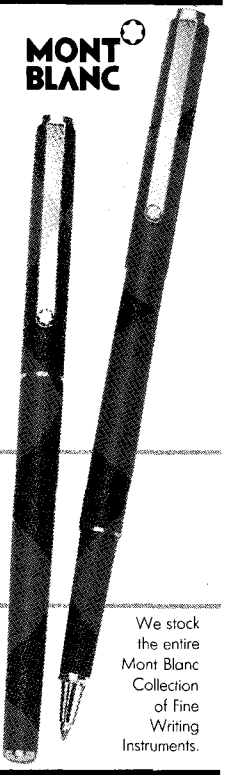
THE ART OF WRITING

The Mont Blanc SL Quickpen Rollerball combines the performance of a ballpoint with the comfort of a fountain pen. The rolling ball glides smoothly over paper, giving you a continuous and individual script.

Please specify Matte Black or Ruby Red when ordering.

$49.50

MONT BLANC



Order Toll Free:
800-372-3377
In NYS: 212-254-7275
Monday-Friday
9 AM-7 PM EST.

We stock the entire Mont Blanc Collection of Fine Writing Instruments.

ALTMAN LUGGAGE CO.
Established 1920
135 Orchard Street, New York, NY 10002
New catalog available

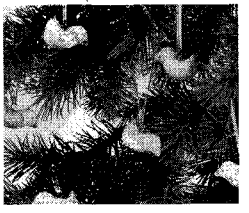
UNABRIDGED
Classic Books ON Cassettes

Over 200 titles for sale or rent including
"Anne of Green Gables" "The American Senator"
"Middlemarch" *and* **"The Phantom of the Opera"**

• Free Catalogue •

AUDIO BOOK CONTRACTORS, INC.
P.O. Box 40115 • Washington, DC 20016
202-363-3429

Solanée, Inc.



ATELIER DE SÉGRIÈS

MOUSTIERS®
Petits Oiseaux de Noel
Hand Painted Ceramic
for your tree or to wear
$15.00—includes
gold cord & gift box
(1.50 shipping)

138 E. 74TH ST. (2ND FL) BET. PARK & LEX 212-439-6109

Elegant Country Charm–
Luxury London Hotel
& Magnificent Suites
Telephone: 01-723 7874.
39-40 Dorset Square,
London NW1 6QN.
Telex: 263964 Dorset G.
Fax: 01-724 3328.
USA Toll Free 1-800-543 4138

DORSET SQUARE HOTEL

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

rolls with the punches. And though this is what her character has been rigged to do from the start, it's a disturbing letdown for the audience—especially, perhaps, for feminists, who may see it as a betrayal. The movie wants to be about the way the patriarchal system can batter women to a pulp. It does show that conventional-minded men who are trying to be fair can still believe that it's wrong for a mother to be sexually active. But since this is the story of Anna's defeat—and, even harder to take, her meek, uncomprehending acceptance of defeat and her effort to make the best of it—women can feel it's saying, "That's how it is, folks. Resign yourselves."

The standard Hollywood triumph would all too obviously be a fantasy finish. But so, in a different way, is the ending we're given, which turns the whole movie into a victimization fantasy: losing her child is the price a woman pays for an orgasm. The big clinker in the movie—and this goes back to the novel—is that it's a few decades too late. The message that men will punish women for violating the old codes still applies, but not everywhere. The movie doesn't seem to recognize that, with half the children in America being raised by single parents, the society and the courts are in flux; of course, this means that it's easier for men to win custody than it used to be, but it also makes Anna's resignation appear Old World and arbitrary. You sit in the audience thinking that a different judge would have made all the difference, or that the case might have been won by an attorney less hidebound than the fogey she hires—Jason Robards, in a gloomy brown office that seems to say "All hope abandon." (Why didn't she go to a woman lawyer?) And so the whole structure seems shaky. Those earlier generations with their symbolic characters are piled on to prefigure Anna's being punished for her sexuality; they provide an inevitability that we can't accept.

A movie in which a woman shuts out the man she loves and gives all her emotional resources to the days that she is allowed to spend with her child has to be either worse than this one (so we can enjoy hooting at it) or a whole lot better (so we can empathize with her in her new, constricted life, and not notice all the dubious points being racked up). What "The Good Mother" does have is the central performances. Liam

You don't have to be Jewish . . . to love

TIKKUN

A Bimonthly Jewish Critique of Politics, Culture & Society

Started in 1986 as the liberal alternative to *Commentary* magazine, ***TIKKUN*** has become one of the most exciting and most quoted political and cultural magazines in the U.S. It is irreverent, unpredictable, and willing to unmask the contradictions and self-deceptions of contemporary America culture and politics.

TIKKUN's political critiques are deeper than anything you are likely to read elsewhere. And its analyses of current literature, philosophy, poetry, and film have excited the intellectual world.

But, if you are Jewish, you'll appreciate the way ***TIKKUN*** is willing to challenge Israeli policies and to critique the American Jewish establishment. Subscribing to ***TIKKUN*** is a political act—a statement of support for the one Jewish voice willing to speak out against chauvinism and Jewish fundamentalism.

In ***TIKKUN*** you can read: Annie Dillard on Writing, David Mamet on Growing Up as a Reform Jew; Christopher Lasch on American Culture; Marc Miller on "Thirtysomething"; Michael Lerner on Jewish Liberation Theology; Robert Bellah on the Common Good; Leonard Quart on the Policies of Film; Poetry by Allen Ginsberg, Marge Piercy, and Yehuda Amichai; Fiction by Francine Prose, A.B. Yehoshua, and Lynne Sharon Schwartz; and Essays by Todd Gitlin, Harvey Cox, Anton Shammas, Letty Cottin Pogrebin, Arthur Waskow, Rachel Adler, Geoffrey Hartman, and many others.

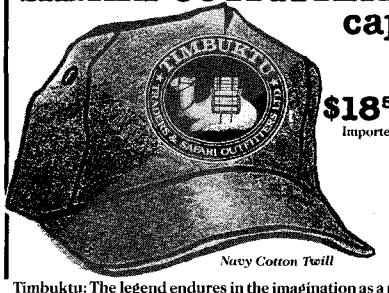
Give TIKKUN as a gift for Chanukah or Christmas!

SUBSCRIBE NOW. $25/YEAR.

Send payment (check, credit card information, or request to be billed) along with your name/address and the names/addresses of those you want to give a gift of *TIKKUN*. Tikkun, 5100 Leona St., Oakland, CA 94619. Or call toll-free 1-800-825-0061. (9-5 EST)

All the way from Timbuktu

SAFARI OUTFITTERS cap

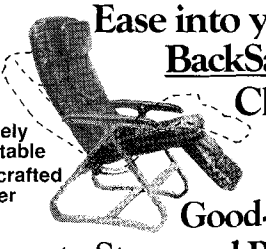


$18.50 Imported

Navy Cotton Twill

Timbuktu: The legend endures in the imagination as a place of incredible riches, where salt was traded for gold. We traded for this handsome cap. ...And the stuff dreams are made of. *Navy twill, with richly embroidered crest. Adj. size. Money-back guarantee.* Send check/m.o. for $18.50, plus $3 shpg. and hdlg. to: *STANLEY & STANLEY*, 250 West 54th Street, Suite 800N, New York, NY 10019 *For NY delivery add sales tax.* ***VISA/MasterCard Orders Call 1-800-544-0894.***

Ease into your BackSaver Chair



*Infinitely Adjustable
*Handcrafted Leather

Say Good-bye to Stress and Pain!

Experience endless hours of comfort and relaxation with the patented BackSaver Chair, proven to increase circulation and relieve muscle tension.

BackSaver 1-800-251-BACK or write: 53 Jeffrey Ave., Dept N21 Holliston, MA 01746 in MA (508) 429-5940

FREE 16 pg. Health & Comfort Catalog

GALAPAGOS

You, 9 other adventurers and our licensed naturalist will sail by yacht to explore more islands than any other Galapagos expedition. 50 Trip dates. Machu Picchu Option.
FREE BROCHURE
INCA FLOATS 415-420-1550
1311Y 63rd ST, EMERYVILLE, CA 94608

THE VERY BEST NATURAL LAMB
Jamison Farm Lamb

Holiday Gift Pack
1 leg & 6 lamb chops
$60 Eastern U.S.A.
includes card & shipping

John & Sukey Jamison
171 Jamison Lane
Latrobe, PA 15650

1-800-237-LAMB

Taste the difference! Call for FREE brochure and to order the very best genuine lamb, acclaimed by the finest restaurants and food critics; shipped directly from our farm to you.

"Phil Davis has done it again." —Don Albers, Professor of Mathematics, Menlo College

THOMAS GRAY PHILOSOPHER CAT

by Philip J. Davis

Illus. in two colors by Marguerite Dorian. Now at your bookstore.

HBJ Harcourt Brace Jovanovich

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

For "Champagne" Occasions!

Martinelli's
GOLD MEDAL®
Sparkling Cider

Since 1868

DELIGHTFULLY
NON-ALCOHOLIC

There's Nothing like it!

S. Martinelli & Co., Dept. N, Box 549, Watsonville CA 95077

Neeson takes a new cliché—the artist as ideal, sensual man—and plays it with such rhythmic ease that you hardly question it. He's mellow-voiced and exuberant in the early sex scenes, and then, as the relationship with Anna deepens, he has a graceful male-animal presence—silent, erotic. He's even stronger in the courtroom scenes, where he's cruelly served up as the scapegoat: in a series of quiet reaction shots, his face shows the hurt. And Asia Vieira, who plays Anna's unfearful, inquiring-minded daughter, embodies the freedom that Anna wanted her to have; her crooked grin matches up with Keaton's bright smile. Nimoy can be proud of his work with these three performers (though his judgment went to hell in the scenes involving Ralph Bellamy and Teresa Wright).

Diane Keaton is a delight in the "fulfilled" section. Her daring is in her spontaneity. She keeps her performance almost alarmingly fresh—the bloom is on it. That's what makes her so likable. And it's tied in with her gift for making even closed-in characters transparent to our eyes. We watch as Anna withdraws further and further, and becomes nothing but a (bland, guilt-ridden) good mother—she won't imperil what remains of her relationship with her child, no matter what the cost. And, as Keaton plays her, you can't say Anna is wrong. She's true to her feelings; she loves her daughter more than anything else. But you resent the movie (and, to some degree, the novel) for framing the issues this way—for making it appear that women are now and have been forever characters in tearjerkers. Even if you credit Nimoy and Bortman with the best of intentions, they diminish women. The movie has a sickly passivity: Anna caves in and she still can't win anything except what used to be called "peace of mind." The kitschy worst of it is that there are postfeminist young women who will warm to her martyrdom and, responding to the oozing, sad music, clutch their Kleenex.

—PAULINE KAEL

•

Bad health resulting from sheer overwork—he had by that time become a sensationally popular platform reader of scenes from his novels—killed him when he was only 58. Still, he carried on.—*Richard D. Altick in the Boston Globe.*

Some writers are like that.

DO YOU TEACH?
IF SO, PLEASE READ ON...

The New Yorker is delighted to offer an education program to teachers who want to share the magazine with their students. For information and materials to help you use The New Yorker in your classroom, please call Elaine Berman at (212) 536-5415 or write to her at the address below:

THE NEW YORKER
EDUCATION PROGRAM
25 West 43rd Street, New York, NY 10036

Waiters, St. Moritz, by Alfred Eisenstaedt

LIFE
Gallery of Photography
1271 Sixth Ave. at 50th St., NYC (212) 522-2300
Sale of signed photographs by LIFE Magazine's famous photographers.

Trapp Family Lodge
The flavor of Austria on a mountainside in Vermont
For information about one of America's most distinguished resorts, please call
1-800-826-7000
in Vermont 802-253-8511
or write Stowe, Vermont 05672

Let Your Heart Fly

(Actual Size)
Satisfaction guaranteed.
Send for free brochure of necklaces, pins, earrings and bracelets.
Designed by David Clarkson.

(Optional Diamond)

PIN:
14K* $225
Sterling $54
PENDANT WITH CHAIN:
Sterling $40
14K* $275 (*With .10 ct. Diamond $150 additional)
Each order add $3 shipping.

The Marshall Jeweler Est. 1969
20155 Highway 1, Box 772N, Marshall, CA 94940 (415) 663-1936

THE VIDEO GUIDE TO STAMP COLLECTING

Host GARY BURGHOFF (M*A*S*H's Radar O'Reilly) covers all aspects of the World's most popular hobby in this entertaining, high quality production. And, the hundreds of dazzling stamps make it a treat for experienced collectors too.

FREE STAMPS & SUPPLIES INCLUDED

A GREAT GIFT!

Only $24.95 available at stamp, book, and video stores. Or, order direct: Call 1-800-582-2000 (Visa or M/C) or mail a check or money order to Premiere Home Video, Box 68881, Indianapolis, IN 46268. Add $3.50 shipping and handling, IN, CA residents add tax. 50 min. VHS/Beta.

Traditional Egyptian Arts
SCARABS
Ushabti, Papyrus, Stela
Send $1.00 for brochure
Scarabee, Ltd.
RD 2 Box 358-A • Seaford, DE 19973 • (302) 629-4452

ARCHAEOLOGICAL TOURS
1989 TOURS LED BY NOTED SCHOLARS
Thailand; Egypt; Guatemala; Indonesia; Byzantium; Sicily; Turkey; Caves & Castles; Israel; China; Cyprus/Santorini & Crete; Greece; Malta/Sardinia & Corsica; Morocco & Spain; Anasazi Four Corners; Himalayas
archaeological tours
30 E. 42 St. Ste. 1202E, NY, NY 10017 • (212) 986-3054

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Each time a [person] stands up for an ideal, or acts to improve the lot of others... he sends forth a tiny ripple of hope, and crossing each other from a million different centers of energy and daring, those ripples build a current that can sweep down the mightiest walls of oppression and resistance."

Robert F. Kennedy

When you make a stand to strike out against injustice, to help the helpless . . . here's one very personal and effective way to honor your instincts. By improving the lot of one desperately needy child overseas — as a Foster Parent.

When you ease the awful ache in a hungry little belly . . . when you save a fragile little life from senseless disease . . . when you give a child a chance to go to school . . . or teach a family new skills to raise their income . . . or improve their living conditions . . . then you send out a "ripple of hope" that goes far beyond today's need.

Because when you reach out to one child and family, that child grows up knowing there is caring and goodness in the world. And that lesson, multiplied by the caring of over 420,000 other Foster Parents, may be our best hope for peace in the world.

It only takes $22 a month to help a child in this way. To care. To connect. To create real, lasting change. So, be a Foster Parent. It's one of the most important and joyful things you can do!

Call 1-800-225-1234

YES, I want to live what I believe.

Enroll me as a Foster Parent to . . .

☐ **The child who needs my caring most.**

Or select for me a:

☐ Girl ☐ Boy ☐ Either

☐ Africa ☐ Asia ☐ Central America

☐ South America ☐ Wherever the need is greatest.

☐ Please send my Foster Parent Kit with my Foster Child's photo and case history. My check for $22 for the first month's sponsorship is enclosed.

☐ I am not yet sure if I want to become a Foster Parent, but I am interested. Please send me information about the child I would be sponsoring.

☐ Mr. ☐ Mrs.
☐ Miss ☐ Ms. _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Mail to: Kenneth H. Phillips, National Executive Director
Foster Parents Plan, Inc. • 157 Plan Way • Warwick, RI 02886

J367

Foster Parents Plan.
Help so complete, it touches a child for life.

A copy of Foster Parents Plan's financial report is available from the New York Department of State, Office of Charities Registration, Albany, NY, or Foster Parents Plan, Warwick, RI.

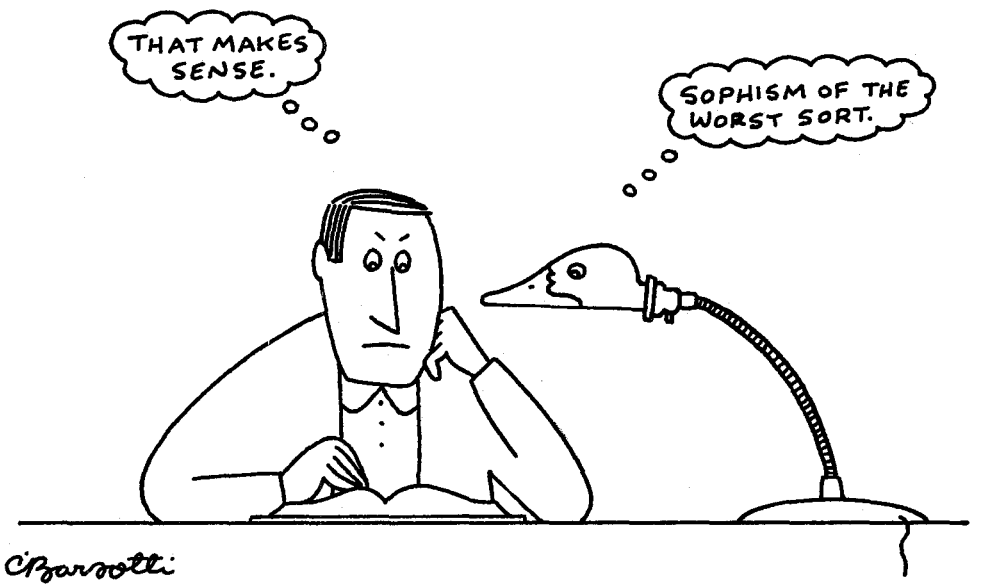
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE THEATRE

A Man for All Seasons

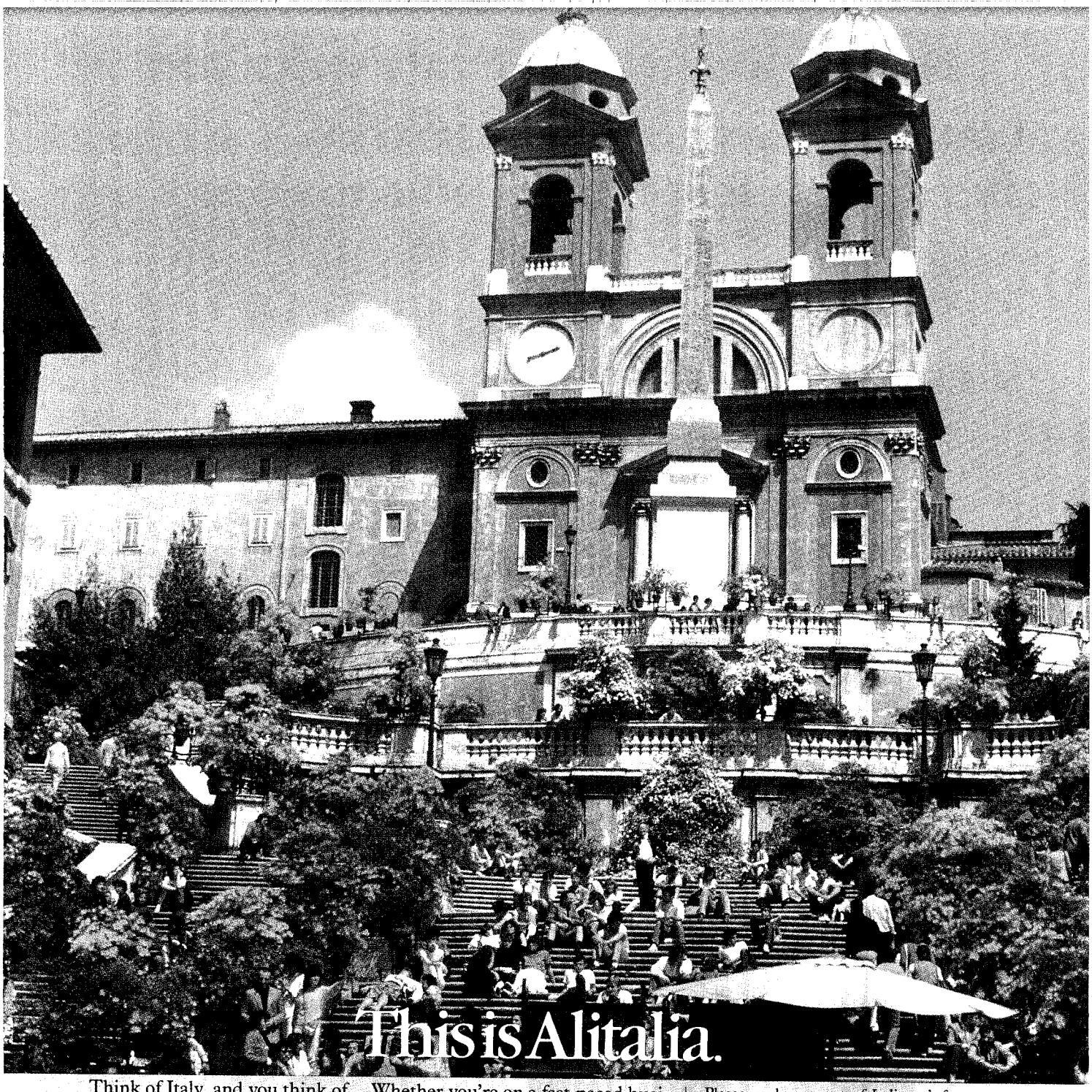
NEIL SIMON'S "Rumors," at the Broadhurst, is set in the living room of a house in Sneden's Landing, where a party to celebrate the tenth anniversary of a couple named Charlie and Myra is about to take place, but the host and hostess are nowhere in sight. The handsome living room, designed by Tony Straiges and lighted by Tharon Musser, indicates the prosperity and taste of the couple. (Charlie is a deputy mayor of New York.) Chris and Ken, the first guests to arrive, come on in a great state of agitation. Charlie, lying in an upstairs bedroom, has apparently tried to shoot himself in the head. He has only damaged an earlobe (the play is a farce), but nobody knows that yet. Chris gets a doctor on the phone and tries to talk to him while Ken shouts at her, urging discretion. The doorbell rings, and, after a scrappy discussion about who is to answer it, in walk Lenny and Claire; someone has crashed into their new BMW, and Lenny, gritting his teeth and listing to port, is a victim of whiplash. Back to the phone and the doctor. A psychoanalyst and his wife, who is a martyr to painful back spasms, and a handsome politician, who is running for state senator, and his pretty wife, who suspects him of an extracurricular affair, complete the guest list. By the time the action has run its course, few of the partygoers are entirely undamaged. Where is the host? Where is the hostess? Where are the servants? Chris and Ken frantically try to conceal the truth but finally give up. Before the end, a policeman and his deputy come in on a routine investigation of Lenny and Claire's accident, which becomes not so routine when someone mentions gunshots. So much for the facts.

Mr. Simon has been writing comedies for theatre and movies almost year by year since 1961, some of them good, some not so good, and "Rumors" is the funniest—funnier, come to think of it, than almost anyone else's comedies. There isn't one moment in "Rumors" that doesn't play, not a turn of the action that isn't a surprise. Under the direction of Gene Saks, the performances are everything they should be. ("'Rumors,' by Simon and Saks," wouldn't be far off the mark), every actor being worthy of the character assigned. There is no skimping on characterization, either. Christine Baranski, leggy and lovely and an inspired comedian, has never been funnier than she is as Chris, herself in the know and trying to conceal a number of truths from the other guests, and to control her distraught husband—as portrayed by Mark Nelson—who is in and out of that upstairs bedroom. Ron Leibman is the whiplash sufferer, and does very well with the one monologue in the piece; Jessica Walter is his perky wife; André Gregory is the psychoanalyst, generally benevolent in a fuddled kind of way, never quite getting the point of anything; Joyce Van Patten is his helpful wife, prone to sudden screams when the spasms hit her; Ken Howard is a more than usually oblivious pol, with that state-senate election always in mind; beautiful Lisa Banes is his wife; Charles Brown is the unflappable, unfoolable cop; and Cynthia Darlow is his deputy. The cast is an honor roll. I laughed hardest at Miss Baranski, Mr. Gregory, and Mr. Brown, but there was nobody I didn't laugh at. The unseen characters could be mentioned, too—the poor, bleeding host lying quietly in his room on the second floor, who speaks once or twice over an intercom, and the beleaguered doctor, summoned time after time by his beeper from his seat at "The Phantom of the Opera" to hysteria at the other end of the phone. "Rumors" being a farce, there are, needless to say, plenty of doors, plenty of stairs, plenty of turns and twists of plot, plenty of questions (a number of them unanswered, but who cares?), and plenty of jokes, each of them a winner.



"THE DEVIL'S DISCIPLE," Shaw's dashing melodrama set in New Hampshire during the American Revolution, can be seen in a tame production at Circle in the Square, with Victor Garber in the title role of the rascal Richard Dudgeon, who is casually prepared to sacrifice his life on the gallows when he is mistaken for a rebellious parson. Roxanne Hart is the parson's wife, who stops on the brink of falling in love with Richard. Philip Bosco is the only Gentleman Johnny Burgoyne I've ever seen who could be an Army career man, and Bill Moor is soldierly enough as Major Swindon, his aide. All of them are O.K. but no better than that, whatever their good credentials. The literal direction was by Stephen Porter. Imagine Bernard Shaw taking second place to Neil Simon! So it goes. —EDITH OLIVER

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED


This is Alitalia.

Think of Italy, and you think of generous smiles, even more generous meals, sophisticated style and old-world comforts. Not surprisingly, these are the very qualities you'll find when you fly the airline of Italy. Alitalia.

Whether you're on a fast-paced business trip or one of our irresistibly-priced *Italiatour* Intermezzo vacations, you'll experience the pleasures that await you in Italy, long before you get there.

After all, you are not just a passenger on our airline, you are a guest in our home. Alitalia is Italy.

Please send me a copy of *Italiatour*'s free Intermezzo brochure.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

Alitalia, P.O. Box 2693, Smithtown, New York 11787

Alitalia

EMNKK28

This is Italy.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Before you lay out 1,100 francs for a pair of Louis Vuitton gloves, there are a few things to consider.

To begin with, Louis Vuitton doesn't make gloves.

Nor does it make espadrilles. Hats. Underwear. Or any of the other counterfeit Louis Vuitton items circulating through the global marketplace.

Such are the hazards lying in wait for the unwary traveler. But not for travelers who read Condé Nast Traveler's Stop Press column. A treasure trove of news, tips and advice—on everything from ten ways to spot a counterfeit Louis Vuitton to the number to call when planning a trip on your private railway car.

Condé Nast Traveler. If you believe there's another travel magazine out there that's superior, perhaps you'd also be interested in a pair of Louis Vuitton gloves.

© Copyright 1988 by The Condé Nast Publications, Inc. A Condé Nast Ltd. Magazine.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Condé Nast
Traveler
The insider's guide to the outside world.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

It's everything it's cracked up to be.

Meet Snowflakes and Snow Winds and a living Victorian bouquet of flowers that dance on their toes.

See enchanting, angel-winged snow-tree children.

Grip your seat as the handsome Nutcracker Prince does battle with a seven-headed, evil Mouse Monarch to save the innocence of a little girl's dream.

This holiday season, NYNEX Foundation is proud to share with you The Joffrey Ballet's sparkling Christmas-card version of "The Nutcracker" at the City Center Theater in New York, the John F. Kennedy Center Opera House in Washington, D.C., and the Dorothy Chandler Pavilion in Los Angeles.

Come only if you believe in fairy tales.

Suite dreams.

NYNEX
FOUNDATION

© 1988

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MUSICAL EVENTS

Tweedle-dum and Tweedle-dee

THE eighth Maryland Handel Festival and the American Musicological Society's big annual meeting, held this year in Baltimore, were coincident. In Baltimore, Giovanni Bononcini's "Camilla" and Handel's "Samson" were performed. Inevitably, John Byrom's 1725 jingle came to mind:

> Some say, compar'd to Bononcini,
> That Mynheer Handel's but a Ninny;
> Others aver, that he to Handel
> Is scarcely fit to hold a Candle:
> Strange all this Difference should be
> 'Twixt Tweedle-dum and Tweedle-dee!

But in Baltimore it wasn't a straight comparison: half a century separates the works. "Camilla" is early Bononcini, not one of the operas he wrote while he and Handel were rival composers at the Royal Academy, and "Samson" is the oratorio Handel produced at Covent Garden after his abandonment of opera.

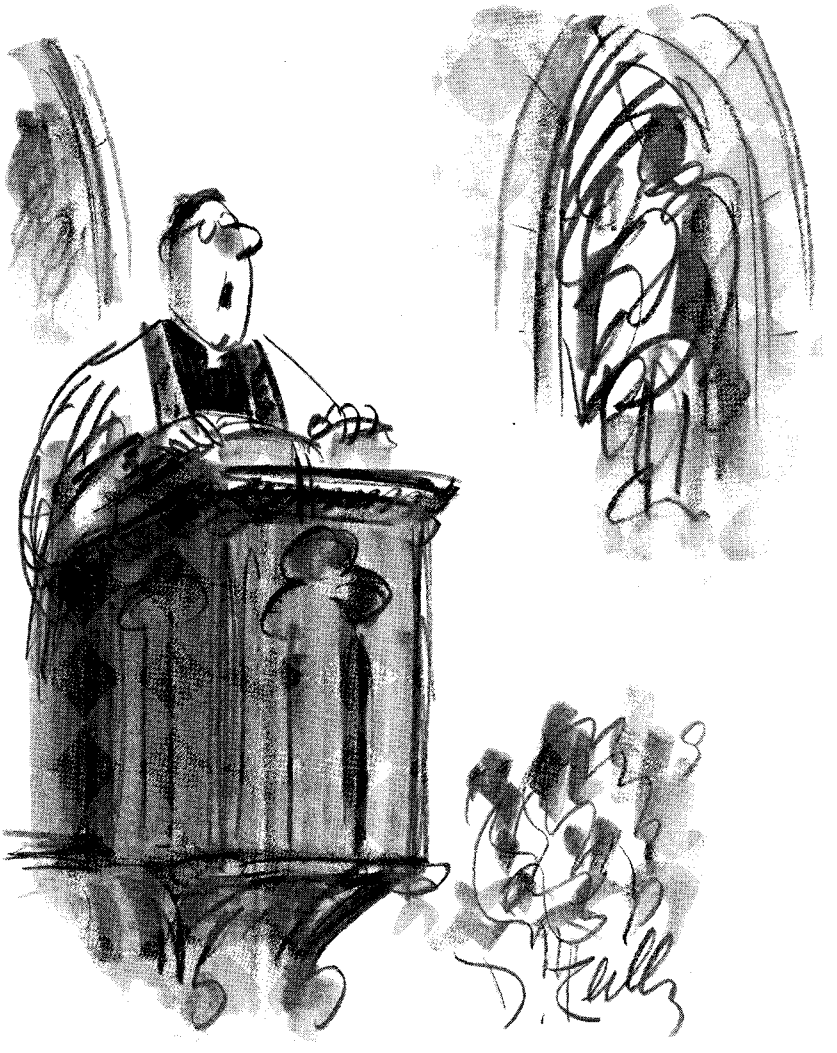
"Camilla," first heard in Naples, in 1696, became the first Italian opera to reach London, in 1706, and went on being performed there until 1728, the year of "Tolomeo," Handel's nineteenth London opera. No turn-of-the-century work was more successful, in Italy or England. "Camilla" figures in all the histories. Every schoolboy—if "The Rape of the Lock" is still read in schools—knows the opening line of one aria:

> A mournful glance Sir Fopling upwards cast,
> "Those eyes are made so killing"—was his last.

It's a serious, but not very serious, opera. The valiant heroine comes, in shepherdess guise, to claim her throne from the usurping Latinus and falls in love with his son, Prenesto, whom she saves from a wild boar. Meanwhile, Latinus' daughter, Lavinia, is wooed by his foe Turnus, "disguis'd like a Blackamoor." A rustic retainer and an amorous court lady (a tenor role) provide light relief. All ends happily. In London, "Camilla" was done in English translation, except when Italian singers took part. In Baltimore, this English "Camilla," which had been reconstructed from various sources by Piero Weiss and his students at the Peabody Conservatory, had its first modern revival, given by the Peabody Opera Theatre. It was also the American première of the opera. Seeing and hearing "Camilla" answered at last one puzzling question: How could "The Beggar's Opera" (1728), with its simple ballad tunes, ever have been considered a parody of full-blown Handelian opera? It is not one. Not Handel, and not the mature Bononcini, but "Camilla," which is almost a ballad opera itself, provided a musical model for "The Beggar's Opera." The parody is more literary than musical: highwaymen and harlots in place of the Virgilian princes and princesses. The London audiences had taken "Camilla" to their hearts; its favorite airs achieved well-nigh ballad status. In 1717, champions of opera in English could pit it against the exoticism of Handel's "Rinaldo." A 1726 preface declares that "Camilla" is "held a Darling," and the same year Handel's friend Mrs. Delany wrote in her diary, "I liked it for old acquaintance sake, but there is not many of the songs better then ballads." I owe the quotations to Lowell Lindgren, who has written two important articles about the opera in *Studi Musicali* (1977) and *Philological Quarterly* (1980). Sir John Hawkins, in his "General History of the Science and Practice of Music" (1776), remarks:

> As to Camilla . . . it was but a puerile essay, the author being scarce eighteen when he set it, and seems to have been greatly overrated; the airs are so very short, that they admit of no variety. The first air, "I was born of royal race," is but fourteen bars in length, and is no sooner heard than the idea of it is effaced by a succeeding one in a different key.

Lindgren notes that the 1696 "Camilla" (which has been published in facsimile by Garland) was a work of careful, balanced structure—in respect of



"And now let us read His lips."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

GILT-EDGED
STOCKING STUFFER

- leather bound
- thumb-tabbed
- pocket sized
- distinctively styled
- and very *New Yorker*
- with exclusive About Town telephone-and-address guide

Please send me ____ copies of the pocket-edition *New Yorker Diary for 1989*, bound in leather, at $10.00, plus $1.00 shipping.

Name

Address

City/State/Zip

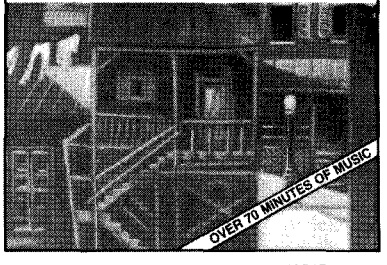
Make checks payable to *The New Yorker* and mail to:

The New Yorker, P.O. Box 10214
Des Moines, IA 50336

Please allow 4 to 6 weeks delivery. 020016

"Spellbinding"... for the opera buff and jazz lover.

PORGY AND BESS
JIM CULLUM JAZZ BAND
Instrumental version of the complete opera



A CBS Masterworks Release #42517

"Show stopping cheers...exuberant spirit..." New York Times

"There is no finer celebration of the Gershwin songbook or spirit." United Press

Send $15.00 for CD or $10.00 for cassette plus $1.00 handling to:
Jim Cullum Jazz Band Recordings
422 King's Court, San Antonio, TX 78212
Write for our free newsletter and catalog.

COOKIE OF THE MONTH

The best homemade cookies. A perfect business or personal gift. To order or request a free brochure call 1-800-322-6248. RR 1, Box 155, Colonial Farm, Avondale, PA 19311.

keys, metres, emotional contrasts, and distribution of arias through its three acts. The London "Camilla"—with transpositions, abridged recitatives, other changes (and in Baltimore a two-act division)—seems more ramshackle. I tended to agree with Hawkins as perhaps fifty undeveloped little airs, one after another, poured out: simple tunes or rudimentary ABAs. Several were pretty, and two or three were beautiful.

For anyone with an interest in operatic history, this was a valuable evening, a revelation of what opera was up to in the decades between its first fine freedoms, while Monteverdi and Cavalli explored the genre, and Handel's aria-dominated era. Yet, at both performances I attended, many people left at the intermission. Bononcini's fault, partly, but largely that of the execution. No libretto was on sale; there was no synopsis in the program; and the singers' words—even though many airs were but continuo-accompanied—were mainly inaudible. Anyone who had not read the libretto in advance (also published by Garland) could hardly have known who was who or what was going on. Bad marks to Peabody. (It might send its vocal students over to the College Park campus of the University of Maryland, where "Tolomeo" was so vividly performed last year, to learn how to bring an old opera to life.) Bad marks to the orchestra and its conductor, Edward Polochick, for vibrant, obscurant playing and amplified-harpsichord business that covered the singers. And to the stage director, Franklin White, for draggy pauses where swift scene changes are called for. High marks to Bononcini in Acts II and III, where he warms to the drama: especially in a duet, with a lovely cello line, of alternating strophes, between Turnus and Lavinia. Unexpectedly prolonged, the number becomes captivating; for once, a melody gets a chance to establish itself.

The Handel Festival's Baltimore performance of "Samson," in Westminster Hall—the now secularized church outside which Edgar Allan Poe lies buried—was a disappointing, unsettled affair. But two days later "Samson" was repeated in the festival's regular home, the College Park Memorial Chapel, and here the performers—with one exception—gave an ardent,

Just Released!
The Best of

BOB & RAY
Volume III

4 audio cassettes, 4 hours of incomparable wit from their acclaimed Public Radio show!

ALL NEW! $29.95 including UPS delivery

Phone or Mail Only

Phone: 1-800-345-8112 7am-Midnight (ET). MasterCard, VISA, AMEX. Ask Operator P902 about Holiday Discount offer.

Mail: Send check or MasterCard, VISA or AMEX number and expiration date to
RADIOART/Dept. M902, Box 626
Holmes, PA 19043

Holiday Gifts: Include name & address of recipient(s). We enclose Gift Card. Orders received by Dec. 12 shipped in time for Christmas.

NY State residents: please add sales tax.

NOTE: Volumes I & II still available.

The Australian
BABY BOUNCINETTE®

Let your baby enjoy hours of happy, bouncing fun! The Bouncinette's safe, sturdy steel frame allows baby to bounce gently while playing, sitting or sleeping. A great introduction to exercise. Indispensable to parents (and babies!) for over 40 years. Washable, 100% cotton cover is available in choice of six bright colors (red, navy, light blue, orange, beige or chocolate.) Stands 14" high, folds flat for travelling. Birth to 9 months. **$35.99 (including UPS delivery.)** Send $1.00 for catalog. NY residents add sales tax.

The Enchanted Child™
Department 017, County Route 5
Canaan, New York 12029
518-392-6985

E. J. KAHN, JR.
"His latest memoir is stimulating, witty, and important." —Annie Dillard
YEAR OF CHANGE
More About *The New Yorker* & Me
At bookstores now **VIKING**

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

elevated account of the work. The exception mattered, for he was the protagonist, played by the Swiss tenor Silvan Müller. Mr. Müller has a cultivated, lyrical tone, excellent tuning, and artistic earnestness. I never thought I might one day chide a modern singer for being *too* lyrical. But Mr. Müller was. He lacked the heroic, defiant flash that a Samson needs. In the opening scene, he seemed resigned to, not angrily resentful of, his lot. He found some fire and passion in Act III and, at once visionary and resolute, sang "Thus when the Sun" poignantly. By then, it was late. Moreover, his English was not good enough. Foreign-accented English presents no problems, even has a charm of its own, when it is delivered with the piquancy of an Elisabeth Schumann, a Conchita Supervia, a Povla Frijsh, but Mr. Müller seemed uncertain where to put the stresses or how to declaim. (Where Handel wrote "My hopes are flat," which later editors misread as "fled," Mr. Müller sang a "flet" that might have been either.) The role lay low for him, and when it plunged he faded.

Everything else was pretty well ideal. Handel drafted "Samson" in 1741, before "Messiah," and completed and amplified it when he knew what his first cast, in 1743, would be. It included Christina Maria Avoglio, who had joined his troupe for the first, Dublin "Messiah," in 1742, and to Avoglio he allotted the three best soprano airs in "Samson," one in each act: "Ye Men of Gaza," "With plaintive Notes" (filched from Dalila), and "Let the bright Seraphims." Maryland's Avoglio was Lorraine Hunt, a radiant soprano; her free, lustrous tones, dynamic control, and command of musical phrasing all gave joy. The other sopranos were Gillian Fisher, a gleaming Dalila, and Jennifer Wynne Post, who began tentatively, but excellently echoed Dalila in the exchanges of "My Faith and Truth." William Sharp was a sterling Manoah, moving the audience to tears, in Act III, with his "How willing my Paternal Love." Molly Donnelly, in Mrs. Cibber's role, Micah, sang amply, but with a Kathleen Ferrier-ish, carefully rounded voice that brought a whiff of English oratorio to the drama. Charles Robert Stephens blustered through Harapha's braggart music deftly, and Robert Petillo sang the second-tenor num-

7-Inch Diamond "Stand-In"

Enlarged to show detail

in 14K GOLD
Only $475

You'll sparkle with pleasure in the brilliance and radiance for the genuine Cubic Zirconium Tennis Bracelet. After all, the **brilliant, fabulously beautiful,** genuine **Cubic Zirconiums are perfect** in color and **clarity . . . hand-cut and polished . . .** each **commanding 58 fiery facets to bedazzle the eye of the beholder —** just like real diamonds! If diamond experts find it difficult to tell the difference, you'll find it just as hard. The ultimate Cubic Zirconium treasure is on a 7 inch 14K Gold Plated on solid .925 Sterling Silver Tennis Bracelet.
Also Available in genuine 14K Gold 9 Carat Total Weight Bracelet.

YOUR CHOICE EACH GIFT BOXED
14K Gold Plated on Sterling Silver
5-CARAT TW: 7-inch Bracelet, **Only $99**
7-CARAT TW: 7-inch Bracelet, **Only $119**
ALSO AVAILABLE
GENUINE 14K GOLD
9-CARAT TW: 7-inch Bracelet, **Only $475**

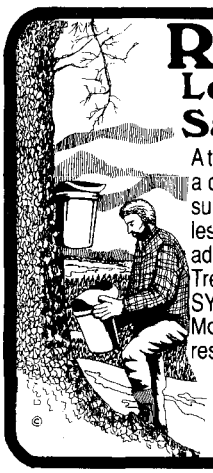
Matching CUBIC ZIRCONIUM NECKLACE—
14K Gold Plate on Sterling Silver—
16 inch 59 Carat TW **Only $299**

Our 15-day return policy. Satisfaction guaranteed or your money back.
CALL TODAY TOLL-FREE:
1-800-527-9880
IN N.Y. CALL 212-575-0296
VISA, M/C, AMEX, D/C and checks honored

NEED IT FAST!—2nd day Fed. Exp. add $15.
Or pick up at our N.Y.C. offices by appointment.
UPS delivery add $4.50 NY residents add sales tax.

AMERICAN JEWELTECH
Division of Family Shopping Network, Inc., publicly traded on NASDAQ-FSNI
580 Fifth Avenue, Suite 709, Dept. NY9, New York, N.Y. 10036
OVER 30 YEARS PRODUCT & CORPORATE INTEGRITY!

Rent Mother Nature™
Lease A Sugar Maple Tree Or Sap Bucket For One Year



A truly memorable CHRISTMAS GIFT. First, we'll send each person on your list a copy of an authentic 1890 TREASURY DEPT. lease, hand-personalized and suitable for framing — plus a GIFT CARD from you. During the harvest each lessee receives PROGRESS REPORTS full of facts & folklore, thus sharing in the adventure of sugaring. In Spring '89, when all the sap has been processed, each Tree Tenant will get at least 50 oz. of the finest 100% pure wood-fired MAPLE SYRUP in decorated jugs— 25 oz. guar. to Bucket Borrowers — even more if Mother Nature is bountiful. We do all the work, your friends get the delicious results, you get the raves! **100% satisfaction money back guarantee.**

Tree Lease $34.00 or
Bucket Lease $24.00
plus $5.00 shipping per gift.

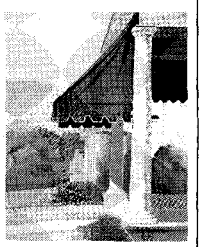
NORTH COUNTRY CORP., Dept. 821
106 Appleton St., Box 193,
Cambridge, MA 02238
Phone **(617) 547-0657** VISA, MC, AMEX

Serious Lighting
for Serious Readers
Write or call for FREE Catalog
LEVENGER–Tools For Serious Readers
Dept. NY29, 480-C Concord Avenue
Belmont, MA 02178 (617) 484-0014

GOOD USED BOOKS
Since 1948, thousands of libraries and individuals have been buying regularly; you can too! Send two dollars for 20,000 typical titles and prices classified in over eighty subjects.
EDITIONS DESK Y,
BOICEVILLE, N.Y. 12412

Gretchen Dow Simpson

A Book of Paintings
Printed on 12 point cover weight Kromekote© paper
20 full color images
24 pages
Book size 12"x18"
$55.00 (includes shipping and handling)
Send check or money order to:
GDS BOOKS
P.O. Box 9464
Providence, Rhode Island 02940
Please allow 2-3 weeks for delivery
Rhode Island residents include 6% sales tax

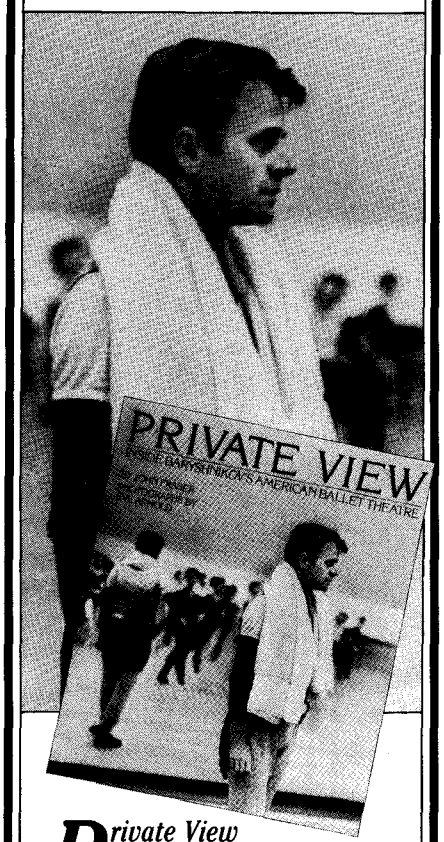


LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

DBS Xpress™
BOOKS OF ALL PUBLISHERS SINCE 1910
To Order Books: (800) 635-0045
Monday–Saturday 9AM to Midnight & Sunday 12-5PM ET

Not just another company man...

Not just another book on ballet...



Private View chronicles the strides, the false steps and the dues and don'ts of Baryshnikov and ABT. John Fraser wraps the wonder of it in words while photographer Eve Arnold holds those moments in time; together they sound the breath and depth of a dancer's days.

BANTAM, $30.00

Not just another book shop...

★ *Free gift wrapping with a gift card*
★ *Worldwide delivery*
★ *Gift certificates*
★ *Courteous phone service*
★ *Extended holiday hours*

Doubleday Book Shops

724 5th Ave. at 57th St. N.Y. N.Y. 10019 (212) 397-0550
Books Sent Worldwide ★ Free Gift Wrap ★ Open to Midnight

bers cleanly, with well-shaped words.

The foundation of the festival as it traverses the great span of Handel's oratorios, in chronological sequence, is Paul Traver's famous University of Maryland Chorus. Its singing in "Samson" was noble. (When the quatrain

> To Man God's universal Law
> Gave Pow'r to keep the Wife in Awe;
> Thus shall his Life be ne'er dismay'd.
> By Female Usurpation swayed

rang out, every word fervent and distinct, there was a small, indignant exodus.) Mr. Traver is an adept and committed Handelian, with a good feeling for tempo and a quick, true response to Handel's inventions. The orchestra was Tafelmusik, from Toronto: professionals to a woman or a man, but tonally rather unalluring. The overture defeated the hornists.

Maryland aims to perform the oratorios in texts as close as scholarship can bring them to those of Handel's own first performances. So this was a "Samson" without a Dead March—neither the one he composed for "Samson" but, it seems, never used nor the "Saul" Dead March, which he inserted at revivals. It was perhaps the first uncut "Samson" since 1743: a stirring event.

THE Sydney Symphony, on its first American tour, came to Carnegie Hall last month as accompanist for Dame Joan Sutherland in two arias—from Verdi's "I Masnadieri" and Auber's "Fra Diavolo"—and a merry encore, Benedict's song "The Gypsy and the Bird." These were conducted by Richard Bonynge; so was a long suite of entr'actes and dances from Massenet's "Esclarmonde." At the start of this curious program, Australian music was represented, briefly but strongly, by a poetic account of Peter Sculthorpe's "Mangrove" (1979). The work has an American connection: in a program note the composer disclosed that the tapping of "an enormous tropical woodpecker" that visited him each day while he was staying at Yaddo found its way into the colorful score. The orchestra's chief conductor and artistic director, Stuart Challender, conducted "Mangrove" and then an efficient account of "Petrushka," in the 1911, big-orchestra version. Those works are too particularly scored to tell one much about an orchestra's traditional virtues. The introduction to the Verdi aria produced admirably full, unforced string tone, which was heard again in the long, sweet lines of the Massenet. This also revealed well-tuned wind and brass choruses and some lyrical soloists.

BEETHOVEN's Tenth Symphony has long been a subject of surmise. That he planned to write one and jotted down ideas for it has long been known. Karl Holz, who in 1824 replaced Anton Schindler as Beethoven's friend and factotum, told one early biographer that Beethoven had played it to him on the piano, from sketches that only the composer could decipher, and told another that in the first movement a tender E-flat introduction was followed by a powerful C-minor Allegro. In 1844, Schindler published brief sketches, dating from 1825, which match such a scheme. He sold them to the Berlin Royal (now State) Library, but before doing so he took up his own pencil, annotated them, and reinforced Beethoven's musical notes to such effect that—as Robert Winter put it, rather strongly, in the 1973-77 *Beethoven-Jahrbuch*—"what Beethoven meant has been obliterated." In 1817, Beethoven engaged himself to write two new symphonies—a ninth and a tenth—for the Philharmonic Society of London. He sent the Ninth Symphony to London in 1824. In 1827, eight days before his death, he dictated a letter acknowledging a hundred pounds that the Society had given him and offering to compose for it a new symphony, "sketches for which are already in my desk," or an overture, or "something else which the Society might like to have."

Last month, in London, the Philharmonic Society presented the first performance of the first movement of the proffered symphony. Well, sort of. It had been concocted by the British scholar Barry Cooper from ideas that Beethoven jotted down between 1812 and 1825; Mr. Cooper had identified fragments, in Bonn, Berlin, and Vienna, of earlier material related to the Schindler sketches—overlapping, complementary, sometimes contradictory. Recurrent ideas—musical shapes that, even after appearing in completed compositions, seem to demand still further working—run for years through Beethoven's sketchbooks. The "Prometheus"–Opus 35 Variations–"Eroica" sequence is famous. The tune of the 1794 song "Gegenliebe" recurs

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

in the 1804 Choral Fantasy and is much later hammered into the "Joy" theme of the Ninth Symphony. And a melody like—sometimes identical with—that of the "Pathétique" slow movement haunts Beethoven's ideas for the start of a tenth symphony.

The London performers were the Royal Liverpool Philharmonic Orchestra, conducted by Walter Weller. A recording by the London Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Wyn Morris, was already on sale (Pickwick, and issued here by MCA). The movement reached New York a few days later; it was played by the American Symphony Orchestra, conducted by José Serebrier, in Carnegie Hall.

Before the Carnegie concert, Mr. Cooper talked about his work of reconstruction, and his talk is also on the record. With an odd mixture of modesty and presumption, he calls his score no more than "an impression of what the sketches are saying" and a chance to hear them in a connected context, but he also claims something "as close as we are likely to come to hearing Beethoven's Tenth Symphony itself" and "a reasonable impression of what would surely have been one of Beethoven's finest symphonic movements." That is nonsense. Beethoven never did any detailed work on a tenth symphony; Mr. Cooper's movement can be likened to an attempt at producing a Ninth Symphony movement on the basis of 1816-18 sketches for it, without recourse to the many, many 1823-24 pages in which the composer gave shape, form, and continuity to his first notions. The themes that we hear are, more or less, Beethoven's—in an embryonic state or elaborated by Mr. Cooper in places where, he says, he found them "too plain." Their extensions and continuations, the harmony, the orchestration, the developments, the recapitulations are Mr. Cooper's. His knowledge of Beethoven's "normal procedures" from sketches to finished compositions, he says, enabled him to complete the movement "without wandering too far into the realms of fantasy." There are bars that Beethoven might have written, but no clauses or paragraphs. From the opening, unbelievable gesture, which lands on a comic dominant seventh, to the coda—a varied reprise of the andante introduction, since "Beethoven was very fond of variations," Mr. Cooper says, throwing in a Simple Simon horn

HUGE

WORLD FAMOUS INDIAN RIVER FRUIT!

FREE DELIVERY

FREE Serrated Spoons (a $7.95 value)

100% GUARANTEED

WHAT A GIFT!

Sugar sweet Navel Oranges and delicious Ruby Red Grapefruit. Delivered in a beautiful gift box with a set of four custom stainless steel Grapefruit spoons included FREE!

FREE DELIVERY

#13RNGS ¼ Bushel $16.95
#30RNGS ½ Bushel $23.95
#55RNGS 1 Bushel $35.95

ORDER TOLL FREE
1-800-624-5473
8 a.m.- 9 p.m. Mon.- Sat.
Mail order to:
GRACEWOOD FRUIT CO.
1626 90th Ave.
P.O. Box 2590-Dept. N.Y. 2
Vero Beach, FL 32961

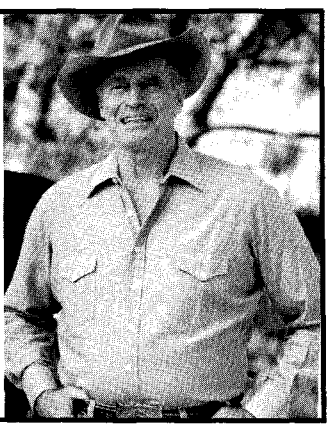
"I REALLY LOVE THESE FORESTS."

Charlton Heston for America's National Forests

The National Forests are such great places to unwind. The air is crisp and clear. The sky is a deep blue and everything you see fills your eye with pleasure.

To learn more write:
FORESTS FOR US,
Box 2000,
Washington, DC 20013.

FORESTS FOR US
FOREST SERVICE
United States Department Of Agriculture

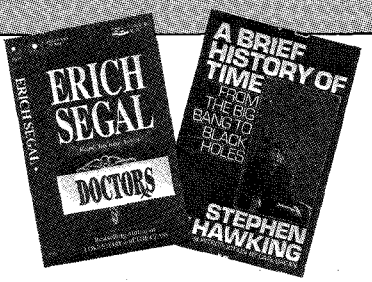


BOOK HUNTING?

Virtually any book located—no matter how old or long out-of-print. Fiction, nonfiction. All authors, subjects. Name the book—we'll find it! (Title alone is sufficient.) Inquire, please. Write: BOOKS
P.O. Box 7519
NORTH BERGEN, NEW JERSEY 07047
Since 1958

FINE BINDINGS
URSUS BOOKS
at the Carlyle Hotel
981 Madison Avenue
New York, New York 10021
Illustrated Catalogues: Send $5
ILLUSTRATED BOOKS
LITERATURE

DOVE BOOKS ON TAPE
THE BEST BOOKS ON AUDIO.



12711 Ventura Blvd. Studio City, CA 91604
★ Free Catalog ★ Over 100 Titles
800•345•9945

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

JACQUES COUSTEAU: WHALES

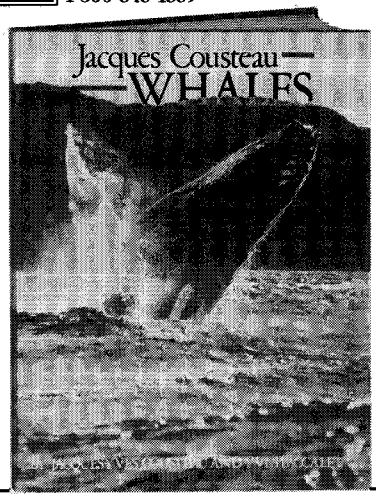
By Jacques-Yves Cousteau and Yves Paccalet

The most popular authority on marine life explores the world's most fascinating animal.

"Comprehensive ... lavishly illustrated ... well-researched [and] well-written."
—*Publishers Weekly*

283 illustrations, 211 in full color.
$49.50

ABRAMS
100 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10011
1-800-345-1359



Order now for Christmas giving

Hobble·de·hoy!

The Word Game for Geniuses
1001 Curious Words and Definitions

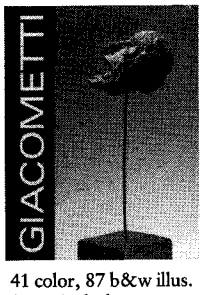
Family Fun for All Ages

"Hobble-de-hoy! is bound to become the most popular parlor sport since bundling."
—Willard Espy, author of *The Game of Words*

Send check for $17.50 per copy for expedited delivery, or phone credit card order to
(203) 435-9458
Lime Rock Press, Box 363N, Salisbury, CT 06068.

Featured on NPR's "All Things Considered"

Alberto Giacometti, 1901–1966
Valerie J. Fletcher



41 color, 87 b&w illus.
$50.00 cloth

Send check plus $2.25 (postage and handling) to:
Smithsonian Institution Press
Dept. 900, Blue Ridge Summit, PA 17294-0900
(717) 794-2148

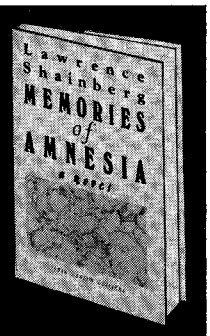
counterpoint—the piece is unconvincing. It is an essay "in the manner of Beethoven" which again and again bumps over the switches, lurches, noodles through development sections. Some of it sounds more like Schumann imitation.

The recorded performance, which is grandiose in a Romantic "late Beethoven" manner, lasts twenty minutes. The Carnegie performance, which was evidently underrehearsed, lasted about sixteen, since Mr. Serebrier overrode Mr. Cooper's repeat signs. It formed part of an unusual but not unattractive program: before the "Tenth Symphony" movement, Ned Rorem's bright fantasy-fanfare "Frolic" and Holst's "Planets," and after it Act III of "The Flying Dutchman."

Let me commend—to those who have a taste for musicological investigations—"The Beethoven Sketchbooks: History, Reconstruction, Inventory" (California), by Douglas Johnson, Alan Tyson, and Robert Winter, as one of the best collections of detective stories ever assembled.

THE Roger Sessions Society gave its inaugural concert, in Merkin Hall, last week: of chamber music, played by six young Juilliard graduates with dedication, enthusiasm, and understanding. The program ranged from the Duo for Violin and Piano, of 1942, to the Six Pieces for Violoncello, of 1966. The Duo needed rather more gestural declamation from Laura Goldberg, the second fiddle of the Cassatt String Quartet. Barry David Salwen, the pianist, was fine, and so he was in an intelligent, commanding account of the Second Piano Sonata (1946). Joshua Gordon played the cello pieces eloquently, making much of their fine-grained, rich inventions. The Cassatt's account of the long Second String Quartet (1951), with its pondered, contrapuntal webs, its sudden, passionate outbursts, was profoundly satisfying. Sessions' music needs such champions. Inadequately performed, it can turn gray, and then listeners wonder why some people make so much fuss about it. Played, as it was here, by performers who live along the "long line" Sessions often spoke of, it proves inspiring. All success to the Society. Its address is 14 Rodman Place, New Hempstead, New York 10977, and the annual dues are twenty dollars. —ANDREW PORTER

"Distinctive and absorbing...the ultimate metaphysical combat, of a man against his brain."
–Diane Johnson, *The N.Y. Times Book Review*



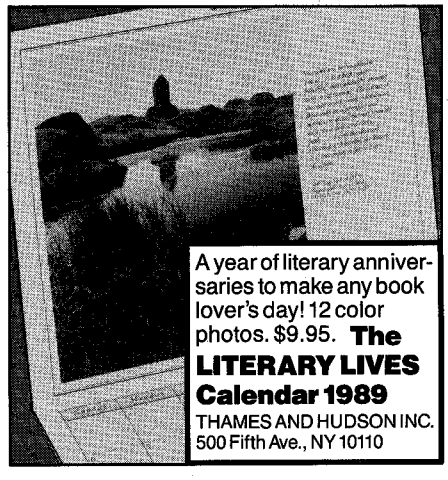
MEMORIES of AMNESIA

A Novel by LAWRENCE SHAINBERG

"What Philip Roth and Alexander Portnoy did for another part of the anatomy, Shainberg has done for the brain."—Steven Schwartz, *The Philadelphia Inquirer*

"In the tradition of *Flatland* and *Erewhon*...it is audacious, fertile and fun."
—Richard Eder, *Los Angeles Times*

PARIS REVIEW EDITIONS
British American Publishing
Distributed by Simon & Schuster



A year of literary anniversaries to make any book lover's day! 12 color photos. $9.95. **The LITERARY LIVES Calendar 1989**
THAMES AND HUDSON INC.
500 Fifth Ave., NY 10110

DIARY OF AN UNKNOWN
JEAN COCTEAU

"A poet and an artist juggling, like an inspired child, with the mysteries of creation... one can only regret that Cocteau did not write more frequently at this level."
—*New York Times Book Review*

Available for the first time in English!

At your bookstore
PARAGON HOUSE
1-800-PARAGON

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BOOKS

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

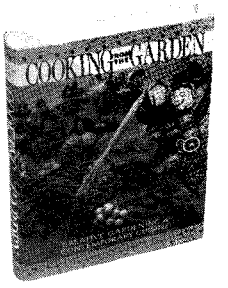
MAMAW, by Susan Dodd (Viking; $18.95). In her afterword, the author tells us she visited the Missouri birthplace of the outlaw Jesse James, saw portraits of his mother, Zerelda Samuel, and "knew" she would write this book. "Language falls short of it, Mamaw's face," she says, but she has managed, in a well-researched, well-imagined historical novel that spans the years from 1825 to 1911, to give us a complete picture of this fierce, hearty, loving, cynical tower of a woman. Ms. Dodd's prose is exuberant and sharp-witted as she recounts Mamaw's childhood and her courtship with the preacher Robert James, three marriages, the births of eight children, and all kinds of violence visited upon the family as a result of the illegal activities of her sons Frank and Jesse (also called Buck and Dingus, we learn). Mamaw, to avoid suspicion in town, pays a local boy a penny for each newspaper clipping he brings her about her sons, and, in a practice that reveals what it is to be the mother of such, she squints at the faded, much-handled fragments when everyone else is asleep, "trying to pick out the parts that might be true."

BROTHERS IN ARMS, by Michael Carson (Pantheon; $16.95). Everything you might hope to find in a novel about being devout (Catholic), lustful (homosexual), and English (in the environs of Liverpool) is here, wit being chief. Fat, prepubescent Martin Benson is beaten by the maths brother for getting his lessons wrong, comforts himself with sherbet lemons and polymorphously perverse play, and wets his bed when he is not in the blessed state of relief conferred by confession. At sixteen, he escapes this secular hell for what at first seems heaven: a monastery. But the mind, as Milton pointed out, is its own place. Luckily, the mind in question is antic, and even heroic, when not twisting to accord Church doctrine with everything from Shakespeare ("If ever there was a case for damnation, Hamlet is it") to unquellable desire (referred to, by the official euphemism invoked like a Homeric epithet, as "the sin crying to heaven for vengeance"). His struggles with great things make for a comic disproportion. His "merry melancholy" makes you want to cheer.

BREATHING LESSONS, by Anne Tyler (Knopf; $18.95). This is a quieter book than others by Ms. Tyler, but it feels right. The plot is limited to the events and insights encompassed by one day in the life of Maggie and Ira Moran, a middle-aged couple from Baltimore. First, they attend a funeral for the husband of Maggie's kookiest, oldest friend, and then, as Maggie is ever-hopeful about piecing together lost relationships, they make a side trip to pay a surprise visit to their son's ex-wife and the grandchild they haven't seen for several years. Actually, the book is a clever series of side trips. Flashbacks to Maggie and Ira's courtship and to their son's guitar-playing adolescence spell out the litany of alliances, resentments, and small hopes of this family, and by the end of the day we know them. Witnessing the time-worn habits of Maggie and Ira's marriage is like examining the inner workings of an old-fashioned wristwatch: we can't help thinking things aren't made that way anymore. (A chapter of the novel appeared in this magazine.)

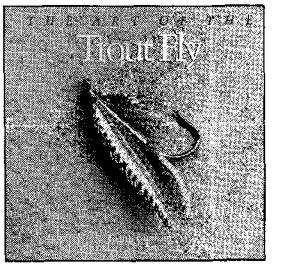
GENERAL

THE GREAT DIVIDE: SECOND THOUGHTS ON THE AMERICAN DREAM, by Studs Terkel (Pantheon; $18.95). This latest in the author's series of what could be called his "talking books" is perhaps the best, because it is the most pertinent and most urgent. Mr. Terkel has interviewed—or sat and listened to—nearly a hundred men and women in nearly every walk of American life: a commodities dealer worth four hundred million dollars, a twenty-eight-year-old member of the Ku



"Splendid. . .the definitive text on garden, cuisine, and the good life," exclaims Paul Hawken. "Delicious recipes," comments Alice Waters about *Cooking from the Garden*. This stunning gardening cookbook features 173 color photographs and contributions from America's leading chefs and gardeners. $35.00 plus $4.50 postage and handling (MC/VISA). Call: (415) 923-5500.

Sierra Club Store
730 Polk Street
San Francisco, CA 94109



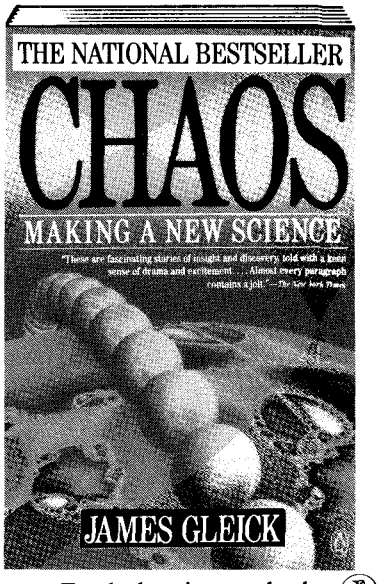
Like flytieing, this stunning book is a masterful blend of function and artistry. With informative anecdotes by forty-three of the world's most talented flytiers and striking full-color photographs of each fly, *The Art of the Trout Fly* is the ultimate gift for the angler on your list. $18.95 deluxe paperbound.

Chronicle Books

(800) 722-6657, in CA (800) 445-7577, or available at your local bookstore

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NOW IN PAPERBACK
"Chaos is a feast...
a welcome history and overview of this brand-new subject."
—*Washington Post Book World*



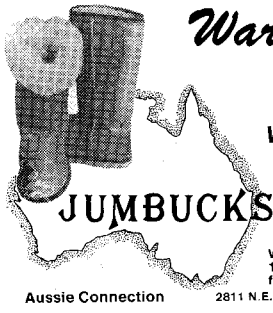
For the best in paperbacks, look for the PENGUIN

BOOKS ON TAPE™

- Best Sellers on Cassette
- Full-length Readings
- Call for Free Brochure

(800) 626-3333

Box 7900-N, Newport Beach, CA 92658



Warm Your Feet!
WASHABLE AUSTRALIAN SHEEPSKIN SLIPPERS & BOOTS
Write or Call 1-800-950-2668 for FREE CATALOG
Aussie Connection 2811 N.E. Glisan Portland, OR 97232

Klux Klan, a grandmother doing eight years in federal prison for spray-painting a peace slogan on a Minuteman II silo. He turns up astonishing and disturbing facts about American society as it has evolved over the last eight years—about ignorance and a discernible pride in ignorance; about our increasing preoccupation with cultural trivia; about bigotry, which is alive and kicking at all the old stands. The picture painted here isn't all black, nor are all the people who speak discouraged and disillusioned. But there is abundant evidence that not all is well with the Republic.

FRANS MASEREEL: LANDSCAPES AND VOICES (Schocken; $9.95, paper) and FRANS MASEREEL: THE CITY (Schocken; $11.95, paper). Masereel, who was born in Belgium in 1889 and died in France in 1972, was an Expressionist painter and graphic artist who came to some prominence in Europe in the nineteen-twenties. His forte was the woodcut, and he cut a prodigious number of prints. The first volume shows Masereel in a rather untypical, pastoral mood, with scenes of shady walks, country churches, solitary horsemen, lovers. The second book is *echt* Masereel. In stark black and white we see the drama of the early-twentieth-century industrial city: cobbled streets, workers (on the way to work, on strike); music halls, brothels, factories; the interiors of proletarian tenements and taverns. These pictures wonderfully evoke another time and place—the city of Döblin's "Berlin Alexanderplatz," perhaps. It is a pleasure to revisit this half-forgotten artist.

"WHAT DO *YOU* CARE WHAT OTHER PEOPLE THINK?," by Richard P. Feynman, as told to Ralph Leighton (Norton; $17.95). The theoretical physicist Richard Feynman, who died last February, seemed able to create almost without effort extremely beautiful mathematical structures that described reality. He was also, as readers of his previous collection of essays learned, a real eccentric—some of his eccentricities natural and some pure theatre. This posthumous collection, which includes a long essay on Feynman's adventures as a member of the Presidential commission that investigated the explosion of the space shuttle Challenger, takes up where the last one left off. Like the pieces in that collection, these are funny, outrageous, egocentric, and, in the case of an essay on his first wife, moving. Robert Oppenheimer once described Wolfgang Pauli, the Austrian-born quantum theorist, as a man who was identical to his caricature. This applies equally well to Feynman.

STEALING FROM A DEEP PLACE, by Brian Hall (Hill & Wang; $18.95). A fresh and informal account of a bicycle trip through Hungary, Rumania, and Bulgaria. The author, a young American, spoke neither Rumanian nor Bulgarian, and, as he avoided the capital cities, he had to communicate with the peasants, petty bureaucrats, and inhabitants of the villages he passed through by sign language and improvised pidgin. He saw and sensed enough, however, to be able to convey the pinched and flavorless life of these once flourishing Balkan countries, now suffering from deprivations of all kinds. In Hungary, where conditions were somewhat better, things were different: he lived for some months with a young woman in Budapest, learned some Hungarian, and through her was introduced to the restless, intensely anti-Russian intellectual life of the city. This could have been a depressing book, but it is saved by the author's good will, his keen observations, and his graceful literary style.

NOTE: "Love Trouble Is My Business," a collection of humor pieces by Veronica Geng, has been published by Harper & Row ($15.95). Most of the contents first appeared in *The New Yorker*. . . . A new edition of Whitney Balliett's "American Singers," double its original size, has been published by Oxford ($19.95). Nearly all the portraits first appeared in these pages. . . . "The Four Elements," a collection of drawings by Roz Chast, has been published by Harper & Row ($8.95, paper). Many of the drawings first appeared here.

•

WORDS OF ONE SYLLABLE DEPT.

[*From an adv. in the Wharton Journal, published by the Wharton School of the University of Pennsylvania*]

THE JOURNAL NEEDS YOU!

The Wharton Journal desparately needs staff writers.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

© 1988 Lladró USA, Inc.

The Lladró Leather Collection. One of the finer things in life.

Shown: Granada. Part of the extensive Lladró leather collection.

From Spain, where tradition counts and pride still matters, come the leathers of Lladró. Born of soft, supple skins culled from the choicest Andalusian hides. Worked and sewn by masters of the craft. Stylish. Lasting. Luxurious. With the rich, sensuous feel that sets Lladró leathers above and apart.

The Lladró Leather Collection. One of the finer things in life. For people who expect no less.

LLADRÓ® VALENCIA

Lladró 225 5th Ave., New York, NY 10010

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Celebrity. $11,495.* A great way to teach your kids the value of the dollar.

- Front-drive, four-door, 6-passenger family sedan.
- Electronic Fuel Injection, all-season steel-belted radials.
- EPA estimated MPG city 23, highway 30.
- New 3-year/50,000-mile Bumper to Bumper Plus Warranty.†
- Preferred Equipment Group savings available.**

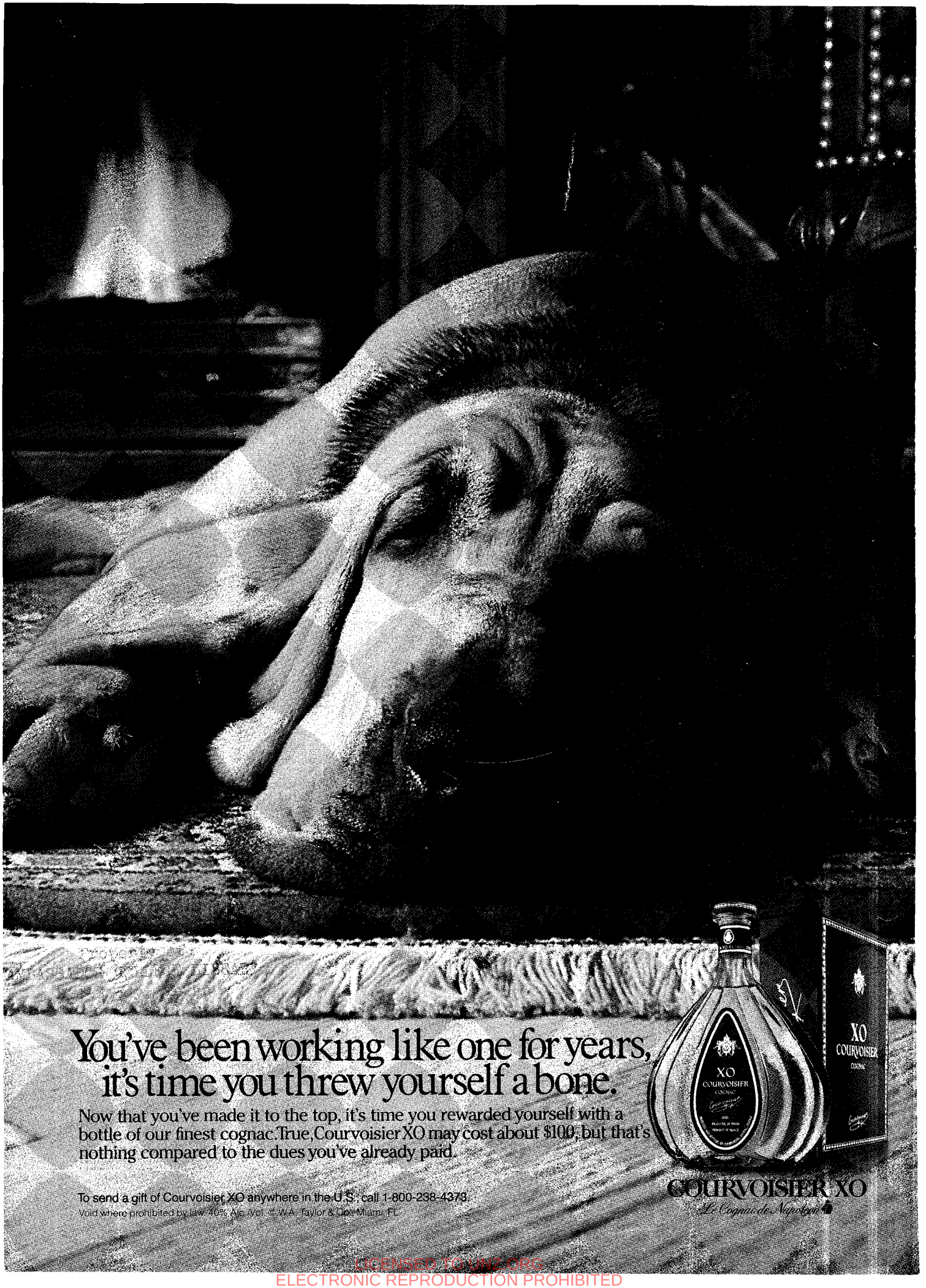
THE *Heartbeat* OF AMERICA
TODAY'S CHEVROLET™

Show them how much you get in a Celebrity. Like room. A huge trunk. And lots of standards. Plus savings on the Preferred Equipment Group you want. Which is our way of giving you more for less than you'd expect. Then, show them the bottom line that's less than many family cars. Leaving you more to spend on your family. They'll like that part. Best.

*M.S.R.P. including dealer prep. Tax, license, destination charges and optional equipment additional. †See your Chevrolet dealer for terms of this new limited warranty.
**Savings based on comparisons with various GM vehicle divisions' prices for options purchased separately during 1988 or current model year. Not all options are separately available in 1989 mod

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED